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THE

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE HANDBOOK

FOR

SAN FRANCISCO

Historical and Descriptive

A GUIDE FOR VISITORS

Published by the
San Francisco Chamber of Commerce
under direction of the
Publicity Committee

Written and Compiled
by
FRANK MORTON TODD

SAN FRANCISCO
1914

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IN THE BEGINNING.

Born a drowsy Spanish hamlet, fed on the intoxicants of a gold rush, developed by an adventurous commerce and a baronial agriculture, isolated throughout its turbulent history from the home lands of its diverse peoples and compelled to the outworking of its own ethical and social standards, San Francisco has evolved an individuality and a versatility beyond any other American city.

It mellowed the Puritan and disciplined the Cavalier. It appropriated the song and art of the Latin. Every good thing that Anglo-Saxon, Celt, Gaul, Iberian, Teuton or Mongolian had to offer it seized upon and made part of its life.

San Francisco is today peculiarly the cosmopolitan city. Because its social elements are still so near their equal sources, and opportunity still beckons every man of talent, it is also the democratic city. And in spiritual freedom and forward impulse and the vivid hope of great achievement it is the one renaissance city of the present day.

Here is no thraldom to the past, but a trying of all things on their merits, and a searching of every proposal or established institution by the one test: Will it make life happier?

It is to help the visitor understand, appreciate and enjoy this debonair metropolis with its surpassingly beautiful environs that this handbook is issued. We know that you will find here what you never found and never can find elsewhere. We shall try to augment your pleasure in it by indicating something of its origin in the city's romantic past. We shall give you your bearings, in time and place. We shall endeavor to show you the way, and smooth it for you too. We shall tell you what to seek and how to find it, and possibly what it may mean when you have found it. In short, we shall try to make you see why San Francisco is "the city loved around the world," and by its own people best of all.

SAN FRANCISCO—HISTORICAL SKETCH.

So vital to operations in the Pacific is the port of San Francisco that it became an objective of international strategy nearly a century and a half ago. The need was recognized long before the bay was known, for the harbor was then uncharted, and its name belonged to that outer indentation of the coast now called the *Gulf of the Farallones*, stretching from Point San Pedro on the south to Point Reyes on the north, and including the cove where Drake careened his vessel, to the northward of the Golden Gate.

In the North Pacific the dawn of civilization was slow. The dim light of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries shows us the shadowy sails of the yearly treasure galleon bound from Acapulco to Manila and sailing down the California coast on its return, a few English privateers lying in wait for it, and little else on that whole waste of water.

The galleon needed a port of call, and in 1769 Jose de Galvaez, Spain's "visitador" in Mexico, knowing the Russians were coming down from the north and hearing rumors of English and French approaching from the east, determined on an active campaign for colonizing the coast of California, and especially that Bahia de Fuerto de San Francisco which Vizcaino had mapped by that name in 1603.

San Francisco still occupies its vital position in relation to trade routes. If we substitute Panama for Acapulco, and full-powered steam vessels, capable of bucking headwinds, for the unwieldy sailing craft of old, we can appreciate to what degree this city is the key to the commerce of the Pacific; for it lies so close to the *Great Circle* route from Panama to Yokohama, Nagasaki, Shanghai, Hong Kong and the Straits that to drop in at this port lengthens the run between Panama and Yokohama by only 163 nautical miles, an inconsiderable matter in a total of 7650.

DISCOVERY OF SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

Several expeditions were dispatched northward, to establish stations. One of these, under command of *Don Gaspar*

de Portola, governor of the Californias, left San Diego in July, 1769, bound overland for Monterey, but overshot it and fetched the Bay of San Francisco instead.

It was November. The rains had begun. The expedition had been nearly four months on the march. It had been scourged by famine and scurvy. Provisions were down to acorns. Portola himself was ill. In poor condition the party lingered a few days in the vicinity of San Francisquito creek, where Stanford University now stands, while Sergeant Jose Francisco Ortega, chief of scouts, explored the country to the northward and thus was probably the first white man to see the Golden Gate; which appears, until then, to have been remarkable mainly for the list of great discoverers that had sailed by without discovering it.

Five years later, 1775, *Don Juan Manuel Ayala*, Lieutenant of Frigate of the Royal Navy, sailed the packet *San Carlos*, otherwise the *Toison de Oro* or *Golden Fleece*, into the Gulf of the Farallones, as the roadstead outside the heads was called, looking for that Port of San Francisco which Vizcaino had mapped in 1603 and Drake had visited in 1579, and on August 5th poked his bowsprit into the Golden Gate, the first of all the Argonauts of the western world.

The following year, 1776, a land expedition commanded by *Col. Juan Bautista de Anza*, arrived on the peninsula and here located the *Presidio* of San Francisco and the *Mission Dolores*, as it was called from the little creek nearby—the Mission of St. Francis of Assissi. The next year the venerable presidente of the missions of upper California, *Padre Junipero Serra*, arrived, and inspected and blessed the work.

The Spanish plan of colonization had three departments; the religious, the military and the civil; which were represented respectively by the Mission, the Presidio and the Pueblo. The Pueblo they called *Yerba Buena*, after a medicinal trailing vine supposed by the Spanish to facilitate the advent of fresh population.

THE BASIN OF SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

In 1802 there were 800 Indians at the Mission. In the main, they were an unpromising breed and have utterly disappeared.

In 1822 Mexico, with California, became independent of Spain. In 1835 Governor Figueroa declared the *Embarcadero of Yerba Buena* a port of entry, though it was than only a "landing place for fishermen and hide droghers," with a tent which belonged to the harbor master, Capt. W. A. Richardson.

Such were the beginnings of San Francisco. The year of the dedication of the Mission and the founding of the Presidio was the year of the Declaration of American Independence. The Pacific Ocean was an unbounded waste. Capt. Cook had not yet made the English discovery of the Hawaiian Islands. There were no settlements of any size on this coast south of Alaska. Lewis and Clarke had not begun their work, and there was no Oregon, no state of Washington, and no British Columbia. As far as the concerns of white people go, there was no Japan. China still slept, and practically the whole commerce of the Pacific consisted of the galleon which, once a year, passed between Acapulco and Manila. After the time of Portola we hear no more of that.

THE COVETED PORT.

Again in the eighteen-forties, San Francisco became an objective of international strategy. Small as the settlement was at that time, the bay was a coveted prize in the feeble hands of the infant Mexican republic.

Russia had retired up the coast, but England and France sent expeditions by sea that looked dangerous. At the opportune time the United States stepped in as Spain had done before. Fremont had traversed the territory with an "exploring expedition" and was at Klamath Lake in Oregon; Commodore Sloat was at Monterey with frigate "Savannah," and Capt. Montgomery was in San Francisco Bay with the sloop-of-war "Portsmouth."

Fremont and his party marched down to Sonoma, where the Bear Flag was raised and independence declared.

With Kit Carson, Lieut. Gillespie and a small party, Fremont crossed the bay and spiked the guns at the Presidio. Sloat raised the American flag at Monterey, and Montgomery landed a party from the "Portsmouth" and performed the same function in the Plaza at Yerba Buena, July 8, 1846.

From the last mentioned event the Plaza has since been called *Portsmouth Square.*

In 1847 Washington Bartlett, the first American Alcalde, or mayor and judge, learning that another settlement was to be started farther up the bay under the name of Francesca, after General Vallejo's wife, and fearing some loss of prestige to his city thereby, declared it was time to drop the meaningless name of Yerba Buena and call the young metropolis *San Francisco.* Much was in a name. The founders of "Francesca" were forced to change their plans, and took the lady's other name, Benicia; and the ships that cleared for San Francisco Bay naturally dropped anchor before the city that bore the harbor's designation.

THE AWAKENING.

California was ceded to the United States in 1848. In March of that year San Francisco had about 820 people, 200 houses, a school, a newspaper, and two wharves. A fifty-vara lot (137½ feet square) north of Market street could be obtained by alcalde grant for $16, which included recording fees. South of Market street a 100-vara lot could be had for $29.

Within two years there were over 20,000 people in the city, and there were three daily papers, seven churches, two theatres and a jail. Steamers were running on the bay, and charging twenty dollars to take a passenger to Sacramento. By July over 200 square rigged vessels had come into port. Within seven and one-half months 697 vessels arrived. Many were driven on the beach and abandoned. The whalemen

had to quit San Francisco for Honolulu for fear of losing their crews. Some of the deserted ships became hotels and nineteen were used for warehouses. Commercially the city had leaped to the importance of Philadelphia.

It was as though the giant voice of some primeval world force, with all the winds of ocean back of it, had thundered "Sleep no more!" Indeed, with the breakfast eggs at a dollar apiece, cot beds at five dollars a night, and labor at twenty dollars a day, nobody could afford to sleep.

In 1849 $2,000,000 in gold was exported and the same amount in goods and coin came back. Gold had been discovered at Coloma, in what is now El Dorado county, on January 19th, 1848, and by the following fall the rush was on from all over the world, bringing men of all sorts and classes —except the timid and the poor in spirit.

The noblest natures and the scum of the earth found themselves cheek by jowl in the same community. For a time there were neither social, religious nor legal restraints, no institutions of any kind to fit or provide for such conditions; nothing but a general notion on the part of most people that order and equity ought to prevail, and that robbery and violence did.

Within a few months there were a hundred unpunished murderers. Then the *Vigilance Committee* hanged four men, beginning in June of '51 with John Jenkins, who had robbed a store, and following in July and August with Stuart, Whitaker and McKenzie. By 1856 civil authority was better organized, but the city had fallen, largely, into worse hands, so that the necessity for an assertion of the moral character of the community seemed even more imperative. With the shooting of the editor of the Bulletin, *James King of William*, who was regarded as the popular defender of righteousness, by *James P. Casey*, an ex-convict from Sing Sing, and Supervisor of the City and County, the Vigilance Committee was reorganized, under the leadership of William T. Coleman, a merchant, and proceeded to clean things up in such manner

that San Francisco was a model of municipal purity for the next twenty years.

The Committee had no legal authority. But it organized nearly 5,000 men, on a military plan, with regiments and companies of infantry, artillery and dragoons; it seized arms from the state; it fortified the two-story brick building known as the Truitt block, at 215 Sacramento street, using gunny bags filled with sand as a barricade, posted sentinels who admitted no one except on password, held secret deliberations, issued warrants, summonses and other processes, sent out its officers and made arrests, and maintained a jail on the second floor of its improvised fort for the accused criminals awaiting trial by its juries.

The motto on its seal read: "No Creed, No Party, No Sectional Issues," and for three months it gave law to the city.

ESTABLISHING ORDER.

The Committee's first decisive act was to march to the county jail, plant a brass cannon in front of the door, and demand the person of Casey. The sheriff delivered him up. In the jail was Charles Cora, a gambler, who was awaiting re-trial for killing a United States marshal; having secured a disagreement at his first trial largely through the influence of Col. E. D. Baker, his attorney, afterward killed at Ball's Bluff in the Civil War. The citizen army took Cora, too. It held these men until James King of William died, and on the day of his funeral, May 22, 1856, hanged them from the upper story of *Fort Gunnybags*, in view of thousands of people who crowded the house-tops and the hills nearby to see it.

During its brief control of affairs the Committee banished thirty undesirable citizens, and 800 more thought they had better leave of their own accord.

On July 29, 1856, Hetherington and Brace were hanged and the activities of the Committee began to subside. It never disbanded, although it brought its labors to a close with a grand public celebration.

THE CIVIL WAR.

Among the citizens of the new state, politics were turbulent from the first. Out of the hot contention between Broderick and Gwin for a United States Senatorship grew the famous duel between *Senator Broderick* and Judge Terry. It was fought just over the line in San Mateo county, and resulted in Broderick's death. Popular sentiment immediately canonized him as the exponent of Free Soil principles, for the slavery question was becoming acute and Broderick had been among those that contended against slavery in California.

As the drama led up to the climax of the Civil War, efforts to draw California into secession became more and more determined, but were defeated largely through the eloquence and tact of a Unitarian clergyman, *Thomas Starr King*, of Boston and San Francisco.

King was a man of culture, and among a people materially prosperous and intellectually starved he was soon in demand, up and down the state, as a lecturer on literary and philosophical themes. He took advantage of the opportunity to weave into his discussions sound unionist and free labor doctrines, and did it with so much convincing clearness and fair-minded moderation, that he probably contributed more than any other one man to keeping California firm for the Union. His grave, in front of the church at Franklin and Geary streets, is one of the city's proudest relics.

Though distant from the theater of the war, San Franciscans had early been familiar with names that became famous in that struggle. In 1853 Sherman swam ashore from a wreck and became the San Francisco representative of a St. Louis banking house. Farragut was at Mare Island when the Vigilantes were up. Hooker owned a ranch in Sonoma county, and with Stoneman had made an unsuccessful effort to run a sawmill at Bodega bay. Fremont had a ranch in Mariposa county. Halleck, Shields and Col. E. D. Baker practiced law in San Francisco. McPherson was stationed on

Alcatraz island during the early period of the war. Lander, Buell, Ord, Keyes, Heintzelman, Sumner, Hancock, Stone, Porter, Boggs, Grant and Albert Sidney Johnston had all been on the coast at various times.

As the Spanish war emphasized the need of a canal at Panama, so the Civil War before it called attention to the isolation of the Pacific Coast, and the need of a railroad to connect it with the East. A young Connecticut engineer named Theodore D. Judah had been called to California to build a line from Sacramento to Placerville. The grandeur of vision that seems to enchant the West came upon him and he dreamed of a railroad across a continent. The dream seized Leland Stanford, Collis P. Huntington, Mark Hopkins, and Charles and E. B. Crocker. They asked great grants from Congress, and the hard logic of the war came to their aid. On July 31, 1862, Congress passed the *Pacific Railroad* bill. Ground was broken in January, 1863. They built forty miles of snow-sheds in the mountains and they carted water across the desert. In one place they had to haul their rails 740 miles by wagon. But they made it, and drove the last spike at Promontory, in Utah, on May 10, 1869.

The blows of the silver sledge on the spike of gold were repeated, stroke for stroke, on a big bell at the City Hall in San Francisco. The road did not reach this city until some time afterward, but the effect was to link California to the nation indissolubly, and the jubilation of the city was just as enthusiastic as though it had immediately become the western terminus.

Telegraph communication with the Eastern States was established in 1862.

COMSTOCK DAYS.

A wonderful phase of San Francisco life and one that left an indelible mark on local character was connected with the development of the mines in Nevada. In 1859 a Canadian ex-trapper and fur trader named Comstock, widely known as "Old Pancake" from his fondness for that article of diet

and his notorious inability to bake a good specimen of it, stumbled on a quartz deposit on the side of Mount Davidson in the Washoe range. He did not discover it. The Comstock lode appears to have been discovered by a couple of Irishmen named O'Reilly and McLaughlin, but Comstock argued them out of a share of it and gave his name to the lode. When the news got abroad there followed the greatest mining frenzy ever known, and one that has not yet entirely subsided. Within thirty years the *Comstock mines* produced $350,000,000 worth of bullion and paid $130,000,000 in dividends, mainly to San Francisco share-holders.

This city was the focal point of the fever, although it infested the world. California passed through its early gold mining days without a stock exchange, for placer mining was a "poor man's game" and required little capital; but shortly after the development of the Comstock began, the Stock and Exchange Board was instituted in San Francisco to facilitate the floating of mining companies and to regulate dealings in their shares. This was in 1862. It was a necessary provision against irresponsibility and wholesale fraud, and yet the dealings soon took on the most violent phases of the speculating mania, and the whole community became involved, from the "tin-horn sport" to the clergyman, from the washerwoman to the banker.

Before the end of 1861 nearly one hundred companies had been formed. By 1876 there were three stock exchanges, all thriving. Violent fluctuations of the stock list could be produced by manipulated news and crooked tips from mining operations that were going on beyond the state line and a thousand feet underground. Giants fought, and financially slew one another, for control of different mines. Discoveries of "bonanzas," or rich deposits, caused immense jumps in price in a few hours. At one time the aggregate paper values, as quoted on the stock market, ran over $700,000,000.

Millionaires were made overnight. Strong banks were founded in the city to finance the mining and milling. Men

arose to financial power who had a bold grasp of affairs, and a startling breadth of view, combined with an intense love for the city where they had made their wealth, and the brightest dreams of its future power and beauty.

They lavished money on such enterprises as the Palace Hotel. They and the railroad magnates crowned *Nob Hill* with palaces whose walls were hung with the costliest tapestries and the most beautiful paintings, whose teak and ebony finishings were inlaid with mother-of-pearl and ivory, and which made the name of that bit of hill-top renowned all over the world.

In 1872 there occurred a slump in stocks in which prices dropped $60,000,000 in ten days. There was a general rally of the list, and another decline, in 1875, of $100,000,000, of which $42,000,000 was lost in a single week.

Gradually the excitement subsided, to flame up again fitfully in 1886 and then fall away once more. But the community had lived so long in an atmosphere of enchantment that the glamour of those days has but increased with time, and the real San Franciscan feels that his city has passed through the golden romance that makes others commonplace by contrast.

Among the memorable names of the time are those of the "Big Four" that built the Central Pacific Railroad—Huntington, Hopkins, Stanford and Crocker; and the battling giants of the Comstock—Mackay & Fair, Flood & O'Brien, Alvinza Hayward, D. O. Mills, Adolph Sutro, United States Senators Stewart, Jones and Sharon (Fair also was a United States Senator), W. C. Ralston, E. J. Baldwin; and James R. Keene, who until his death in January, 1913, was one of dominant figures of the Wall Street market.

DEVASTATION AND RECOVERY.

The census of 1900 gave San Francisco a population of 342,782. That of 1910 raised it to 416,912, a gain of over

21 per cent in a decade; and between the two counts the city suffered the greatest fire of which modern men have any knowledge.

The *conflagration of April 18th to 21st, 1906,* burned 497 city blocks, or four square miles, out of the heart of the city. From the Embarcadero, between the foot of Taylor street and the foot of Howard, it swept southwestward to Van Ness avenue, got a block beyond, from Clay to Sutter, jumped Van Ness again between Golden Gate avenue and Page street and burned three blocks westward, and at the same time swept the populous area south of Market street as far southeast as Townsend, and as far southwest as Dolores and Twentieth.

Twenty-eight thousand buildings were destroyed in three days. The railroads carried two hundred thousand people out of town. The whole business district was a dreary waste of ashes in which the only business done for weeks consisted in dragging safes out of the ruins and breaking them open in the hope of finding some of their contents unburned.

Yet as this is being written, the merchants of this city are inviting the people of the West to a fashion show in the most beautiful modern stores, in well-paved, clean, brilliantly lighted streets—a fashion show richer and more sumptuous than can be seen anywhere outside of Paris, designed to appeal to the taste and pocket books of a prosperous people. And the city as a whole has invited the world to the greatest international exposition thus far held.

Estimated on the figures of the public service corporations, a sure index, the *population* of San Francisco in 1913 is 530,000. In March, 1913, real estate sold on its main thoroughfare at $14,000 a front foot.

In the histories of American cities there are no wonders comparable to these. And yet in looking over San Francisco's past one is forced to conclude that any one of these contributing causes of growth might have been omitted and yet the city would have been here. It would have been a

thriving community by this time without the gold mines, for Americans were beginning to settle in California before the presence of gold was generally suspected, and agriculture and commerce would have made San Francisco great. Order and security would in some way have been evolved if not by the Vigilance Committee. The Comstock might never have been discovered, and still San Francisco would have continued to thrive, beyond any other city of the West.

The Spanish galleons no longer traverse their ancient route from Manila to Acapulco, but fleets of steel and steam must pass on the same trail, back and forth between Europe and Asia. Despite earthquake and fire, the city's commercial fabric stands on the surest of foundations—that of economic necessity. Were there no San Francisco in existence men would have to begin and build it now.

SAN FRANCISCO—IN GENERAL.

The beauty and grandeur of San Francisco's location have delighted every visitor that has seen the region properly. With the possible exception of Constantinople, no other city has such a setting. It occupies the tip of a peninsula about 6¾ miles across, almost surrounded by the Pacific Ocean on the west, San Francisco Bay on the east and northeast, and, along the north, the Golden Gate connecting the two.

The basin of *San Francisco Bay* is a magnificent amphitheater rimmed with hills that rise here and there to mountain stature. In the bosom of this amphitheater lies the Bay, a gleaming sheet dotted with islands and shining sails, criss-crossed by busy ferry boats, and ploughed by stately ocean steamers or big square-riggers from "around the Horn." It is 65 miles long, from 4 to 10 miles in width; and into it the great rivers of California, the Sacramento and the San Joaquin, discharge the water that falls on the west slope of the Sierra Nevada mountains and the east side of the Coast

Range, and in the central valley section of the State, a region 400 miles long and from 50 to 60 miles across.

The *Golden Gate* is the outlet of this drainage area and the channel through which the tides ebb and flow between the bay and the ocean. It is about 2¾ miles long, and 1⅛ miles in width, and, with its rolling blue water, its lighthouses, fortifications, islands and processions of majestic ships, is one of the inspiring scenes of the western continent. As many as twenty-five steamers move through it in a day. It is the only breach through the Coast Range mountains of California. Beyond the Golden Gate rise the huge bluffs and ridges of Marin County, their endless convolutions painted in subdued and harmonious earth colors. Up the ocean shore can be seen long points of land running westward and making other bays.

In San Francisco itself, at points almost providentially disposed, rise hills, from 300 to over 900 feet in height, from whose summits superb panoramas of the city, bay and ocean open to the view.

How these vistas have impressed one of the most scholarly and discriminating of travelers appears in the oft-quoted statement of James Bryce, former British Ambassador to the United States, and author of the "American Commonwealth," who says:

"Few cities in the world can vie with San Francisco either in the beauty or in the natural advantages of her situation; indeed, there are only two places in Europe—Constantinople and Gibraltar—that combine an equally perfect landscape with what may be called an equally imperial position. . . .

"The city itself is full of bold hills, rising steeply from the deep water. The air is keen, dry and bright, like the air of Greece, and the waters not less blue. Perhaps it is this air and light, recalling the cities of the Mediterranean, that make one involuntarily look up to the tops of these hills for the feudal castle or the ruins of the Acropolis, which one thinks must crown them."

Along the west side of the city runs the *Great Highway*, following the ocean almost in a straight line for three miles, and here the long rollers of the Pacific thunder on the beach and sink back under shrouds of foam. The whole frontage of San Francisco along the ocean is about eight miles, from the San Mateo county line to Fort Point.

This territory covers about 46½ square miles of hill and vale and sand dunes and city. It is an area of great topographical variety and contains 14 good-sized hills.

Market street runs southwest from the Ferry building to Twin Peaks, making small angles, or gores, with the streets running west on the north side of it. South of Market, the streets are perpendicular and parallel to it.

The general *house numbering* scheme in San Francisco is based on a scale of one hundred numbers to the block. Numbers increase from the Embarcadero westward, and, from Market street, in both directions. Thus the house numbers on each street slanting westward from the northwest side of Market street (the north side, as it is called locally) begin one hundred numbers behind those on the parallel streets north of it.

City directories may be consulted at almost all drug stores and will give the locations of churches, fraternal orders and halls, charitable organizations, clubs, theaters, consulates, private schools, and similar institutions, in classified lists to be found in the index. The directory also gives a street and avenue guide with house numbers complete. In the following pages we shall indicate more specifically some places and objects of particular interest that no intelligent traveler would willingly omit to see.

CLIMATE.

San Francisco has one of the finest of climates, with comfortable and invigorating temperatures the year around. Stimulating sea breezes blow during the summer afternoons, in-

suring against heat, and usually falling in the evening, so that the nights are extremely pleasant—a condition that does a great deal to promote the out-door night life of the city. Fogs are frequent, but instead of being dreaded are regarded as a cosmetic. The San Francisco complexion is celebrated. One never suffers here either from heat or cold, and every night is cool enough to enable one to sleep comfortably under blankets.

Snow sometimes falls, but so rarely as to be a subject of comment for several days, and it never falls in sufficient quantity, or stays long enough on the ground, to make good sleighing or snow-balling. The Weather Bureau's records show light falls of snow on the following dates since 1876: Jan. 21st, 1876; Dec. 31st, 1882; Feb. 6th, 1883; Feb. 7th, 1884; Feb. 5th, 1887; Jan. 4th, 1888; Jan. 16th, 1888; March 2nd, 1894; March 2nd, 1896; Feb. 3rd, 1903; Feb. 26th, 1911; Feb. 27th, 1911; Jan. 9th, 1913 —thirteen times in 37 years.

During the cold snap of Jan. 1st to 8th, 1913, the lowest temperature at San Francisco, according to the Bureau's official records, was 33 degrees above zero. The lowest temperature ever officially recorded at San Francisco was 29 degrees *above* zero.

Tornadoes, typhoons and hurricanes are unknown. Thunderstorms are very rare—28 have been recorded in 20 years, and eight of them occurred in one year. In 20 years there were only 56 hail storms.

Some most interesting studies of the local climate have been made by Alexander G. McAdie, professor of meteorology in charge of the local office of the Weather Bureau. One of these is entitled "The Clouds and Fogs of San Francisco" and is from the publishing house of A. M. Robertson. Another is "The Climatology of California," and a third is "The Climate of San Francisco," written by Prof. McAdie

in conjunction with George H. Wilson, local forecaster. From the first named work we quote:

> Fog is San Francisco's greatest asset.....it keeps the city cool in summer and thus makes for health; also it keeps the city warm in winter, preventing frosts and moderating the fall in temperature.....San Franciscans love their fog. When away from the city they pine for it, and especially during summer. Not without reason do they appreciate the cooling effect of the fog. It enables one to sleep through summer nights and rise refreshed and ready for the day's requirements.

CUSTOMS REGULATIONS.

Travelers arriving at San Francisco from foreign countries will find the customs laws administered, as far as the visitor is concerned, with tact, courtesy and intelligence, and will save themselves annoyance if they will strive to conform to the necessary conditions of the tariff regulations.

The purser on the steamer usually distributes declaration blanks and printed notices of the customs requirements in regard to baggage. The notices specify what and how much can be brought in free, and what must be declared.

As a rule, articles are dutiable unless specifically exempted by law.

MONEY.

San Franciscans are given to the use of gold and silver money to a degree unknown to the people of the Eastern States. Unless you request paper at the bank you will probably be paid coin. The smallest coin in general use is the nickel five-cent piece, although of late copper cents are coming into circulation.

The values of foreign coins in terms of United States money, have been proclaimed by the acting Secretary of the Treasury, on the estimate of the Director of the Mint, to be as follows:

Country	Monetary Unit	Value in U. S. Money
Argentine Rep.	Peso	$0.96,5
Austria-Hungary	Crown	0.20,3
Belgium	Franc	0.19,3
Bolivia	Boliviano	0.38.9
Brazil	Milreis	0.54,6
British Am.	Dollar	1.00,0
Costa Rica	Colon	0.46,5
Chile	Peso	0.36,5
China	Tael (Shanghai)	0.69,2
	Tael (Haikwan)	0.77,1
Colombia	Dollar	1.00,0
Denmark	Crown	0.26,8
Ecuador	Sucre	0.48,7
Egypt	Pound, 100 piastres	4.94,3
Finland	Mark	0.19,3
France	Franc	0.19,3
German Emp.	Mark	0.23,8
Great Britain	Pound Sterling	4.86,6½
Greece	Drachma	0.19,3
Hayti	Gourde	0.96,5
India (British)	Pound Sterling	4.86,6½
Italy	Lira	0.19,3
Japan	Yen	0.49,8
Liberia	Dollar	1.00,0
Mexico	Peso	0.49,8
Netherlands	Florin	0.40,2
Newfoundland	Dollar	1.01,4
Norway	Crown	0.26,8
Panama	Balboa	1.00,0
Persia	Kran	0.17,04
Peru	Libra	4.86,6½
Philippine Isl.	Peso	0.50,0
Portugal	Milreis	1.08,0
Russia	Ruble	0.51,5
Spain	Peseta	0.19,3
Sweden	Crown	0.26,8
Switzerland	Franc	0.19,3
Turkey	Piaster	0.04,4
Uruguay	Peso	1.03,4
Venezuela	Bolivar	0.19,3

REACHING THE CITY.

Travelers enter San Francisco in one of three general ways: Through the *Golden Gate* if they come by sea, landing at one of the State piers on the *Embarcadero*, or at the Government transport docks at Fort Mason on the northern waterfront; at the *Ferry Building*, also on the Embarcadero; or at *Third and Townsend street depot*, if they come by the Southern Pacific's coast line trains.

The heaviest travel enters at the Ferry building, the city's great water gate, having crossed the Bay from Oakland or Point Richmond on the suburban ferries.

These boats are the swiftest, largest and most commodious to be found in such a service anywhere, and the passage is full of novelty and charm. No other city is approached by such a royal way, and the traveler arriving thus may well look forward to the last stage of his journey as by far the best and most beautiful.

You pass *Yerba Buena (Goat) Island* and the Naval Training Station, and if you are early enough you can hear the bugles singing reveille from the parade ground above the little cove.

Across the bay to the northwest rises the bold cone of *Tamalpais*, 2,592 feet high, with the beautiful hills of Marin county, San Francisco's main playground, for its buttresses. Before it is Angel Island, with the east cantonment of the U. S. Army recruiting station on its eastern shore.

To the northward are the hills of Sonoma county, "Land of the Moon," the Indians called it, one of the principal wine districts of California; and if the day be very clear one can see, directly north, Mt. St. Helena, over 4,000 feet high and 55 miles distant in an air line.

South of the bluff Marin county hills is the opening of the Golden Gate, visible for a moment before you pass Yerba Buena island, and just inside it rises *Alcatraz island*, with the gray walls of its military prison, soon to become a Federal penitentiary.

On the peninsula of San Francisco, to the extreme right, rises a scarred and precipitous bluff, with dwellings clinging to its flanks, and trees upon its crest. This is *Telegraph Hill*, "Crazy owld, daisy owld Tilygraft Hill," as Wallace Irwin called it in one of his San Francisco lyrics. In early days a semaphore on its 300-foot height announced incoming vessels to the merchants in the old business district near its southern base. Its summit, where the trees stand, is now Pioneer Park, whence there is a wonderful view over the city and Bay, and in the third of the "Walks About San Francisco," in this book, you can find the easiest way to ascend.

South of Telegraph appears *Russian Hill*, also affording a fine view, and No. IV of the "Walks" will tell you how to reach that.

The next prominent feature southward is the palatial Fairmont Hotel, crowning *Nob Hill*, renowned as the residence district of the Comstock and railroad millionaires.

The domed skyscraper that appears southward of the Ferry building and a considerable distance behind it, is the Claus Spreckels building, one of the tallest in the West. It stands at Newspaper Square, with the Examiner and Chronicle buildings near it. Slightly to the left of it is the dark and solid looking dome of the Humboldt Savings Bank building, and rising just behind that is to be the Call building, 400 feet high. These buildings indicate the line of Market street.

Southward still are the rolling hills of the *Potrero* industrial district. Far to the left of that a long tongue of land juts into the Bay. This is *Hunter's Point*, where great *drydocks* are built in the solid rock. One of them is 750 feet long, the largest on the Pacific coast of the two Americas. With the Union Iron Works, in the Potrero, these docks are now part of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation's properties.

Flocks of wheeling tern follow the boat, sailing gracefully on the breeze, and swooping without a miss at bits of food thrown them by the passengers. These are the famous "seagulls" of San Francisco Bay. They are here all winter, from

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UNVEILING THE TETRAZZINI TABLET, NEWSPAPER SQUARE.

October to March or April, and are an attractive feature. Their summers they spend in the Arctic.

Soon the busy panorama of the city front grows more distinct; miles of long docks, forests of masts and steam funnels, busy tugs towing barges along a commercial battle line, some great ship in from the Orient, a bark from Antwerp or a five-masted schooner from the islands; the gray stone Ferry building with its clock tower like the Giralda of Seville; and back of it the city rising on its majestic hills, tier upon tier of it, spire, dome and tall skyscraper, humming with life and seething with mighty, organized energies.

Or, night may magically transform the scene, blanking the buildings into the darkness and leaving the streets marching over the hills with long ranks and cross ranks of torches. The shipping and the pier heads will be pointed with other

lights, and above them all will appear the piercing star at the top of the Ferry tower.

You go ashore through the Ferry building and find yourself at the foot of Market street, the main thoroughfare. The *Embarcadero* stretches away to the right and left. The city lies before you.

If you arrive at Third and Townsend depot, cars bound northwest on Third will take you to the heart of the business district at Third, Kearny and Market streets, or *Newspaper Square*, where are located the offices and publishing plants of the three great morning dailies of the city, the Call, Chronicle and Examiner. This is where Lotta Crabtree, a stage favorite of former days, erected a fountain to show her love for the youthful city, and where Luisa Tetrazzini, on Christmas eve, 1910, sang in the open air to more than 100,000 people and thus established the annual winter street concert at this point as one of the regular festivals of San Francisco.

Or, on Townsend street, trolley cars marked "20" on the roof will take you up Fourth street to Market, and thence out Ellis street through the western part of the city as far as the beach.

But the traveler to be envied is he that approaches San Francisco from over the ocean. He will enter an imperial port. He will sail on the tides of mighty rivers into the heart of a great State. He will see the prone, eternal hills, "like giants at a hunting, chin on hand," giving him a patronizing sort of welcome; the bold bluffs of Marin county, the Berkeley hills on the "Contra Costa" or opposite shore, perhaps the tip of *Diablo*, nearly 4,000 feet high, rising behind them, if the day be clear. After his long voyage across the open ocean he will have the sense of protection and harborage that only great havens give. He will feel that this arrival is like no other arrival anywhere, and departure an evil to be indefinitely deferred.

Suppose your last port was Honolulu, or Yokohama. Say your captain makes his landfall at dawn. Straight as a bullet

he drives for the Golden Gate. The westerly breeze is with you and you feel no chill. A jagged silhouette lifts from the sea as you look toward the rising sun, and as you draw abreast of it and get better light the Southeast Farallone looms to port like a castle of sculptured pearl. Past this outpost and past the light-house on it, and you are in that *Gulf of the Farallones* known to the Spaniards for generations before they learned it was only the ocean dooryard to California. Dead ahead is the coast, a rim of airy looking hills in the morning mist, so soft in their melting outline that no hint at first appears of the breach through which the waters of the broad valleys find their way to sea.

Fifteen miles farther and you pass the light-ship. Now you face the Gate, opening directly before you. The bold headlands, *Point Lobos* and *Point Bonita*, rear themselves to right and left. Far to starboard, opposite Point Lobos, are some brownish crags just outside the surf, from which you may imagine you hear the throaty bark of fat old sea lions.

Alcatraz and Angel islands loom ahead, Alcatraz with the light-house and the gray prison on it. The peninsula of San Francisco crouches couchant, facing the Marin county hills. Slowly you draw past Mile Rock light, and Baker's Beach curving in a long crescent that terminates in *Fort Point* with *Fort Winfield Scott* at its tip. The timbered slopes from which this cape juts out are part of the United States military reservation, known from early Spanish days as the *Presidio*. Its smiling green expanses mask the emplacements of many high-powered rifled cannon; for San Francisco has been called the best fortified city in the country.

Opposite *Fort Point* is a white cape projecting from the Marin county shore known as *Lime Point*.

Beyond Fort Point are the 625 acres of the *Panama-Pacific Exposition* grounds, a natural amphitheater glorified with the domes and spires, the courts and palaces that embody the dreams of some of the foremost living architects. Before it is the yacht harbor, and just beyond that are the *Government*

Transport Docks, whence the troops depart for Hawaii and the Philippines. Down the slopes behind and through the spaces between pours the city; dock and quay, warehouse and factory, fort and Presidio and Fishermen's Wharf with its lateen-sailed fleet, the dwellings of the people and the buildings of the World's Fair, blent in one perfect picture. And

EXPOSITION SITE, ON THE GOLDEN GATE.

the night approach is equally inspiring—gloomy bulks of land, the beacons winking from the light-houses, and then a glory of lamps flung over the hills like spangles on a violet robe.

You have reached a city so rich in its varied types and personal elements, so versatile, so human in its strengths and weaknesses, so great in its past achievements and strong in its ambitions and its future, that it is fit to rank among the dominant communities of the world.

BRING NO FRUIT INTO CALIFORNIA.

On behalf of California's great fruit interests, on which largely the prosperity of the State depends, we ask all travelers not to bring in fruit or vegetables.

With its great fruit regions and its wondrous climate just between the temperate and tropical, *fruit pests* unwittingly introduced in the baggage of some visitor might thrive and mul-

tiply in California to such a degree as to imperil one of the leading industries of the State.

There are many such pests that are, at some stage of their life history, invisible, so that it is impossible for any one but an expert in horticulture and entomology to say whether fruit is infected or not.

So do not try to bring in *any* fruit or vegetable.

The same considerations apply to the mongoose, which would exterminate quail, partridges and other ground nesting birds and make the poultry industry almost impossible for the time being—and possibly to other animal pets. Before you have completed this journey you may wish to make California your home. Help us take care of it as though it were.

GETTING UP TOWN.

Many of the larger hotels send 'busses to meet incoming trains and steamers. Some are free, and some charge 25 or 50 cents a passenger for this service.

Street cars can be taken at the Ferry or at Third and Townsend depot, and the traveler landing at the steamer docks south of Market street can reach the Third street cars by way of King street, southwest to Third.

If you prefer to travel by hack, taxi or automobile, make a definite bargain beforehand with the driver himself, and not with a go-between whom you may never see again.

TAXICAB, HACK AND AUTOMOBILE FARES.

From the Ferry and Railroad Depots and steamer landings to hotels in the "Downtown Hotel District," a *flat rate* was being established when this book went to press. This rate will not exceed $1.00 for a vehicle containing four persons or less. Ask your taxicab driver in advance for the rate to where you are going. To points outside of this District, meter rates apply.

See page 336 for meter and other rates in detail.

GETTING YOUR BAGGAGE UP TOWN.

There are two methods open to you for handling your baggage, either of them good and convenient.

First, you can give your checks to the solicitor on the train or on the steamer, take his receipt, tell him to what hotel or lodgings you are going, and be reasonably sure your trunks and bags will reach you with a fair degree of promptness. If you come by a steamer which is not boarded by a baggage transfer agent, your next recourse aboard is the purser or the freight clerk.

Second, you can hold your checks and give them to the clerk of the hotel at which you stop. All the good hotels have arrangements for taking care of their guests in this respect. The method is likely to be fully as prompt as the other, and if you wish to look about before definitely engaging your rooms, you will not have to pay for hauling your baggage from place to place.

The fair charge for carrying a trunk to any point except in the outlying or hilly parts of the city is $.50, and for a piece of hand luggage $.25. There are some companies that do it for less. Baggage can remain in the railway depots twenty-four hours without charge. After that it pays storage charges at the rate of $.25 for the first twenty-four hours and $.10 for each succeeding day or part thereof.

To avoid payment for storage on baggage, it should be claimed immediately on arrival at destination.

Storage of baggage is free at San Francisco while a passenger on an interstate ticket is gone to Yosemite valley.

If the traveler's destination in the city is a private house he will find baggage transfer companies listed in the classified department of the telephone directory, but it is better to be guided in that case by the advice of friends.

PALM COURT OF THE PALACE HOTEL.

HOTELS.

The hotels of San Francisco are among the finest in the world. For comfort, and efficiency of service they have never been excelled. There are no old hotels in the downtown section of the city, for the fire of 1906 burned out every one in that district, with the result that all of them now existing there are new, sanitary and freshly decorated and furnished. In the cheapest of them one gets modern accommodations. There are more good rooms in second or even third class hotels in San Francisco than in any other city.

San Francisco's renowned old hostelries were rebuilt after the fire, and generally speaking are conducted under the same management as of old. *The Palace*, built by William C. Ralston, was known all over the world. Its famous Palm Court was a splendid glass-domed space 84 by 144 feet in size, surrounded by an inner gallery at every floor, and with

a huge palm in the center. And it was said of it, as Kipling said of the India Docks, that if you waited there long enough you could see anybody you wished. Merely to take down its walls after the fire cost over $70,000, and it is now rebuilt in steel and brick in the most substantial way and beautifully appointed in every particular. The Palm Court is even more beautiful than before, and a favorite rendezvous. In the bar is Maxfield Parrish's mural decoration, the "Pied Piper of Hamelin." Ladies sometimes drop in to view it.

The *Fairmont*, on the summit of Nob Hill, represents a later development. With its view over the Bay it is the permanent home of many wealthy people, and its great Norman cafe bids fair to become almost as famous as the Palm Court of the Palace.

The *Hotel St. Francis* was burned out by the fire, but its steel frame and stone walls hardly had time to cool before a banquet of business men was held in its dismantled White and Gold room to celebrate the beginning of reconstruction. Here one finds the last refinement of perfect hotel service. George Wharton James, writing of the Hotel Men's 1910 trip, says of it:

> Briefly, there is no finer interpretation of the art of public hospitality in the United States today, than is presented by the complete three-winged St. Francis, which, with over 800 guest rooms, has the largest capacity of any hotel on the Pacific Coast.

In 1913 the St. Francis is constructing a fourth wing, which will make it one of the largest tourist hotels in the world.

The Stewart is another fine hostelry, and so are the Bellevue, the Granada, the Union Square, the Cadillac, the Herald, the Sutter, the Manx, and scores of others. It is impossible to mention them all, in a work of this size, for this is the greatest hotel city in the world in proportion to population, having over 2,000 hotels, lodging houses and apartment houses, 90 per cent of them new. However, the following mention of but a few of the better ones of their class, centrally located,

will afford the visitor a good choice of price and accommodation.

The phrase "European Plan" means that the room only is included in the price. "American Plan" means meals included. Where the hotel is conducted on the American plan, board usually costs about $2 a day in addition to rooms.

Hotel Acme: 819 Mission street. *Mission street cars.* European plan. Moderate prices; at 50 cents to $1.50.

Hotel Adena: 144 O'Farrell street, opposite Orpheum theater. European plan, $1.00 a day. Sample rooms for commercial travelers.

From Third and Townsend depot take Ellis and Ocean car, Line No. 20, to Stockton street and walk one block north.

From Ferry building take any Market street car to Stockton street and walk one block north, or Geary Street Municipal Railway to Stockton street and walk one block south.

Alpine House: 480 Pine street, next to California Market. European plan; 50c, 75c and $1.00 a day; $2.50, $3.00, $3.50, $4.00, $5.00 and $6.00 a week. Cafe and grill in the building. Caters largely to country trade.

From Third and Townsend depot take Kearny and Beach car, Line No. 15, or Third and Kentucky No. 16, get off at Pine street and walk half a block east.

From Ferry building take Third and Kentucky car, Line No. 16, to the same point.

Hotel Argonaut: Fourth street and Pioneer Place, close to Market street. European plan, $1.00 a day and up. Cafe and grill in connection.

Free bus.

Arlington Hotel: 480 Ellis street, corner of Leavenworth. European or American plan. Rates, European, $1.00 a day and up; American, $2.50 a day and up. Cafe in connection. Sample rooms for commercial travelers.

Free bus.

Astoria Hotel: Northwest corner Bush street and Grant avenue. Rooms at 50 cents to $1.50.

Take Sutter street cars, on Line No. 1, 2 or 3, and walk one block north.

Hotel Atlan'a: Seventh and Mission streets, opposite the Post Office. European plan, 75c to $2.00 a day; $3.50 to $8.00 a week. Cafe in connection. Sample rooms for commercial travelers.

Free bus (Argonaut or Winchester).

Baldwin Hotel: Grant avenue near Sutter street. All rooms with private bath. European plan; rates, $1.00 to $2.00 a day for one person; $1.50 to $2.00 a day for two. Family and commercial trade.

From Third and Townsend depot take Kearny and Beach car, Line No. 15, or Third and Kentucky No. 16, to Sutter street and walk a block west.

From the Ferry building take Sutter street car and get off at Grant avenue.

Baltimore Hotel: 1015 Van Ness avenue. European or American plan. Rates, European, 75c a day and up; American, $2.00 a day and up. Family trade.

From Third and Townsend Depot take Ellis and Ocean car, Line No. 20, to Van Ness avenue and walk one block north.

From Ferry building take any Market street car, transfer at Fourth to Ellis street and get off at Van Ness avenue.

Bellevue Hotel: Southwest corner of Geary and Taylor streets. All rooms with private bath. European or American plan. Rates, European, $2.00 a day and up; American, $4.00 a day and up. Cafe in connection; sample rooms for commercial travelers.

Bus from depots at 25c a person, or

From Third and Townsend Depot take Kearny and Beach car, Line No. 15, or Third and Kentucky No. 16 and transfer to Geary Street Municipal Railway, passing the door.

From the Ferry building take Geary Street Municipal Railway, passing the door.

Brooklyn Hotel: On First street, between Folsom and Harrison. European or American plan. Rates, European, 50c to $1.00 a day; American, $1.00 to $1.50. Family and commercial trade.

Free bus.

Hotel Brownell: 335 Larkin street, near Golden Gate avenue. European plan, $1.00 a day and up; rates by the week or month. Tourist, family and commercial trade.

From Third and Townsend depot take Kearny and Beach car, Line No. 15, or Third and Kentucky No. 16 to Market street, transfer to McAllister No. 5, get off at Larkin and walk north.

From Ferry building take McAllister car, Line No. 5, to the same point.

Hotel Cadillac: Eddy and Leavenworth streets. European or American plan. Rates, European, $1.00 a day and up; American, $2.50 a day and up. Cafe in connection. Sample rooms for commercial travelers. Tourist, family and commercial trade.

Free auto bus.

Columbia Hotel: 409 O'Farrell street, corner of Taylor. European plan, $1.00 a day single, $1.50 double; with private bath, $1.50 single, $2.00 double. Tourist and family trade.

From Third and Townsend depot take Ellis and Ocean car, Line No. 20, to Taylor street and walk one block north.

From Ferry building take any Market street car, transfer at Fourth street to Ellis car to the same point.

Continental Hotel: 127 Ellis street, near Powell. European plan, $1.00 a day and up. Cafe in connection. Sample rooms for commercial travelers. Family and commercial trade.

From Third and Townsend depot take Ellis and Ocean car, Line No. 20, to Powell street.

From Ferry building take any Market street car to Powell and walk one block north.

Hotel Dale: 34 Turk street. European plan, $1.00 a day and up. Cafe in connection. Sample rooms for commercial travelers.

Free bus from steamer docks. From Third and Townsend depot take car of Line 15 or 16, transfer to Market, westbound, and get off at Mason.

From the Ferry take Market street car to Mason. The hotel will pay taxicab fare.

THE FAIRMONT HOTEL, NOB HILL.

Fairmont Hotel: Occupies block between Powell and Mason, and California and Sacramento streets; 500 rooms, each with private bath. European plan, $2.50 a day and up. Ladies' grill and gentlemen's grill in connection. Sample rooms for commercial travelers.

Bus meets all trains, ferries and steamers at a charge of 50c per person, or

From Third and Townsend depot take Ellis and Ocean car,

Line No. 20, to corner of Ellis and Powell, transfer to Powell street cable, get off at California.

From the Ferry building take a Sacramento street car, no number, to Mason street.

Hotel Glen: Turk and Market streets. European plan, $1.00 to $1.50 a day.

From Third and Townsend depot take Kearny and Beach car, Line No. 15, or Third and Kentucky, No. 16, transfer to Market street west bound and get off at Turk and Mason streets.

From the Ferry building take any Market street car to the same point.

Hotel Gloster: O'Farrell and Mason streets. $1.50 a day with private bath; $1.00 without, for either one or two persons. Cafe in connection. Sample rooms for commercial travelers. Caters to a Tourist and California State trade.

From Third and Townsend depot take Ellis and Ocean car, Line No. 20, to Mason street and walk one block north.

From the Ferry building take any Market street car, transfer to Powell street cable, get off at O'Farrell and walk one block west.

From the steamer docks take any cab or taxicab to the hotel and the hotel will pay the driver.

Golden Eagle Hotel: 253 Third street, between Howard and Folsom. European plan, 50c to $2.00 a day.

From Third and Townsend depot take Kearny and Beach car, Line No. 15, or Third and Kentucky No. 16, to Folsom street.

From the Ferry building take Folsom street car, no number, or Howard street car, no number, to Third street.

Golden West Hotel: Ellis and O'Farrell streets. European plan, $1.00 a day and up, single; $1.50 a day and up, double. Cafe in connection. Commercial and tourist trade.

Free bus.

Goodfriend Hotel: 245 Powell street, between Geary and O'Farrell. European plan, $1.50 to $2.00 a day. Sample rooms for commercial travelers.

Free bus.

Granada Hotel: Sutter and Hyde streets. European or American plan. Rates, European plan, $1.50 a day and up for one, $2.50 a day and up for two; American, $3.50 a day and up for one, $6.00 a day and up for two. American plan dining rooms.

From Third and Townsend depot take Kearny and Beach car, No. 15, or Third and Kentucky, No. 16, transfer to Sutter street car, No. 1, 2 or 3, and get off at Hyde street.

From the Ferry building take any Market street car, transfer to Sutter street car, No. 1, 2 or 3, and get off at same point.

Grand Central Hotel: Market and Polk streets. European plan, $1.50 and $2.00 a day with private bath; 75c to $1.50 without. Cafe in connection. Sample rooms for commercial travelers. Caters to a commercial and tourist trade.

Free bus.

Herbert's Bachelor Hotel: 159 Powell street. With or without private bath. European plan, $1.00 a day and up, $6.00 a week and up. German grill in connection, always open. Not a family hotel. Caters to a business men's trade.

From Third and Townsend depot take Ellis and Ocean car, Line No. 20, to Powell street and walk half a block north.

From the Ferry building take any Market street car to Powell street and walk northward a block and a half.

Hotel Graystone: 66 Geary street. European plan, $1.00 to $2.50 a day.

Free bus.

Hotel Hacienda: 580 O'Farrell street. European plan, $1.50 a day with private bath, $1.00 a day without. Caters to family trade.

From Third and Townsend depot take Ellis and Ocean car, Line No. 20, to Jones street and walk one block north.

From the Ferry building take any Market street car, transfer to Ellis street and get off at the same point.

Hotel Herald: Corner Eddy and Jones streets. European plan, $1.50 per day with private bath, $1.00 per day without; 50c additional to above rates for two people. Cafe in connection.

From Third and Townsend depot take Ellis and Ocean car, Line No. 20, to Jones street and walk one block south.

From Ferry building take Turk and Eddy, No. 4, passing the door.

Hotel Holland: 161 Ellis street. European plan, $1.00 to $2.50 a day and 50c additional for two in a room. Caters to a tourist and local trade.

Free bus.

Hotel Manx: Powell and O'Farrell streets. European plan, $1.50 a day and up. Grill in connection. Sample rooms for commercial travelers. Caters to a tourist, State and commercial trade.

Bus at 25c per person, or

From Third and Townsend depot take Ellis and Ocean car, Line No. 20, to Powell street and walk one block north.

From the Ferry building take any Market street car, transfer to Powell street, or take the Geary Street Municipal Railway to Powell street and walk a half block south.

Mission Central Hotel: Sixteenth and Valencia streets, in the Mission District; 75 rooms; single or en suite. European plan; 75c to $1.50 a day.

From Third and Townsend depot take Kearny and Beach car, Line No. 15, or Third and Kentucky, No. 16, to Market street and transfer to Valencia car, No. 9, passing the door.

From the Ferry building take Valencia car No. 9.

Hotel Normandie: Sutter and Gough streets. European or American plan. Rates, European, $1.00 a day and up;

American, $2.00 a day and up. Cafe in connection. Caters to a family and tourist trade.

Free automobile bus.

Pacific States Hotel: 556 California street, between Montgomery and Kearny. European plan only; no cafe or grill. Rooms $1.00 a day; with private bath, $1.50.

Free bus, or

From Third and Townsend depot take Line 15 or 16; from steamer docks take Line 16; from the Ferry building walk up Market to California street cable car, which passes the door.

Palace Hotel: Market street, between Third and New Montgomery. 680 rooms. European plan, $2.50 a day and up. Cafe and grill in connection. Sample rooms for commercial travelers.

Bus from all depots at 50c a passenger, or

From Third and Townsend depot take Kearny and Beach car, Line No. 15, or Third and Kentucky, No. 16, to Market street and walk east half a block.

From the Ferry building take any Market street car, passing the door.

Hotel Potter: Mission and Ninth streets. European plan, 50c to $1.00 per day; $2.50 to $4.00 a week. Cafe in connection.

From Third and Townsend depot take Ellis and Ocean car, Line No. 20, and transfer at Mission street to west bound car.

From Ferry building take any Mission street car.

Hotel Regent: 562 Sutter street. European or American plan. Rates, European, $1.00 a day and up; American, $2.00 a day and up. Cafe in connection.

From Third and Townsend depot take Kearny and Beach car, Line No. 15, or Third and Kentucky, No. 16, and transfer at Sutter to west bound Sutter street car, No. 1, 2 or 3. passing the door.

From Ferry building take any Market street car to Sutter street and transfer to Sutter street car, No. 1, 2, or 3.

Hotel Richelieu: Van Ness avenue and Geary street. European or American plan. Rates, European, $1.50 a day and up; American, $3.00 a day and up. Cafe in connection.

From Third and Townsend depot take Kearny and Beach car, Line No. 15, or Third and Kentucky, No. 16, transfer to Geary Street Municipal Railway and get off at Van Ness avenue.

From the Ferry building take Geary Street Municipal Railway to the same point.

UNION SQUARE AND THE ST. FRANCIS HOTEL.

Rochampton Hotel: 419 Golden Gate avenue, corner of Larkin. European plan, 75c a day and up. Caters to a commercial and tourist trade.

From Third and Townsend depot take Ellis and Ocean car, Line No. 20, to Market street, transfer to McAllister street, get off at Larkin and walk a block north.

From the Ferry building take McAllister street car, Line No. 5, to Larkin street, and walk a block north.

Hotel St. Francis: Powell and Geary streets, facing Union Square Park, 1,000 rooms; single or en suite. European plan,

$2.00 a day and up. Cafe and grill in connection. Sample rooms for commercial travelers.

Bus from all depots at 50c a passenger, or

From Third and Townsend depot take Kearny and Beach car, Line No. 15, or Third and Kentucky, No. 16, transfer to Geary Street Municipal Railway and get off at Powell street.

From the Ferry building take Geary Street Municipal Railway to Powell street.

Hotel St. James: Van Ness avenue, near McAllister street. European plan, 75c a day and up. Cafe in connection. Caters to a family trade, tourists, out of town agents.

From Third and Townsend depot take Ellis and Ocean car, Line No. 20, to Market street, transfer to McAllister car, Line No. 5, and get off at Van Ness avenue.

From the Ferry building take McAllister No. 5, to Van Ness avenue.

San Marco Hotel: 386 Geary street. Each room with private bath. European plan, $2.50 a day and up. Cafe in connection.

From Third and Townsend depot take Ellis and Ocean car, Line No. 20, to Mason street and walk two blocks north.

From the Ferry building take Geary Street Municipal Railway, passing the door.

Hotel Sorrento: 364 O'Farrell street, between Mason and Taylor. All rooms with private bath. European plan, $1.50 to $2.50 a day.

From Third and Townsend depot take Ellis and Ocean car, Line No. 20, to Taylor street and walk one block north.

From the Ferry building take Geary Street Municipal Railway to Taylor street and walk one block south.

Hotel Stanford: 250 Kearny street. European plan, $1.00 a day and up. Cafe in connection. Sample rooms for commercial travelers. Caters to country trade.

From Third and Townsend depot take Kearny and Beach car, Line No. 15, or Third and Kentucky, No. 16, passing the door.

From the Ferry building take Third and Kentucky No. 16, passing the door.

Hotel Stratford: 242 Powell street, near Geary. European plan, 75c to $2.50 a day.

Free bus, or hotel will pay cab or taxicab charge.

Hotel Stewart: 353 Geary street. European or American plan; with or without private bath. Rates, European, $1.50 a day and up; American, $3.50 a day and up. Cafe in connection. Sample rooms for commercial travelers.

Bus from depots and docks at 25c a person, or

From Third and Townsend depot take Third street car and transfer to Geary street direct to hotel.

From the Ferry building take Geary Street Municipal Railway, passing the door.

Hotel Sutter: Sutter and Kearny streets. European plan, $2.00 a day and up with private bath; $1.50 a day and up without bath. Cafe in connection. Sample rooms for commercial travelers.

From Third and Townsend depot take Kearny and Beach car, Line No. 15, or Third and Kentucky, No. 16, passing the door.

From the Ferry building take Sutter street car, No. 1, 2 or 3, to Kearny street, or

Hotel will pay cab or taxicab charge.

Hotel Tallac: 140 Ellis street. European plan, $1.00 a day and up.

From Third and Townsend depot take Ellis and Ocean car, Line No. 20, passing the door.

From the Ferry building take any Market street car to Powell street and walk a block north to Ellis, or transfer to Ellis street car, passing the door.

Hotel Terminal: 60 Market street. European plan, $1.00 to $2.00 a day. Cafe in connection. Sample rooms for commercial travelers.

From Third and Townsend depot take Kearny and Beach car, Line No. 15, or Third and Kentucky No. 16 and transfer to Market street car east bound.

From Ferry building this hotel is within a short walk directly up Market street on north side. All Market street cars pass the door.

Hotel Turpin: 17 Powell street. With or without private bath. European plan, $1.50 to $4.00 a day. Sample rooms for commercial travelers can be arranged. Caters to a family and commercial trade.

From Third and Townsend depot take Ellis and Ocean car, Line No. 20, to Powell street and walk half a block south.

From the Ferry building take any Market street car to Powell street and walk half a block north.

Union Square Hotel: Post and Stockton streets, overlooking Union Square. European or American plan. Rates, European, $1.00 to $2.00 a day; American, $3.00 to $4.00 a day. Cafe in connection. Sample rooms for commercial travelers.

Bus from docks and depots at 25c a person, or

From Third and Townsend depot take Kearny and Beach car, Line No. 15, or Third and Kentucky No. 16, transfer to Sutter street car, Line No. 1, 2 or 3, west bound, get off at Stockton street and walk one block south.

From the Ferry building take Sutter street car, Line No. 1, 2 or 3, get off at Stockton street and walk one block south.

Hotel Victoria: Bush and Stockton streets. European or American plan. Rates, European, $1.00 to $2.50 a day; American, $3.50 to $5.00 a day. Dining room in connection. Caters to a tourist and family trade.

From Third and Townsend depot take Ellis and Ocean car,

Line No. 20, transfer to Powell street, get off at Bush and walk one block east.

From the Ferry building take Sutter street car, Line No. 1, 2 or 3, to Stockton street and walk one block north.

Hotel Von Dorn: 242 Turk street. European or American plan. With or without private bath. Rates, European, $1.00 to $3.00 a day; American, $2.50 to $4.50 a day. Cafe in connection. Sample rooms for commercial travelers. Caters to commercial, family and Army and Navy patrons.

Free bus.

TOURIST AGENCIES, VALIDATING OFFICES, INFORMATION BUREAUS, TICKET OFFICES.

Addresses are given as they were in 1913. If offices have been moved, consult the telephone directory.

Thos. Cook & Sons' office is at 689 Market street.

Dunning, H. W. & Co.: Claus Spreckels building, 703 Market street, corner Third.

Raymond & Whitcomb: Monadnock building, 681 Market street.

Ems-Bourne Tours Co. (Ltd.): Phelan building, 760 Market street.

Exposition Tour Co. (San Francisco): Russ building, 235 Montgomery street.

Peck-Judah Co., Inc., Free Information Bureau: 687 Market street, in the Monadnock building; offers an extremely useful free information service.

Round trip tickets are *validated* in the office of the railroad on which the traveler leaves San Francisco.

The *Southern Pacific Company* maintains a complete information bureau in the Ferry building, south of the main waiting room; another at 884 Market street, in the Flood building,

and a third at the Palace Hotel. Travelers can make the two uptown offices their headquarters, and will find there writing desks and stationery for their use.

A full information service is maintained by the *Western Pacific* at the Ferry building and 665 Market street; by the *Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe* at its offices in the Monadnock building, and by the *Northwestern Pacific* at the Ferry building and at 874 Market street.

Time tables of all railroad and steamship lines operating on the Pacific Coast, and rates of fare to all points on the Coast, will be found corrected monthly in the Railroad Blue Book, for sale at all news stands and on trains at 15 cents.

Vessel movements to and from San Francisco and important coast ports, including Hawaii, are reported daily except Sundays in The Guide, published at 215 Leidesdorff street.

Most of the railroad and steamship ticket offices are grouped, at present, in the Flood building, Market and Powell streets, and vicinity; the Monadnock building, on Market near Third street, and the Palace Hotel on Market at New Montgomery.

BATHS AND NATATORIA.

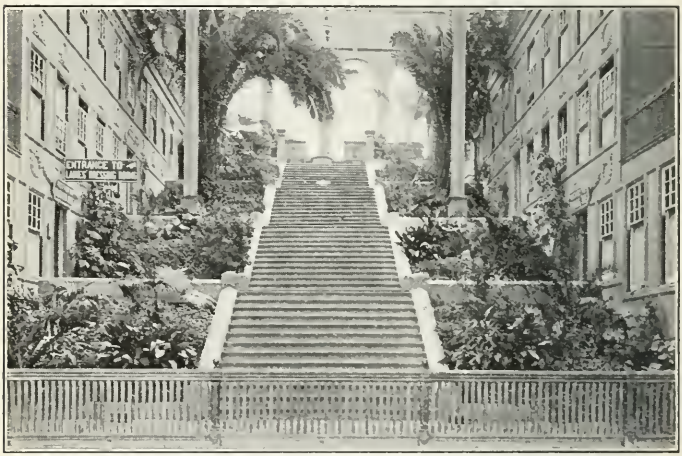
San Francisco is well supplied with baths and swimming resorts, most of them rebuilt after the fire on well-considered plans.

One of the largest and handsomest institutions of the sort is the *Lurline Ocean Water Baths*, in a Pompeian building at Bush and Larkin streets, accessible, by transfer, from *all Market or Sutter street cars.*

Here is a swimming pool 65x140 feet, supplied with filtered ocean water. There are apartments for Turkish, Russian and electric light baths. The tub rooms are fitted with fresh and salt water and with showers. Open until 10 p. m., from 6 a. m. during the months from April to October inclusive, and after 7 a. m. from November to March, inclusive. The use of

tub or natatorium is at the rate of 40 cents, or three tickets for $1 for adults. Children under 12, 20 cents.

The *Sutro Baths*, at Point Lobos, vicinity of the Cliff House, are the largest institution of the kind in the world. They can be reached by *Sutter and California line No. 1 marked "Cliff,"* by *Sutter and Clement line No. 2, McAllister No. 5, Ellis and Ocean No. 20, or by the California street Cable by transfer.*



GRAND STAIRCASE, SUTRO BATHS.

The building is open from 7 in the morning until 11 at night, in summer, and in winter, from November to May, it is open until 6 p. m. There is an admittance fee of a dime for adults and five cents for children, and the bathing privileges are at the rate of 40 cents for adults or three tickets for a dollar, and 25 cents for children or five tickets for a dollar.

HAMMAM OR TURKISH BATHS, open to the public are:

Burns' Hammam, 229 Ellis street, between Mason and Taylor. Turkish or Russian; salt water plunge; open day

and night; separate ladies' department. Baths $1.00, which includes sleeping accommodations for the night. Can be reached by *Hayes and Ellis car, Line No. 21*, on transfer from any Market street line.

Sultan Baths, 624 Post street, between Taylor and Jones. Turkish or Russian; fresh water plunge; open day and night; separate ladies' department. Baths $1.00, including sleeping accommodations for the night. This establishment also has regular hotel rooms at a charge of $1.00. *Take Montgomery and Tenth street line (no number) by transfer from Market at Post and Montgomery; or Sixth and Sansome line by transfer from Market at Taylor street.*

Empress Turkish Baths, 957 Market street, between Fifth and Sixth streets; men only; Turkish or Russian, or Nauheim medicated; salt water plunge; baths $1.00 or 6 tickets for $5.00. Includes sleeping accommodations for the night.

85 Third Street; men only; Turkish and Russian; open day and night. Baths 75c, including sleeping accommodations for the night. *Kearny line No. 15, or Kentucky No. 16.*

James Lick Baths, 165 Tenth street, between Mission and Howard; tubs; for men, women and children; open daily, 12 to 6 p. m.; Saturdays, 12 to 8 p. m.; Sundays, 7:30 to 10 a. m.; baths 15 cents.

Montgomery and Tenth street car line (no number), Market No. 8, Valencia No. 9, Sunnyside No. 10, Twenty-fourth and Mission No. 11, Ingleside No. 12, Cemeteries No. 14, Ocean View No. 26, Howard (no number).

Alameda Baths, in Alameda. A popular open-air swimming resort during the season. *Southern Pacific ferry to Alameda Pier, and Encinal Loop line to Fifth street.*

RESTAURANTS, CAFES, GRILLS.

Almost everyone that has heard of San Francisco has heard of its French restaurants. They are famous among travelers and people fond of good living, and the cuisine and service are not surpassed anywhere.

Dining out is so general that one must know the restaurants to know the city. Early conditions of prosperity established their character. Nothing was too good for the daring and successful San Franciscans of early days. There was an abundant food supply, and good cooks came from France and Italy. The demand for the best cookery was intensified in the sixties and seventies by the open-handed, epicurean brokers and speculators of the Comstock days. High standards then set have never been departed from, but the prices are still the lowest to be found. At some of the best San Francisco restaurants the charge for table d'hote is from 75 cents to $1.25, and this for a dinner, with wine, that could not be approached in the large Eastern cities for $3. A good dinner can be obtained for 50 cents.

WHAT TO EAT.

The locality has produced its peculiar delicacies. Its "cold cracked crab and beer" have been sung in nostalgic numbers by more than one exile. The crabs are a large, hard-shelled sort, of most delicate taste, found only on the Pacific Coast.

California oysters, contrary to the rule in other products, are very small, about the size of a twenty-five cent piece, but their coppery savor has tickled the palate and evoked the praise of many a gourmand from Mobile, or New Orleans, or the shores of the Chesapeake, where people know oysters. The small, salty white shrimp is a tidbit of the bay waters that is highly prized. It is often served with oysters, especially in the oyster booths of the different markets, but is less abundant of late, owing to the prohibition of the Chinese shrimp net.

Good pompano is caught near at hand, but it is not so much appreciated here as elsewhere because of competition, on the

menu, with the local "sand dab," a small, flat fish, like a sole, but daintier. When properly cooked, dry and golden "a la King," the sand dab is one of the real treasures of the sea.

Mussels are a marine delicacy apt to be new to the stranger.

French bread is another delight of San Francisco. It comes in long loaves of glutinous crumb and crisp golden crust, such as you find in Paris, but not elsewhere.

Artichokes were early introduced by the French population, and grow in abundance, having found a peculiarly congenial climate.

Every form of Italian paste is manufactured here as well as it can be made in Italy, and cooked to perfection in San Francisco's French and Italian restaurants—lasagne, tagliarini, macaroni, spaghetti, ravioli—with a sauce of stock, dried mushrooms, a soupcon of tomato and perhaps a dash of saffron; inimitable at home. Try the "fritto misto," the "fried mix." If one brown dainty fails to suit you, there is plenty of variety. Polenta, made of corn meal, and risotto, made of rice, with the paste sauce, are typically Italian and excellent. The climax of an Italian dinner should be a tumbler of sambaione, or sabayone, however it may be spelled. It is a sort of baked eggnog, made with imported Marsala wine.

Squabs are not peculiar to San Francisco, but gourmands say that nobody knows what a squab can taste like until he has eaten one prepared at one of the better-class Chinese restaurants, in Chinatown.

These trifles are well to know; but the homely viand of San Franciscans of every class, except the rare dyspeptic, the material of midnight suppers for rich and poor, at home and "down town," is the modest but caloric "tamale," a sort of Mexican and Indian ambrosia of chicken and pounded corn.

FRENCH RESTAURANTS.

One of the famous French restaurants of the city is the "Poodle Dog," on Mason street, between Eddy and Ellis. The

"Poodle Dog" began its interesting career as a purveyor to epicures on Dupont street, near Clay, moved south to Dupont and Bush, moved again to Eddy and Mason street, and after the fire to its present location. It took its name from the poodle of the original proprietor. At the Bush and Dupont street location the "Old Poodle Dog" continued business until the fire, and this, too, was a favorite dining place. There were patrons for both, and both were excellent. The "Old Poodle Dog" merged, after the fire, with "Frank's" and "Bergez's," equally popular with discriminating diners-out, and the composite institution will be found at 421 Bush street, just above Kearny, where the standards of the old places are well maintained.

New Franks, 447 Pine street, is a French restaurant of the type of the old days where the dining room is plain but the cooking excellent.

Needless to say, San Franciscans "love music with their meals" and at most of these restaurants they get it.

Marchand's, another old favorite, is now conducted by Michel, an attache of the old place, at the northeast corner of Geary and Mason street. Down Geary street, toward the Square, are Solari's and the New Delmonico, both good.

A good French restaurant is the St. Germain, at 60-64 Ellis street, near the Cort Theater. The Cosmos, at 658 Market street, Borlini's, at 714 Market, and Lombardi's, at 161 Sutter, are all good.

A favorite in the financial district before the fire, was Jules'. It is now in the Monadnock Building and upholds its former reputation. Then there is Blanco's, at 857 O'Farrell street, Jack's Rotisserie, at 615 Sacramento street, between Kearny and Montgomery, a good place for game; Negro's at 625 Merchant street; Felix' at 643 Montgomery, where the pastes are good and the walls are decorated with creditable paintings.

The Mint, at 615 Commercial street, just off Montgomery, is a snug and cosy sort of place, where a cheerful coal fire blazes on winter evenings. It is opposite the old Sub-Treasury building, which stood on the site of the United States Mint in which Bret Harte held a position as secretary to the superintendent.

Frank's New Restaurant, at 447 Pine street, opposite the California market serves an excellent table d'hote.

The gala night life of the city surges about the brilliant cafes at the junction of Market, Eddy and Powell streets: the Portola-Louvre in the Flood building, the Odeon at the Eddy street gore, the Techau Tavern at 7 Powell street; and the Tait-Zinkand, or "Tait's", at 168 O'Farrell street, opposite the Orpheum. Some of these supply entertainment of the vaudeville or cabaret type. Here the sparkle and vivacity of San Francisco bubble forth after the theater and make the smaller hours the merriest. Tables for Christmas and New Year's eve celebrations must be engaged far in advance.

One distinctive type of restaurant was multiplied by the fire —those claiming lineal descent from the old "Fly-Trap," or Fashion Restaurant. Before the fire there was but one, at the foot of Sutter street, a sort of French-Italian place, renowned for the moderation of its charges and the excellence of its fish and ducks. There are several now, conducted on about the same plan and scale, reproducing with fidelity the quality and service of the original. One is on the south side of Sutter street just below Montgomery. Another, Louis' Fashion, is on Market street at 524. Charley's Fashion is at the southeast corner of Ellis street and Anna Lane, and there is also a Charlie's Fly Trap at 507 Market.

ITALIAN RESTAURANTS.

Generally speaking there is no hard-and-fast distinction between the French and Italian restaurants in the business section of the city, and either may serve the other sort of table d'hote on request. In fact the art of serving these dinners is now San Franciscan as much as Parisian or Milanese or Florentine.

In the Latin quarter, however, there is a group of restaurants that are distinctively Italian. They may be found along Broadway near the crossings of Kearny street and Columbus avenue. Here are the Trovatore, the New Buon Gusto, the Fior D'Italia, and the Dante. One is apt to hear good music at the dinner hour, especially at the last named. To the epicure, the Italian dishes served at these places have no equal. Prices are moderate.

At 1549 Stockton street, near Columbus avenue, is the Gianduja, one of the best Italian restaurants, where the cookery is especially good.

Down on Davis street near the Colombo Market is another group of Italian restaurants, some of them of a more particular fame among nocturnal San Franciscans. The market is on Davis street, between Clark and Pacific, opposite Getz Brothers' wholesale establishment. Beside the market entrance, and at the Clark street corner, is Lucchetti's where the cooking is of the genuine Italian family sort, and the place itself has a flavor as pronounced. Here you get grated cheese in your soup, the pastes are good, the Bordelaise redolent of just the proper amount of garlic, the electric piano plays for a nickel-in-the-slot and sometimes tempts the patrons out on the floor for a dance between courses. For the better guidance of those that do not like such things it should be said that there is a bar in the main dining room.

On the other side of the market entrance is Sanguinetti's, equally well-known. Each place has its clientele. Along Davis street, toward Market, are the Lido, another Gianduja, and several other Italian places.

"Coppa's" has long held a warm place in the affections of the artist-Bohemian crowd. Before the fire it was in the southwest corner of the Montgomery block, at the corner of Montgomery and Merchant streets, where walls and ceiling were decorated with the grotesque fancies of its artist frequenters. You will find a good expression of the spirit of the place in Gelett Burgess' novel of San Francisco life, "The

CLIFF HOUSE AND SEAL ROCKS.

Heart Line." Coppa's is now at 450 Pine street, and you may know it by the black cats painted on the bay tree boxes in front. Follow them inside and you will see astonishing art works on the walls.

Another place of distinctive character is Bonini's Barn restaurant, at 609 Washington street, just off Montgomery. A truss of hay marks the spot. Here you dine agriculturally, among mangers, under rafters from which wisps of fodder protrude, in the company of stuffed fowls which seem about to cackle over the omelets that are served by waiters in chaperajos.

Milan & Dan's at 123 Powell, is another old favorite in that neighborhood; which is well supplied with good bakery luncheon places.

High in the regard of old San Franciscans is the name of Campi's, one of the earliest Italian and French restaurants. By successive removals it has traversed the business district from Merchant and Sansome streets to the Claus Spreckels building

at Third and Market. It was founded in 1854, and still retains a few patrons of the early days.

MEXICAN AND SPANISH RESTAURANTS.

One should make the acquaintance of the Mexican restaurants of San Francisco. It should be remembered that Mexican cookery is the cookery of the abstemious Spanish people, with Indian corn added to the larder. Here thrive the tamale, "chili con carne," frijoles, first stay of the early gold miners, and the enchilada. But be temperate with the sauce in the little oval dish. It is even redder than it looks.

There are two good Mexican restaurants in the Latin quarter: Matias' Mexican, at 726 Broadway, and the City of Mexico, at 734 Broadway. A couple of Spanish restaurants in other parts of the city are, the Castilian cafe, at 344 Sutter street, between Grant avenue and Stockton, and La Madrilena, at 177 Eddy, near Taylor.

The *Greek Colony* occupies the vicinity of Folsom street, from Third west, with its commercial part strung along the latter thoroughfare. Here are cafes and restaurants, with the signs printed in the alphabet of Xenophon; the Acropolis, the Macedonia, the Venus, the Constantinople and others. There is nothing to eat in the Greek cafes—no refreshment except tiny cups of coffee thick with the powdered berry and sweetened to the taste of syrup, which you sip at little marble top tables while you watch the scions of old Athenians smoking the hookah, or playing dominoes and pool.

For Greek cooking and Greek wines, go to the restaurants, not the cafes.

GRILLS.

Some of the places known distinctively as grills achieved fame for their ducks, terrapin, crab a la Newburg, and other specialties. One of these is "John's" at 57 Ellis (formerly with Gobey). Gobey himself is dead but his widow conducts a grill at 140 Union Square avenue, the little street that

points directly at the Dewey Column, from Grant avenue between Geary and Post. Next to Gobey's is Girard's, of the same family, with a good patronage from the physicians and professional men that have offices near. The Bay State grill at 275 O'Farrell street, is good for any sort of meal.

Collins & Wheeland, at 347 Montgomery street, conduct a bar and grill much frequented by brokers and professional men that have their offices in the financial center and are fond of good salads and good beef. It is one of the old institutions of the city.

German grills are plentiful in San Francisco, and remarkably good. In the lower part of town there is Schroeder's, a place for men, at 117 Front street, near California. Prices are moderate and the cooking excellent. Another is the Commercial restaurant, at 225 Pine. Another German cafe for men, and one at which the prices are very modest is the Hammonia, at 453 Bush street, near Grant avenue. Farther up town, for men and women, and slightly more elaborate, are Beth's, at 9 Ellis; the Heidelberg, at 37 Ellis; and the Hof-Brau, in the Pacific building at Market and Fourth streets. Then there is the grill in Herbert's Bachelor Hotel at 151-159 Powell.

OYSTERS AND SHELL-FISH.

For oysters and other shell-fish, including San Francisco shrimps, the clawless lobster of the coast and the delicious hard-shell crab that is found only here, there are good stalls in the larger markets, such as the California Market, on Pine street, between Montgomery and Kearny; and in the Spreckels, the Washington, the Lincoln and the Bay City, all of which are situated in Market street between Third and Sixth. The Pearl oyster house in the California Market has been a favorite resort with San Franciscans for two generations. Its founder is one of the proprietors of the Portola-Louvre. Mayes' Oyster House, in the California Market has a branch at 30 Third street, and another at Sutter and Polk.

Another well-known place is the Oyster Loaf, at 55 Eddy street.

Among the best restaurants making a specialty of shell-fish is Darbee & Immel's Shell-Fish Grotto, at 245 O'Farrell street. This is the only restaurant making a specialty of shell-fish dinners exclusively.

BREAKFAST AND LUNCHEON.

Good dinners necessitate dainty breakfasts, and San Franciscans have the places that supply them. In 1876 the Vienna Model bakery opened on Kearny street with the sort of service and fare it had been giving at the Centennial exposition at Philadelphia in that year. It met with immediate success, and became a cherished institution. The name and traditions are preserved on O'Farrell street, opposite "Tait's," and near the Orpheum. At the Golden Pheasant, on Geary street near Market, one can get as fine a breakfast and luncheon as anywhere in the country, for as little money. Swan's, another bakery restaurant at 140 O'Farrell street is very good. This is not to say that these places do not serve dinner.

A dainty place in the shopping district is the Tea Cup, up stairs at 225 Post street, near Grant avenue.

A very popular place in the lower part of town, and one where home cooking is served, is Grover's, at 121 California street. It started in a tent after the great fire. It is not open evenings.

The Emporium department store on Market street, between Fourth and Fifth has a good luncheon place. So has Hale Bros., Inc., at the corner of Fifth and Market, where there is a cafeteria and a Pompeian cafe.

The California Poppy, at 738 Market street, is a good place for luncheon and tea.

For good service at any time of day at reasonable prices, Suhr's, at 723 Market can be recommended. For luncheon, or afternoon tea, the Women's Exchange, at 70 Post street, oppo-

site the Mechanics-Mercantile library, is good, and moderate in its charges.

THE CLIFF HOUSE, AND HIRAM COOK'S GRILL.

The Cliff House is a cafe and restaurant that is famous all over the world. It should be mentioned again that this is a restaurant, not a hotel.

And not least, but last because farthest out and more of a luxury for people that like to range abroad by trolley car or automobile, is Hiram Cook's Grill and Buffet, on Nineteenth avenue between Vicente and Wawona streets, in the Parkside district.

The fashionable life of the city can be seen at luncheon or dinner at the St. Francis or the Palace Hotel. At the former afternoon tea is served in the Tapestry Room, and at the latter in the large court.

WALKS ABOUT SAN FRANCISCO.

I.—An Hour's Walk in the Downtown District—The Stock Exchange.

From Lotta's Fountain, at the junction of Market, Kearny and Third streets, where flowers are sold in the open air the year around and the Christmas eve outdoor music festivals are held, walk north three blocks to Bush.

Almost at the beginning, at 50 Kearny street, you come to one of the show-places of the city—the *Diamond Palace* of Col. Andrews. The show window displays examples of the quartz jewelry that appealed to the San Franciscans of an early day. Within, it is a place of mirrors endlessly reflecting the splendors of white Corinthian columns and crystal chandeliers, and of paintings of the dazzling figures of history and the Old Testament. Overhead is a portrait of the Colonel himself, one of the most picturesque of pioneer San Franciscans.

Walk eastward down Bush street, here the third street from Market. About the center of the block, on the south side, at No. 353 Bush, you come to the *San Francisco Stock Exchange.* This is the leading mining stock bourse of the world, the institution through which was transacted more business, in the days of the Comstock mining excitement, than on any other exchange at that time. Its home here is temporary, built on a leasehold to serve immediate necessity after the fire of 1906.

You may enter the "visitors' gallery" railed off for clients, back of the main floor where the trading is done. The brokers have a youthful appearance, but here and there among them you will see the gray head of an old-timer, who remembers the world-famous deals of the "Seventies" and expects more like them "when the water is pumped out of the Comstock and the workings are opened down to the three-thousand foot level."

The exchange was organized in 1862.

As much as $43,000 was bid for a seat in 1875, with no seller.

The *Comstock lode* itself lies along the eastern side of Mt. Davidson, in the Washoe range, Nevada, for a distance of about two miles.

On the quotation board you can read the principal names of the underground hoards—Ophir, Gould & Curry, Con. Virginia, California, Kentuck, Mexican, Savage, Best & Belcher, Hale & Norcross, Crown Point, Potosi, Yellow Jacket, Chollar; hoards that produced mogul's ransoms, names that conjured across the continent and across the ocean some of the most adventurous men the nineteenth century produced.

Such a scene as this was the stage of one of the golden romances of California, and the focus of interest for the mighty figures that stalked through it; such men as James R. Keene, a dominant figure in Wall street during these later years and until his death in January, 1913; Flood & O'Brien, "Lucky" Baldwin, John P. Jones and William M. Stewart

of Nevada, George Hearst, Mark McDonald, Alvinza Hayward, William Sharon, John W. Mackay, James G. Fair, George I. Ives. Jones, Stewart, Hearst, Sharon and Fair became United States senators. These men were giants, and the tradition of them remains as a vital part of the consciousness of San Francisco, a thing that helps give it, as a city, a feeling of individuality and distinction.

There is still much trading in Comstocks, and to it has been added the operations in Southern Nevada shares—Goldfield, Tonopah, Manhattan, Bullfrog—and a consolidation has recently been effected with the oil exchange, so that a quite considerable business is focussed at this point. There are three regular sessions and one long informal session a day. The mining session opens at 9:30 a. m., and is followed by informal trading that may continue until 2:15. The oil board sessions open at 11:15 a. m., and 1:15 p. m. The caller is Joseph L. King, chairman of the board and author of a lively history of it.

Looking down Bush street, one sees at the corner of Montgomery the *Mills building*, an office building erected by the late D. O. Mills. A block beyond, at the northwest corner of Sansome, is the building of the *Standard Oil Company* of California, in which are housed all the general offices of the corporation. If you were to follow this block around you would come to the site of the new United States *Sub-Treasury* building, at the southwest corner of Pine and Sansome street, which will cost, complete, $834,300, and with equipment will probably come to $1,000,000.

Retrace your steps on Bush street and continue westward to Grant avenue, passing "Bergez, Frank's, Old Poodle Dog," one of the famous French restaurants of San Francisco. At the corner of Grant avenue you can look up to the right and see the pagoda-like ornamentation on the buildings at the entrance to Chinatown, which we shall leave for another one of these "walks."

For the present, turn southward (towards Market street).

On the right hand side of Grant avenue is the *book shop of Paul Elder*, a place of distinction. The interior is simply and harmoniously Gothic, so craftily planned and consistently executed that it conveys an irresistible spell of medievalism.

This is the neighborhood of fine jewelry stores, fur stores that offer furs as fine as any to be found in London, galleries of interesting paintings, which the public is welcome to visit.

Union Square is just beyond, a palm garden set in the midst of hotels and smart shops. Its east line is Stockton street, and down about half way of the square, at the corner of the narrow street called Union Square avenue, is *A. M. Robertson's book store*, notable for its varied stock which the owner is continually enriching by his own publications of such writers as Ambrose Bierce, Herman Scheffauer and George Sterling. This publisher has probably done more to make California authors and Western literature known than any other one man.

On the west side of the Square, occupying the site of old Calvary Presbyterian church, is the Hotel St. Francis, equal in appointment and service to any hotel in the world.

The *Dewey monument* rises in the center of Union Square, commemorating the victory of Manila Bay.

Looking down Sutter to the right, one sees the *Pacific Gas & Electric Company's* building, decorated with a large *map* of the Central California counties, in 30 of which this San Francisco enterprise serves over 321,000 people with water, gas, and electricity for light and power. Across Sutter street is the *Temple Emanu El*, the city's oldest Jewish house of worship, the beautiful architecture of which is famous, with the turrets that were surmounted, before the fire of 1906, with those graceful Oriental domes that became a sort of insignia of San Francisco. Adjoining the synagogue on the south is the first site of the Tivoli Opera House—the Tivoli Gardens of old.

Westward on Sutter is one of the handsome art stores of the city, that of Vickery, Atkins & Torrey.

It would be a pity for any one that has a feeling for beautiful design and fine specimens of craftsman skill to leave San Francisco without having seen this shop.

Thence, westward to Mason street. Beyond is a part of the burned district formerly occupied by old time dwellings and

INTERIOR OF A SAN FRANCISCO RETAIL STORE.

a few modern hotels, now rapidly rebuilding to hotels and apartment houses and destined to be the most densely populated part of San Francisco.

Turn down Mason toward Market. At Post is the First Congregational church. Looking up Post one can see on the right the brown brick building of the *Olympic Club*, the oldest amateur athletic organization in the world, and one of the finest clubs in San Francisco. More about it can be found through the index.

Next beyond the Olympic is the red brick building of another famous San Francisco Club, the *Bohemian.*

Southward on Mason street one comes to the building known as N. S. G. W. Hall—the headquarters for the *Native Sons of the Golden West,* a fraternal and benevolent organization formed among the native born sons of California to preserve the traditions of the pioneers and the spirit of state patriotism.

At the corner of Geary and Mason streets is "Marchand's," one of the celebrated French restaurants of the city.

To your right, on Geary street is the Columbia theater, noteworthy for its colorful facade. The large buildings which you see beyond, at the corner of Taylor street, are the Clift and Bellevue hotels, among the finest in the city.

Farther down Mason street, on the west side between Ellis and Eddy, is the famous Poodle Dog restaurant.

Continuing on Mason street toward Market, one sees, down Eddy street to the left, the new *Tivoli Opera House,* standing on the site it occupied for many years when it was the foremost home of opera bouffe in the United States, and where symphonies and grand opera were produced as well. It was at the Tivoli that San Francisco audiences "discovered" the voice and art of Luisa Tetrazzini and proclaimed to the world a new operatic star.

At the foot of Mason street, on Market, is the "Native Sons" fountain, with the romantic figure of the youthful pioneer, "dedicated to the Native Sons of the Golden West, to commemorate the admission of California into the Union, September the ninth, Anno Domini MDCCCL."

Turn down Market toward the Ferry and you will be in the main stream of the city's life. Here, from Mason to Kearny streets, is the thickest of the traffic, on the sidewalk and in the roadway.

Between these imposing Market street buildings the street is 120 feet wide.

On the other side of the street, at the corner of Powell, is a stately pile of grey sandstone built some time before the fire on the site of the old Baldwin hotel, by James L. Flood, son of James C. Flood, the great mining operator of the Comstock. It is the largest office building west of Chicago and contains over 900 rooms.

Here, at Market and Powell, is the center of the city's night life. The whole neighborhood, from seven o'clock on, blazes with lights and swarms with automobiles and pleasure seekers.

This is a street of large buildings and of department stores, such as Prager's, Hale's and the Emporium. The green-tiled *Pacific building*, at the corner of Fourth street, is the largest reinforced concrete office building in the world. (The Commercial building next to it stands on the site of the old Academy of Sciences.)

On the north side of Market street, near Montgomery, one of San Francisco's landmarks, the *Hobart building*, is to be rebuilt during 1914, filling the last big gap in lower Market street created by the fire of 1906. Of pressed brick front and terra cotta and granite trimmings, the structure will rise for twenty-one stories, or a total of 315 feet. It will have a frontage of 92 feet 5 1-8 inches and the ground floor will be arranged in attractive stores. One million dollars is the estimated cost.

Next is the *Humboldt Savings Bank building*, 18 stories and 245 feet high. Farther down the street, at the corner of Third street, Newspaper Square, is the *Claus Spreckels building*, *one* of the most beautiful commercial buildings in the world, 19 stories, counting the dome, and 315 feet high.

A few more steps brings us to Lotta's Fountain, and Newspaper Square.

This round can be made in an hour if you do not linger—which you are quite likely to do.

SOME TALL BUILDINGS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Hobart Building, Market below Montgomery;	21 Stories.	Height,	315 ft.
Humboldt Savings Bank Bldg., 783 Market;	18 Stories.	"	245 "
Claus Spreckels Building, Market and Third;	19 Stories.	"	315 "

ENTRANCE TO CHINATOWN.

Hearst Building, Market, Third and Kearny;	12 Stories.	Height,	163 ft.
Mutual Savings Bank Bldg., 706 Market;	12 Stories.	"	190 "
Chronicle Building, Market and Kearny;	17 Stories.	"	219 "
Merchants' Exchange Bldg., 431 California;	14 Stories.	"	200 "
Insurance Ex. Bldg., Cal. & Leidesdorff;	11 Stories.	"	167 "

WALKS ABOUT SAN FRANCISCO.

II.—Chinatown.

Situated between Kearny and Stockton, California and Pacific Streets.

Kearny Line No. 15, or Kentucky No. 16, to California Street and walk a block west to Grant avenue; or California street cable or Sacramento street cable, to Grant avenue. Easily reached afoot from the downtown hotel district.

You can "do" Chinatown by automobile, taxicab, or one of the sight-seeing motor cars that start from Market street west of Newspaper Square every evening at 8 o'clock. These cars furnish guides and charge a dollar a passenger. But the best way to see and enjoy it is to prowl through it afoot.

You could spend all the working days of a month going up and down its swarming streets and choked alleys, wondering at the inscrutable denizens and their little moon-faced children, listening to the sing-song language, smelling the reek of leeks, punk and incense, until you acquired unconsciously the habit of looking on yourself and other strayed Caucasians as foreigners, and still but scratch the surface of interest in this most fascinating city of America.

For Chinatown is a city, of and by and for itself. There is nothing like it in any other part of the country, although they may have the recipe for chop suey elsewhere. There can not be anything like it in China, for it is at least encysted in a Caucasian social tissue. It is and always will be San Francisco's Chinatown, unique and outlandish, a foreign country of ten city squares, supposed to be a part of Canton, or a part of Tartary, as you please; living its own customs,

rites and practices, modified by the white man's laws as far as the United States Marshal's office and the "Chinatown Squad" from the Hall of Justice are able to put them into effect.

Yet those will not find the main interest in Chinatown that persist in regarding it as a weird and horrible slum. It is not. Between eight and nine thousand Oriental people live within the few blocks of the district, almost no whites dwelling among them, and while they exhibit racial peculiarities that bewilder the western mind, it is safe to say that the percentage of the law-abiding is as high here as in many other parts of the city. Avoiding trouble is a Chinese national habit, and nowhere is the white visitor more secure in property or person.

Chinatown has changed, both in its "physical plant" and customs. For half a century its tenants built and burrowed in it, shaping it to their uses, until it was a strange place, full of mystery and surprise, with picturesque curbstone industries and sidewalk stalls, and communicating catacombs where half its population huddled, and axe-proof doors behind which some of them carried on the allied industries of pi-gow, fan-tan, poker and lottery drawings.

These conditions have largely altered for the better. The fire burned out the quarter; and the unsanitary hovels with their strata of accumulated filth, cell-like chambers, wandering galleries and sidewalk encroachments disappeared. When Chinatown rebuilt it was on modern, sanitary lines and according to the most approved city ordinances.

THE CHINESE TRANSITION.

The people, too, have changed. Just now they present the anomalies of transition from eastern to what they conceive to be western ways. It is the day of the Republic. The Manchus are gone from the throne of the Middle Kingdom. The Dragon Flag has disappeared from Chinatown and so have the queues that once hung, a sign of Manchu domination, down the backs of its merchants, bankers, pawn brokers, clam

dealers, rag pickers, down to the humblest male resident. The comfortable and dignified Chinese dress is vanishing. Even the tong wars grow beautifully less, and the hatchet-men that carried them on are growing scarce, and hard to hire; these very tong wars, by the way, being unknown in China, and a peculiar reaction from conditions in this country.

The writer has been in a Chinese home in Grant avenue, where the girls and women of the household were absorbed in the preparation of the beautiful little stage sets used for the feminist feast of the Seven Sisters—the Chinese myth of the Pleiades—pagan, and possibly as ancient as the Book of Job—and he has gone thence directly into another Chinese home, behind barred doors above dark flights of stairs, where the names of the daughters of the household were engrossed on grammar school certificates hanging on the walls, and the oaken bookcase contained such volumes as "West's Ancient World," a source-book of English history, and a copy of Bryant's translation of the Odyssey.

In the history of the Chinese revolution, San Francisco should loom large as a factor. When the death of Tsi Ann weakened the Manchu tyranny, these San Francisco Cantonese had been living for three generations in contact with a virile western civilization, and were able to testify to their home-keeping countrymen that China's institutions were not built above the summit of human intelligence, and possibly could be improved. Here Dr. Sun Yat Sen was given asylum ten years ago, and the movement received organized support. Here was established the Chinese Republic Association, one of the most powerful influences outside of China in bringing about the downfall of the Manchus.

Some old customs have been modified, but much remains. The principal festivals are still kept. These people have a genius for elaborate decoration, which finds no field in the Spartan bareness of their homes, but blossoms out in vivid color and fantastic ornament to make their ceremonies a delight. With their huge processional dragon (now in Golden Gate

Park Museum), their beautiful umbrella-shaped standards, their saffron flags and their traveling tableaux and floats, they have made the Portola parades of San Francisco a wonder that could be seen nowhere else on the continent.

If you are lucky in the hour of your wandering, you may see a funeral or hear a wedding—and the weddings are easy to hear, for part of the ceremony consists in paying out a cable of fire-crackers from the second story balcony of some restaurant, and letting the dangling end burn off about a foot above the curb, with frequent discharges of bamboo-wound bombs. If the bridegroom is sufficiently prosperous the din may last until long after midnight.

Funerals take their ancient way, with the exception of a "young Chinese band" at the head, playing European dirges. Follows a cab-full of the real old Chinese music, with deafening crashes of great brass cymbals, squealing trumpets, and mad banging of a gong slung from the roof of the hack. Then the hearse, and on the seat beside the white driver a Chinese that throws to the breeze small oblong pieces of tissue paper with perforations through which the pursuing demons must crawl and thus be heavily handicapped.

Directly behind the hearse comes the black figure of a Taoist priest, performing on cymbals decorated with a fluttering banneret. He precedes the widow, who walks in white, the Chinese mourning color, bowed double with grief, face hidden, and supported by two sad-faced sisters in black. They are hired to look sad, and they give good value for the money.

Next a block of hired mourners: women in blue gowns and pantaloons, with their heads hidden in white cowls. More cabs, full of relatives and friends, gongs and cymbals; and, finally, an express wagon loaded with paper effigies of servants for the departed, to be burned at the cemetery, and the funeral baked meats for his subsistence as he starts on his long journey; roast pig, crawfish, chicken and other favorite viands.

All Grant avenue turns out to see, and the balconies of the side streets are thronged. The comment is apparently dis-

criminating and critical, and as a topic of discussion the episode lasts the afternoon.

AMONG THE BAZAARS.

A conspicuous fact about Chinatown is that it consists, on the street level at least, almost wholly of shops. The merchant class predominates, and it practices a rigid and undeviating commercial honesty. What a Chinese merchant promises he performs.

The main axis of the quarter is old Dupont street, now Grant avenue. Near Market this is one of the finest American retail shopping thoroughfares in the city, but beginning at Pine street you find yourself among *Japanese stores*, which carry handsome and costly stocks of silks, prints, bronzes and porcelains; and at California you enter the group of pagoda-roofed buildings that house the finer *Chinese bazaars* and form the entrance to the Chinese quarter. Here are the beautiful establishments of the Sing Fat Company, the Sing Chong Company, the Canton and the Shanghai bazaars, the Nanking Fook Woh Company, the Wing Sing Loong Yokohama Company, the W. Sang Lung Company, of Chee Chong & Co., and Yuen Lee & Co. Millions are invested in the stocks of these establishments, and they attract visitors from all over the world. You will not find such collections of Chinese art wares in any other city, in or out of China.

The names of these bazaars are not, usually, the names of their proprietors, but expressions of poetic sentiment or invocations of fortune. In the most modest of them you may find the oriental treasure bit that makes the strongest appeal to you and at the smallest price. The Chinese attendants are uniformly courteous, and whether you buy or not you are welcome to admire and enjoy the wonder-works in silver, bronze, enamel, lacquer, teak, rosewood, porcelain, carven ivory and sumptuously embroidered silks.

Along this street are some good Chinese restaurants, with recessed balconies where huge globular lanterns bob in the

breeze, and with "tea gardens" on the top floors, where one can dine upon dishes of the toothsome Chinese cuisine. Preserves and tea are served at modest rates; and, on a day's notice, almost any of these places will arrange dinners at prices ranging from $2 to $20 a cover, that will include such delicacies as birds' nest soup, snow fungus, shark fins, "chop suey,"

THE NEW YEAR LILIES.

"chow yuk," squab, bamboo shoots, almond pudding; chicken, pork and noodles served in the various oriental modes, accompanied by plum and pear wines, and beginning, always, with dessert. Chinese orchestras can be engaged to accompany the feast.

Live fish are imported in tanks from China for banquets here.

At the north corner of Clay street is one of the deadwalls used as a bulletin board. Here advertisements and notices of all sorts, in black Chinese characters on the universal red

ground, are posted, and here eager knots of men can be seen gleaning the news of the day. No people is more keen for news and the little community supports four daily papers printed in the Cantonese dialect.

Butcher shops, grocery and drug stores along this medieval-looking street present curious sights—dried roots and herbs, jars of sea-horse skeletons, dejected ducks flattened out and varnished, and hung up to tempt the epicure, gobbets of pork from which the butcher hacks a cat-meat cut for his frugal patron.

Note, on the counters of the merchants, the abacus, the primitive adding machine, old as the Pyramids and still in use among these conservatives.

On the south side of Washington street, below Grant avenue, in the pretty little curly-cornered and green-tiled Oriental building next the corner, is the *Chinatown exchange* of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company. The manager, Mr. Lo Kum Shu, is a Chinese. The operators are Chinese girls, and their employment here is in itself an anomaly, for Chinese women are not supposed to work for wages. Hence the screens at their backs, protecting them, ceremonially at least, from observation. One can, however, peek through the glass door, and see that in addition to being clad in fetching Oriental costumes, they are incredibly quick and skillful with the plugs.

They are almost perfectly ambidextrous, working equally well with either hand. In addition, the telephone officials inform us, they are gifted with wonderfully clear and tenacious memories. There are over 1200 Chinese telephone subscribers in Chinatown, and these girls respond all day with hardly a mistake to calls that are given by the name of the subscriber instead of by his number—a mental feat that would be practically impossible to most high-schooled American misses.

Up Jackson street from Grant avenue are several manufacturing jewelers' shops, where the jewelers and gold-carvers

can be seen at work making bracelets and rings and setting jade ornaments. On the left, as you go westward, is the entrance to historic *Ross alley*, once lined with gambling places, where the lookout in the dingy vestibule could close a dozen iron-clad doors with a single word; now an innocent-looking place where wholesale merchants sit in dim little counting houses and reckon their profits on importations of Chinese ware.

Occasionally at night groups of Chinese can be seen in these stores, behind screens that hide them from the shoulders down. No doubt they are gambling; but neither you nor any other white man will get near enough to see, and swear to, the layout and the money.

Returning southward through Ross Alley you emerge on Washington street, from the opposite side of which Waverly Place opens on the left and Spofford Alley on the right. There is a modest sort of Joss house in Spofford Alley. Waverly Place, two blocks long, contains many of the buildings and meeting places of the "tongs" or Chinese mutual benevolent associations.

A JOSS HOUSE.

At 125 Waverly Place is the building of the Sue Hing Benevolent Association, its upper story a Joss house and one of the finest in the quarter. This word "Joss," by the way, is the Chinese corruption of the Portuguese "Deos," meaning God, which the Chinese first heard at the Portuguese trading port of Macao; so that a "Joss house" is, literally, a House of God. The Chinese worship individually, never in congregations.

This Joss house is the *Temple of the Queen of Heaven*, sumptuous with gilded carvings and enameled urns, vivid with the colors of paper-flower work, and of banners and standards borne in processions and public fetes.

It opens at the east end, with the altar facing west, as all proper Joss houses do. A small purchase of incense or punk sticks or a chunk of sandalwood acts as an admittance fee. Within the ornate shrine sits the lady herself, the god of War

on her right and of Wealth on her left. There is another shrine on the left that is devoted to feminine worship, but the main one is for the men. Standing in rails to north and south are the silver standards of the gods in battle. The walls bear tall inscriptions from sacred writings, on gilded backgrounds, donated by wealthy communicants, and corresponding roughly to our memorial windows. The drum and gong at the north side open and conclude the devotions.

On the table before the main shrine is a cylindrical bamboo box full of splints, with what we should call "fortunes" written on them. By shaking the box properly, the supplicant can make one splint emerge, and thus obtain oracular pronouncement on his affairs. If necessary he can even shake out a medical prescription.

Near at hand is a pair of blocks made from bamboo root, shaped like halves of a crooked cucumber and red on the rounded sides. These are used for divination, and in function are said to be identical with the Urim and Thummim of the ancient Hebrews. After kneeling with his back to the Lady, the searcher after celestial life raises them three times above his head, kow-towing to the east, and then throws them on the floor, when, if they fall different sides up, he is sure his prayer will be answered or his venture succeed; if they fall red sides up, he may chance the doubtful enterprise; but if they fall flat sides up, the signal is set against him, and he repeats his orisons, throwing the blocks again and again, until they fall to suit him—believing, as we all are prone to do, in the omens that he makes himself. Running almost across the room is a large table with cast tin urns on it. This is a sort of altar, of which more when we reach the next Joss house.

Follow Waverly Place through to Clay street and turn up-hill to Stockton. The Chinese Consulate General is at the southeast corner of Clay and Stockton. To the right, at 915, is the shop of Num Sing, the lantern maker, whose great bubbles of tinted light grace the balconies of homes and restaurants. South of Clay street, at 843 Stockton, in the building with

the blue enameled vestibule, is the conclave hall of the *Six Companies, Chung Wah Woey Kwoon*, the Chinese Consolidated Benevolent Association. This is the most influential organization in the Chinese community, the power that dispenses the higher and the lower justice, sitting as a court of arbitration in trade disputes and doing equity among the Families and the Tongs. Visitors may enter if the door is open. The place is handsomely appointed, with colored glass screens and gilded grills, carved teak chairs with marblestone backs, a long council table and a row of seven seats where sit the presidents of the Six Companies, with a place of honor for the Consul General.

From the meeting place of the Six Companies, continue southward to Sacramento street. Up the hill, at 920 Sacramento, is an institution known all over the United States for the invaluable work it has done in behalf of unfortunate Chinese girls and women: the *Woman's Occidental Board of Foreign Missions*. In April, 1913, it celebrated the fortieth anniversary of its founding. Many a romance has been written and many another will be about the helping hand and protecting care given otherwise helpless human chattels by its heroic superintendent, Miss D. M. Cameron.

The mission house contains dormitories, kitchens, dining rooms, a fine assembly hall, and two school rooms for a primary school and seminary, where Chinese girls are educated. It has been a home for hundreds of unfortunates that had no other, and here they have received not merely "book learning" but practical domestic training until they have become fitted for marriage and the duties of their own households.

Of late the mission has become so rooted in the life of Chinatown and has gained such a degree of confidence among the Oriental population that Chinese merchants are beginning to send their daughters to it for tuition, especially when the girls are motherless.

As you pass down Grant avenue on the north side it will be interesting to turn north a few steps on Waverly Place

to No. 18, the composing room of the Chinese Free Press.

Here you can look through the windows and see Chinese compositors setting up a *Chinese newspaper*. Instead of twenty-six letters and some punctuation, the Chinese type font must contain over four thousand ideographic characters, each representing a complete word. As a result, the cases are huge affairs, taller than a man and twelve or fourteen feet long, and among them the compositors weave about in a solemn and soft-footed sort of lancers or quadrille, picking out a character here, and another in the next case, and another across the room. With such a system of literation, type-writers are impossible and a linotype keyboard would look like an acre of lettuce.

White visitors are not encouraged to enter the composing rooms of any of the Chinese dailies, the type being too valuable and the Christian souvenir hunter's morality too frail.

Leaving Waverly Place, follow Sacramento street down to Grant avenue, and cut across St. Mary's Square, southeasterly, to Pine street. At Pine is the imposing entrance to the property of the Kong Chow Friendly Society and the *Temple of Quan Dai*, a larger Joss house than the Temple of the Queen of Heaven, and in some particulars more interesting. These two are the leading Joss houses in San Francisco, and owing to changing faiths and ideas, no more are likely to be built.

At the entrance you pass around a screen formed by two swing doors, with pictures of ancient warriors: men-at-arms of the god, and guardians of his temple. The screen is found similarly placed in all orthodox buildings in China, even in dwellings. It does not form much of an obstruction to men, who can walk as crookedly as necessary, but is baffling to devils, whose well-known habit it is to make a rush in a straight line whenever the door is opened, and who bump their heads on the screen and retire in dismay.

On the walls of the high-ceiled entrance hall are vermilion slips of paper, bearing the names of members of the congregation and the sums they have subscribed to the upkeep of

IN THE TEMPLE OF QUAN DAI.

the place; the largest subscriptions at the top. A door opens into a handsome court with a fountain at the east side, just under a huge red disk like the face of the sun painted on the wall.

The stairs leading to the Joss house on the top floor start from the left-hand door; the main entrance, and the door at the right, open into chapels devoted to a simpler sort of ancestor worship. A considerable area of valuable real estate has been devoted to courtyard space in order to orient the building.

A CHINESE DEITY.

Quan Dai was a great warrior of some two thousand years ago, raised to high station by his emperor and deified after death for his nobility of character and many virtues. He is the tutelary deity of the Kong Chow association, and here his effigy is enshrined in a jungle of gilded carvings, hung with green embroidered curtains and bedecked with peacock feathers for luck. He is supported by two smaller figures, and before

him are three lesser deities personifying the natural elements. The shrine carvings represent Chinese myths and highly ethical teachings; and the delicate handiwork, executed in China, well repays close scrutiny, for in depth and intricacy, and vigor of treatment, it equals some of the best Swiss output.

The offering of tea, on the little inlaid teak table before the god, is replaced afresh every morning by the temple keeper, when he lights the taper in peanut oil on the altar and sets the punk sticks smouldering in the big bronze urn. Always three punk sticks are offered at a time, representing the Chinese trinity of Earth, Heaven and Man. These things are not done in adoration of the god himself so much as in exaltation of the virtues he exemplifies.

To the right of the shrine as you face it, is Quan Dai's faithful warhorse, about six hands high and of extraordinary "points." On the left is represented his battle lance. Beside it is the drum and bell with which the worshipper announces himself, and which, his devotions over, he strikes to indicate that it is finished, and to bid the god goodby.

Before the shrine, a richly-wrought lantern hangs, with a light that burns unceasingly, teaching that devotion must not be an intermittent "Sunday piety," but a consistent and continuous state of mind.

The standards of the god and his followers are reproduced here in wood, and with them are the bamboo helmets of ancient times. Golden scrolls adorn the side walls, given by members of the society and bearing eulogies of the god. Overhead hang other writings on handsome teak and ebony boards. Some testify to the rectitude of the temple management and others express the most exalted philosophical concepts. In reading the Chinese characters, always begin at the right.

Back of the altar is a space for the religious exercises of the communicant. Here he prays, and here he casts the divining blocks for answer to his prayers. Here also are the oracle sticks in their bamboo box. Behind this space is the Heung On Toi, or table of the Heung On; five tall vase-like objects

of cast tin decorated with small enameled pictures. The outer two are for compositions of paper flowers, extraordinary in their color and perfection of detail. The inner two are for candles, as on the altar of a Christian church. The central one is for incense.

The outer half of the table carries bronze vases for incense and punk. At present one of them holds a tall stick of sandal wood, thick as a man's wrist, with the name of the donor pasted on it, and from this sweet-smelling bough a chip is whittled to be burned as occasion requires.

On a carved teak stand is a contorted root of sandal wood, giving out the faint perfume the Chinese love.

More gilded carvings line the front of this table, under glass and wire screen, for these are very costly. In the upper corners are some fine representations of submarine scenes—crustaceans and fish, amid weird sea plants. The lower tier of carvings is a fairy-land of Chinese myth.

There are two small shrines in the eastern corners, sheltering smaller gods of fortune and guardians of the east portal, who also seem to act as agents for the collection of celestial dues, one of them receiving the offerings and the other handing them up.

The furnace for the burnt offerings of this temple is in the small chamber to the north, opening from the east end. Here gold and silver paper are burned by the devotee in the expectation that the god will transmute them into the real thing and return them an hundred fold.

On the birthday of the god, sacrifices of pork, chicken and fish are brought to his shrine and then taken home and eaten. Some bring them at the beginning of the year, seeking favors; and some at the year's end, in gratitude for the blessings they have received.

FESTIVALS.

The beginning of the *New Year* is the great Chinese festival. It is everybody's birthday. Mercantile accounts are squared,

and the papers canceled in the temple furnaces. For six weeks before, the lily bulbs, set in stones and water, have been nursed in sun and shade to bring the lucky blooms at just the proper date. Beginning in the afternoon, fire-crackers scold the old year out and hail the new year in. The cymbals and the tom-toms resound. In stores and households, the odors of sacrifice are offered to the gods and the substance is feasted on by men. There is universal congratulation, offered at tea parties and social calls, with much munching of cakes and melon seeds and sweetmeats. The children are dressed in their best. At no other time does the quarter exhibit such smiling amiability and general good-will. Everybody feels so good the drug stores close their doors, for no one could need drugs at such a time, and besides, it is a bad way to begin the year; and if any one does need them the medicaments are handed out surreptitiously, wrapped in joyous red paper instead of the usual white, to conciliate the spirit of the occasion.

The festivities last a week, ending with "Man's Day" when all conventional restraints are off and every one enjoys himself as he likes.

This is a good time to visit Chinatown. From the best information obtainable at present, the date, which used to fall in February under the Empire, will be made to coincide with ours, though how they will make their lilies bloom then, is a question for some Chinese Burbank.

The festival of the *Seven Sisters* occurs about the middle of August. You may see a rough lumber balcony erected across the south end of Ross Alley, with the little figures and scenes displayed on it. Formerly it was the occasion of rivalry among the girls of different families to see which could produce the most beautiful miniature dragon, and one year the prize was won by a large and vigorous cockroach trigged out with melon seeds.

A little later, on the fifteenth of the eighth month, occurs the *Moon Feast*, when moon-shaped cakes are baked in quantity,

Joss papers are scattered abroad, and the moon is worshipped with the most beautiful creations of the lantern makers swung from windows and balconies.

Toward the end of the year occurs the Seew Yee, or sacrifice of clothing; but it is only burned in paper effigy, including representations of the chests in which it is kept, and with

YOUNG CHINA.

the canny purpose of getting back fresh apparel from the gods. The burning is likely to occur in Spofford or Ross Alley, unless, with their altered political institutions, our Oriental neighbors think it necessary to change their ancient rites in this respect.

The guides take tourists to a few show places we have not attempted to describe, like the home of the Singing Children, where four little tykes sing such Oriental arias as "Jungle Town" and "I'd Leave My Happy Home for You." We have heard them better rendered. Then there is the old Chinese

musician who lives in a cellar, and plays the Chinese zither, flute, mandolin, snake-skin banjo and two-stringed fiddle; executing "Marching Through Georgia" and other classics.

But one can not satisfy his interest in one visit to any two or twenty definite points. It is the community life that must be sensed, the hundred variations of practice, habit and custom, manners and art, to make the thing really enjoyable.

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WALKS ABOUT SAN FRANCISCO.

III.—The Water Front and Telegraph Hill.

To those who delight in scenes that wake the imagination, a morning's tramp along the water front, with a good, breathing finish up Telegraph Hill, will be a source of keen delight. Top it with a luncheon at a Latin Quarter restaurant and you will begin to get the flavor of San Francisco.

Take the Third street cars anywhere along Kearny or Third street, or by transfer from any Market street car, and get off at Berry, two blocks below the Southern Pacific depot. As you ride down this street, remember that every brick and girder of every building (except at the corner of Mission where one steel structure survived) is new construction since the great fire. Steel frame and brick structures were left standing, but "improvements" on Third street and neighboring thoroughfares built, of old, in wood, were mowed down to their gaping cellars.

Leaving the car where it turns southwestward into Berry street, walk down to the big bascule bridge with the Santa Fe sign on it, across the "Channel." The Channel is an ancient slough, once connected with Mission creek, now given over mainly to the receipt of lumber.

Go back to Townsend street and follow it northeasterly to the Embarcadero. On the way, at the corner of Townsend and Second streets, is a handsome concrete building with four

tall stacks that typifies the enterprise, energy and efficiency of the new San Francisco. This is *Pumping Station No. 1* of the *Auxiliary High Pressure Fire Protection System.*

The entrance is around the corner, on Second street, and the public is admitted to the little gallery overlooking the gigantic water tube boilers and the turbine pumps and engines. The other salt water pumping station is across the city at Black Point.

Second street will take you southeast to the *Mail Docks.* Here you will catch a glimpse of the great business that is done upon the waters by some of the few remaining American ships in the foreign trade; see the silks, tea, mattings and rice and tin from the Orient coming ashore in big slings and being put aboard trains, and the cotton, hardware and other home commodities going back to pay for it.

From this point to Quarantine, by way of the Embarcadero, it is a good three miles along "the front," and every step is full of interest. Here you will note the ebb and flow of that abundant traffic with far lands and strange places which has given San Francisco much of its romance and its charm, and has made the modern city possible.

The *water front* is rough, alcoholic and unpretty, but it swarms with men of brawn and nerve, rovers with the scope and vision of the broad Pacific in their brains, from cocoanut islands in southern waters to the treaty ports of China, and the Arctic ice where they hunt the few remaining whales. The whole run of it reeks with briny adventure. It furnished Stevenson with the atmosphere of the "Wrecker," Frank Norris with the theme of "Moran of the Lady Letty," Jack London with his seal poacher, the "Sea Wolf," and Gelett Burgess and Wallace Irwin with the plots and counter-plots of the "Picaroon."

San Francisco is particularly fortunate in the fact that its docks are not privately owned, but are administered by the State. Nearly seven million tons of freight a year are handled over the wharves at San Francisco.

Though steam has almost supplanted the sail on the cargo carriers of the world, the bowsprit of many an old "windjammer" is poked across the seawall at San Francisco, and able seamen can still be found here that know what it is to lay aloft and shorten sail in a Cape Horn gale.

On a bluff to your left, which is old Rincon Point, is an old, square, brick building with porches overlooking the activities of the harbor. It is the Sailors' Home, the old U. S. Marine Hospital, built by the Federal Government in 1853, during the administration of President Franklin Pierce.

SOMETIMES A WHALER.

Farther on, at the foot of Howard street, one can sometimes find, in early spring, an old whaler, recognizable by its tapering spars, its crow's nest aloft, and its rows of timber davits from which hang the slim whale-boats. A little later in the year they will all be gone.

After the coal bunkers, and colliers discharging, one comes to the Ferry Post Office, and then the *Ferry building*, which deserves more than passing mention.

This building is San Francisco's water gate and union depot as well, and is one of the great gateways of world travel. At its eight slips, there are 170 arrivals and departures of ferry boats every twenty-four hours, bearing over 106,000 people into and out of the city.

The Ferry building itself is an imposing structure, and the nave on the second story is 48 feet wide and 650 feet long. Here President McKinley was welcomed, midwinter flower shows have been held, conventions have been received and the delegates registered, and California's soldier boys returning from the Philippines were banqueted. In the floor is a mosaic representing the Great Seal of California, and on the wall nearby hangs an account of its origin and a statement of its allegorical meaning. The California Development Board has its headquarters here. The Ferry building also houses the California State Mining Bureau, with its offices, its library,

Weidner, photo.

ALONG "THE FRONT."

and its immense collection of mineral specimens. Both these institutions will be described later.

You have been passing Telegraph Hill on your left, and now come to the Quarantine station, the barge office of the Custom House, and the marine reporting station of the Chamber of Commerce, which furnishes a marine news service that is one of the most complete and effective in any port in the world.

Directly beyond the marine reporting station is *Fishermen's Wharf*, always a busy scene, with swarms of Greek and Italian fishermen working at their nets and gear, or landing their catches. See index.

No one should leave San Francisco without visiting this locality which reproduces in detail the life aspect of a south Italian fishing port.

In your three-mile tramp around the "front" you have been getting sectional views of the panorama of the bay and the

opposite shores, beautiful sea-vistas that make you hungry for a vision of the whole. Climb *Telegraph Hill* and you will get it. Retrace your steps to the foot of Powell street, turn south to Greenwich, just south of the children's playground, and then turn east on Greenwich, which will lead you by rough ways, through a thickly settled tenement district, past quaint Good Children street, to Pioneer Park at the top.

A SUPERB SCENE.

From this point, 300 feet above the water, the marine reporting of early days was done by semaphore; when there was no overland railroad, when ships were few and far between, and every arrival meant the possibility of messages from loved ones in "the states," or the coming of wife and children to share the fortune of the mines and make a home in California.

The counterpart of Telegraph Hill exists in no other large city in the United States. No one can begin to know San Francisco until he has climbed it.

From the top you can see the imperial city of San Francisco in its most interesting aspect. You can see the docks and the shipping, brought into one view. You can see the grandest harbor of the grandest ocean. You can see the bold sweep of the opposite shore, set with smaller cities—Alameda, Oakland, Berkeley, Pullman, Richmond—with the hills that seem forever marching at their backs, and Yerba Buena island in the foreground. You can look straight north into the mouth of San Pablo bay, through which run the waters of California's mighty rivers, with the red farallone standing like a sentinel at its approach.

To the left, Angel island merges with the Marin hills, behind which rises Tamalpais.

The whole expanse of blue water is troubled with puffy little tugs, barges, great steamers entering or leaving, ferry boats weaving like shuttles across it. And westward is the Golden Gate, winding toward you like the Bosphorus, with

Alcatraz island set like a gem, at its inner end. Perhaps there will be a full-rigged ship from England or from China majestically moving through the wide channel, making a picture you will not soon forget.

Descend by way of Greenwich street to Kearny, and then turn south on the latter street. The neighborhood is thickly tenanted and there is no race suicide apparent. Children are everywhere, children whose mothers speak to them from the door-steps in soft Italian or Spanish, and who reply in crisp and startling English. For you are entering the *Latin Quarter*, going down by steep, cleated sidewalks that remind one of Genoa. The Italian pervades it, though Greek, Sicilian, Mexican and Spaniard are also in evidence—people that love the sun and find in San Francisco a congenial clime.

The whole quarter is reminiscent of south Europe, and yet is distinctively San Franciscan, for San Francisco is a city of all nations; of and for all races of men.

WALKS ABOUT SAN FRANCISCO.

IV.—Produce Commission District, Nob Hill and Russian Hill.

Directly west of the wharves north of the Ferry building, where the river boats land, are four city squares and parts of two more, in which about 80 commission merchants handle millions of dollars worth of California produce a year. The territory extends westerly from Drumm to Front streets, and northwardly from Clay to Jackson, running up Washington almost a block, to Battery.

This section of the city is worth seeing for the variety of the fruits and produce displayed, and the tumultuous activity of its business.

The dairy produce merchants transact their business on the edges of the fruit commission district.

Facing Battery street and extending from Washington to

Jackson is the *United States Custom House*, an impressive and beautiful structure, erected since the fire at a cost of a million and a half. It is built of granite and handsomely finished inside in marble and bronze. Here ships are documented and registered, and customs and internal revenue dues collected.

On the western half of the same block with the Custom House stands the brick pile known as the *Appraisers' Building*. It survived the fire, practically in its present condition. Formerly it housed many of the government offices now in the Custom House, but has since been given over to laboratories, store rooms and record rooms.

From the Appraisers building or the Custom House, go south to California street, then westward through the financial district, up through the south end of Chinatown, and ascend to the Fairmont Hotel. This neighborhood is

Nob Hill—celebrated in the history of the city and well-known wherever people are familiar with the achievements of the great figures of "Bonanza days" and the era of early railroad construction. Here a group of the Comstock millionaires and railroad builders erected their mansions—Mark Hopkins, Leland Stanford, James C. Flood, D. D. Colton, Charles Crocker and W. H. Crocker, his son, and many more. Some were gorgeous palaces, embellished in teak, ebony, ivory, inlaid pearl-shell and bronze, with mural tapestries and paintings by celebrated European artists. They were all swept away by the mounting flames except the mansion of James C. Flood, a "brown-stone front," that stands across the street from the Fairmont Hotel. The Flood home, remodeled and somewhat enlarged, is now the beautiful Pacific Union club.

At the southwest corner of California and Powell streets, where the Leland Stanford residence once stood, is now being erected the largest apartment house on the Pacific Coast, a gigantic structure that will cost over a million. A block away the San Francisco Institute of Art occupies the site of the

Mark Hopkins mansion, at the southeast corner of California and Powell streets.

In the block between Taylor and Jones streets, beyond the Pacific Union Club, is the divinity school connected with Grace Pro-Cathedral, of the Episcopal diocese. It is part of what will be the most important establishment of the Episcopal church in the West. *Grace Cathedral* will rise at the corner of Jones street. It will be in the beautiful English Gothic style, with a central tower rising 230 feet, or higher than any other structure on Nob Hill. At present the crypt is being used temporarily as a place of worship.

This block of land was formerly occupied by the homes of Charles Crocker and W. H. Crocker, and was a gift from the heirs of Charles Crocker to the Episcopal church.

Every hill-top in San Francisco shifts the scenes and sets the stage anew. Fine as the view is from the vicinity of California and Mason streets, it is even better from the top of *Russian Hill.* Take Taylor street northward to Vallejo. A few stone steps here will put you on the zig-zag trail to the top.

Russian Hill is part of a ridge with two distinct crests, one at Vallejo between Taylor and Jones, and the other at Greenwich and Hyde streets. Here also was the abode of an aristocracy, but an earlier one than that which built up Nob Hill.

Beyond the industrial foreground of North Beach, smoking with the energy of its factories, the view is one of splendor. The long moles running out from the opposite shore; the cities behind them; Yerba Buena island, Point Richmond with its oil tanks and its growing industries, the straits connecting with San Pablo bay, and then Alcatraz island, Angel island behind it, Richardson's bay with Tamalpais for its background—all these would be beautiful enough for a most extraordinary picture. But turning to the left one sees the Golden Gate in one of its most graceful aspects, like a broad, winding stream, with Fort Point thrusting into it from the southern

shore, and just in front the grounds of the Exposition, while across the Gate rise the bold hills of Marin county.

If this ramble has led you far enough, take the cable car on Hyde street, south bound, which will deliver you at the corner of Market and O'Farrell streets, on the edge of the shopping district; or you can transfer from it to the California street

ALCATRAZ ISLAND FROM RUSSIAN HILL.

cable line, east bound, and be carried over the crest of Nob hill and down to the financial center at California and Montgomery streets.

HOW TO SEE SAN FRANCISCO BY TROLLEY AND CABLE.

STREET RAILWAYS.

Three companies operate street car lines in this city; the *United Railroads of San Francisco*, the *Presidio & Ferries*, and the *California Street Cable Railway*, which operates also the Hyde and O'Farrell street line. In addition to these pri-

vate corporations the city operates the *Geary Street Municipal Railroad*, from the Ferry to the Ocean Beach, with an extension over Tenth avenue to Golden Gate Park.

Transfer points are too numerous to mention, there being a generous interchange between the different companies where they do not parallel one another's lines, and, on any given system, between different routes in the same general direction. This enables one to get about the city at will for a single fare, generally speaking.

Most lines of the United Railroads carry a number on a square lantern on the roof. No lines other than the lines of this company are numbered at this date.

On the Geary street line, cars marked A run from the Ferries to the Park, those marked B, to the Beach.

The California Street Cable railroad runs from the junction of Market and California streets, near the Ferry, out California street to Presidio avenue, where it transfers to lines of the United Railroads for the Richmond district, Golden Gate Park or the Cliff. It transfers also to the Hyde & O'Farrell street cars at Hyde.

The Hyde and O'Farrell street line runs from the junction of Market and O'Farrell streets, out O'Farrell to Jones, on Jones north to Pine, on Pine to Hyde, and north on Hyde to Beach. An extension from Market and Jones meets the O'Farrell street line at Jones and O'Farrell streets.

All Hyde street cars transfer at Hyde and Union streets to the Presidio & Ferries line, which runs from the Ferry to the Presidio by way of Washington street, Columbus avenue, Union, Larkin, Vallejo, Franklin and Union streets.

Generally cars stop at near crossings. Exceptions are indicated by stop signs on the trolley wire.

Except on leaving Market street, they stop before curves, and this is the rule for entering Market.

As a rule, if you need a transfer ask for it on entering the car. On the California street line, transfers are issued on approaching the transfer corner.

Most of the trolley cars operated in San Francisco are of the pay-as-you-enter type, and it will facilitate locomotion if you will have your nickel ready.

TROLLEY TRIP NO. 1.

I. *Nob Hill, the Golden Gate, Land's End, Sutro Heights, Sutro Baths, Cliff House and Seal Rocks.*

Take California street cable car going west, and transfer at Presidio avenue to trolley line No. 1, marked "Cliff," continuing west on California street. Return by the same line, but omit the transfer coming back.

The route will take you through the edge of *Chinatown*, over the top of *Nob Hill*, where the Comstock and railroad millionaires built their mansions, out to old Lone Mountain Cemetery, where many of them built their mausoleums, through the Richmond district, along the bluffs overlooking the Golden Gate and to a point within easy walking distance of the *Cliff House* and the *Sutro Gardens, Museum* and *Baths.*

At the corner of Grant avenue, the line passes "*Old St. Mary's*," once the cathedral, built early in the "fifties." On the two west corners of California street and Grant avenue stand Chinese bazaars, with pagoda-like pavilions on their roofs, forming an Oriental entrance to the Chinese quarter, which one can see looking northward up Grant avenue.

Mounting the east slope of *Nob Hill*, you soon raise *Telegraph Hill*, to the northeast, and catch a glimpse of *Yerba Buena Island* to eastward. The handsome brick structure at the east corner of Powell street is the *University Club*. Across Powell street is the *Fairmont Hotel*, and on the southwest corner of California and Powell streets, opposite the Fairmont, is *Stanford Court*, the largest apartment building on the Pacific Coast. It is rising on the site of the residence of Governor Stanford, one of the "Big Four" that built the first overland railroad, who left the bulk of his large estate to found Leland Stanford Junior University.

Northward up Powell street, the tip of *Angel Island* appears. Southward is a view over the city and the south bay.

The brownstone building beyond the Fairmont and on the same side of the street is the home of the *Pacific Union Club*, and was formerly the residence of James C. Flood, partner of W. S. O'Brien in the amassing of much wealth from the Comstock mines.

At the southeast corner of California and Mason streets is the *San Francisco Institute of Art*, on the site of the residence of Mark Hopkins, another of the railroad "Big Four."

The white building on the west side of Taylor street, north of California, the right-hand side going out, is the *Divinity School* connected with *Grace Pro-Cathedral*, and part of what is to be the most important ecclesiastical establishment of the Episcopal church in the West.

The cathedral itself will rise at the corner of Jones and California. At present services are held in the crypt.

At Van Ness avenue, the red sandstone building a block north is the family residence of the late Claus Spreckels, the sugar king.

At the next northeast corner is the *Christian Science Church*, handsome in composition, and bright in color, with walls of varigated brick.

At Webster street is the synagogue of the *Congregation Sherith Israel*, a dignified structure, part of which served as a hall of justice after the fire. To the north of the synagogue, on Webster at the corner of Sacramento, are *Cooper Medical College* and *Lane Hospital*, now the medical department of Stanford University.

At Presidio avenue transfer to Sutter street Line No. 1, marked "Cliff."

The cemetery on the south side of the street at this point is *Laurel Hill*, known to the older San Franciscans as "*Lone Mountain Cemetery*," about which you can find more by consulting the index.

The low wooded hills that appear to the north are part of the *Presidio*, founded by the Spaniards as a military post. The Presidio is the largest military reservation in the country within city limits, and covers 1,542 acres. The north shore runs out in a long, narrow tongue of land known as *Fort Point*, with *Fort Winfield Scott* at its tip. The reservation is connected with *Golden Gate Park* by a parked strip which the car crosses at Thirteenth and Fourteenth avenues.

North of the Presidio, the Marin county hills and the summit of *Mt. Tamalpais* begin to tower. Soon the car rounds a bend to the east of the old city cemetery, and the whole *Golden Gate* swings into the landscape, a superb marine view in a frame of bold hills.

This is close acquaintance with the famous strait, which appears here in its loveliest aspect. *Baker's Beach* stretches back toward Fort Scott. Beyond is *Angel Island*, on which are located *Fort McDowell*, the *United State Immigration Station*, and the *Discharge Camp* of the *Army*, where discharged soldiers, returning from the Philippines, are temporarily quartered. North of Angel Island one looks through *Raccoon Straits*, a short cut for vessels entering the harbor and bound "up river direct."

The channel is full of life and movement—the life and movement of vast volumes of water, and of vessels of all sorts and sizes, from the gasoline launch or lateen rigged smack of the herring fleet, to the great liners plying between San Francisco and Hong Kong or Yokohama, and "wind jammers" outward bound for Liverpool or Antwerp.

Beyond the Forty-eighth avenue terminus of the car line, Point Lobos avenue winds around a large bluff to connect with the *Great Highway* along the beach. On the left, as you begin to descend, is the entrance to *Sutro Heights*. This beautiful place, with its palm avenues, its rare trees and brilliant flowers, its reproductions of classic sculpture ornamenting shaded retreats, its esplanades and balconies 200 feet above the sea, with their grand views of ocean and beach and mountain chain,

IN SUTRO GARDENS.

is the private garden surrounding the home of the late Adolph Sutro, former Mayor of San Francisco; the man that drove the famous tunnel into the Comstock lode, unwatering the mines and reopening their treasure houses. It is and has been, ever since its creation out of the barren hills, open to the public, through the munificence of Mr. Sutro during his life and the continuance of the same generous policy by the members of his family.

To westward of the residence will be found a broad terrace surrounded by the *Parapet*, on which stand life-size mythological figures, some of them copied from the most famous statues in Europe. The view over the sea, and up and down the coast is nothing less than wondrous in its beauty.

Leave the Parapet and descend by the rock stairway to the right. This will take you to the *Balcony* and boardwalk. For three miles you can look down a straight, uninterrupted line of pounding breakers and sheets of swimming foam, making one of the most sublime and inspiring scenes to be found.

The entrance to the garden is the only public exit. Farther down Point Lobos avenue, on the right, are the *Sutro Baths and Museum.* Here is a vast structure covering nearly three acres of ground and containing the largest indoor swimming tanks ever built.

The area devoted to bathing purposes is 153 by 285 feet. The northeasterly part is divided into five tanks, of which four are 28 feet wide by 78 feet long, and the fifth the same length and 45 feet in width. The rest of the bathing area forms an L-shaped pool, 285 feet long and 75 feet wide, for 157 feet, when it merges into the base of the L, and runs 153 feet wide for 128 feet. In addition, there is a fresh-water plunge.

The *Museum,* disposed along the promenade and galleries, contains some notable displays.

The building of these baths and the installation of this collection was one of the last undertakings of Mr. Sutro, who died in 1898, two years after the gigantic structure was completed.

Just below the baths and museum are the *Cliff House* and *Seal Rocks.* This vicinity is world-renowned. It has been the scene of the lavish gaieties of San Franciscans for generations. To this place in the past they drove their pairs of blooded trotters, and here they come today with the high-powered autos.

From the porch of the Cliff House, Presidents Grant, Hayes, Harrison and McKinley have watched the sea lions lolling on the rocks.

The present Cliff House is the third of a series, and was erected in 1909, its immediate predecessor having burned in 1907, the year after the great fire.

The Cliff House is a restaurant, not a hotel. There is a good cafe here, from whose windows one looks out, while dining, on the glories of beach and surf, ocean and mountains

and rocky coast. The public is welcome, under the present management, to descend the stone stairs to the broad terrace, whence one sees across 300 feet of swirling tide those curious marine objects, the *Seal Rocks*, and their colonies of gulls, cormorants and sea lions.

These last are of "His wonders on the deep." Their huge, obese bodies, like apoplectic aldermen, dragged laboriously about the crags; their small and winsome dogs' heads reared with the grace of a fine setter; their hideous black flippers so pitifully inadequate for scaling rocks; their handsome coats of brown, drying in the sun or soaked and gleaming with the spray, make an absurd but fascinating combination of grace and awkwardness, of ugliness and beauty, that one can watch and wonder at by the hour.

At Forty-seventh avenue and Balboa street, within easy walking distance of the Cliff House, is the *Golden Gate Ostrich Farm*, with incubators for the huge eggs, and with a rapidly growing flock.

We would advise visitors to return by the line of cars that took them "out to the Cliff," as no other is quite so beautiful as the run along the bluffs from Baker's Beach to Point Lobos.

TROLLEY TRIP NO. 2.

Market street, Park Panhandle, Affiliated Colleges and the Heights overlooking the Sunset District and the Pacific Ocean; returning by the Twin Peaks Switch-back.

Take Hayes street line No. 6, marked "Ninth Avenue," at the Ferry, or anywhere on Market street, going westward. Returning, transfer at Ashbury street to car going south, and transfer again at Eighteenth to Castro street Car No. 8, going toward Ferry. Ask for your transfer on boarding car.

This route will take you through the heart of the city, and to a six-hundred-foot elevation beyond *Twin Peaks*. From

the terminus a short walk will put you on a rocky promontory 750 feet high, whence there is a sublime prospect of mountain, sand dune and ocean. The return will show part of the city and the bay.

Running out Market street, the car passes *Marshall Square*, the entrance to the old city hall site, which is on the right, with the *James Lick Monument to the Pioneers*, and a bronze cannon taken from the Spaniards at Santiago de Cuba. The red dome rising just eastward of the city hall site is the roof of the *Hall of Records*.

At the east end of the Park Panhandle one sees the McKinley Monument to "Peace," and the Southern Pacific Hospital on the farther side.

Beyond the Affiliated Colleges the car runs along the western slope of *Blue Mountain*, now called *Mt. Sutro*, a forested hill that rises on the left to a height of 920 feet. The buildings at its base, east of the terminus, are the *County Relief Home for the Aged and Infirm*, and the *Infirmary*, temporarily used as the *City and County Hospital*.

From the end of the car line at Pacheco street and Ninth avenue, walk south to Mendoza street, climb the hill to the water tank, and thence follow the crest of the ridge out to a rocky point, beyond the flag pole. This point is over 750 feet above the ocean and opens an unobstructed panorama north, south and west.

No other view within the limits of a city combines in equal degree features of such sublimity with others of such delicate and quiet beauty. The first object to the extreme right is *Alcatraz Island*. To the north looms Tamalpais, hazy and blue in the distance, its lower slopes hidden by the nearer hills. That famous waterway, the Golden Gate, shines like a ribbon of blued steel at their feet. Then come the Presidio, Golden Gate Park with its slowly turning windmills, and, closer in, an immensity of rolling dunes with picture patches of vegetation here and there. Homes and cultivation appear, suburban gardens and tree-planted tracts.

Directly west are the three-hundred-foot towers of the Poulson wireless telegraph.

Southwestward are the two shining wings of *Lake Merced*, and still farther south the San Bruno hills send out their sloping buttresses and steep escarpments toward the sea.

Beyond, and all along, making the most wonderful and unforgettable part of the picture, is the Pacific Ocean, and nowhere can a deeper impression of its majesty be felt than here. One sees it throughout a sweep of 180 degrees. Distance and the altitude level the waves, and nothing breaks the crystal plain except the far-off dots of rock that form the outposts of the Gulf of the Farallones.

If this grandeur oppresses, quieter beauties lie below. Rising gently through the sloping valley to the south are truck farms, winding among wooded areas; little squares of chocolate-colored tilth, or framed harmonies in the lush greens of market gardens, with the forms and composition of those English landscapes that tempted the burins of the old engravers.

Backward, to the east, can be seen a glimpse of the southern end of the bay; and between the crests of Twin Peaks, the tip of *Mt. Diablo*.

Sunset in the ocean, seen from this point in winter, or when summer fogs hang low and reflect the fiery glare of level rays, is indescribable in words, and the painter that should put it on canvas would be suspected of romanticism.

Naturally, one wishes to see beyond those sharp peaks to eastward. On the return trip take a transfer and

Change at Ashbury street to the southbound car marked "Third and Harrison and Park." Ask for another transfer on boarding the car.

The car runs behind *Mount Olympus*, with its statue of Liberty, and emerges on the east face of Twin Peaks, passing just below the *Ashbury Reservoir* of the city's auxiliary salt-water fire protection system. This tank holds half a million gallons, and connects with 75 miles of cast-iron pipe covering nearly all of San Francisco. It is fed from the *Main Reservoir*

of the system, on the Peaks above, which holds ten million gallons and forms the hydrostatic head of what Charles M. Schwab on a recent visit characterized as one of the greatest pieces of engineering work in the world.

The car runs to a switch-back on the west slope of Twin Peaks and then winds down to Eighteenth street, affording as it does so, a grand vista of the bay and the hills of the opposite shore, as well as the Mission and Potrero districts of the city. At the corner of Eighteenth and Castro streets,

Change to northbound car "8" for the Ferry, which will take you down Market street.

At the head of Van Ness avenue, which you will pass coming in, is the citizens' monument to the *California Volunteers* of the Spanish-American War.

On the northwest corner of Van Ness avenue and Oak street rises the stately and beautiful *Masonic Temple.*

Even an average walker can get a glorious view of the city, the ocean and the entire bay region from the top of *Twin Peaks*, easily accessible from the switch-back, or at the Fire Department house nearby.

TROLLEY TRIP NO. 3.

Nob Hill, Chinatown, Fishermen's Wharf, Crab and Fish Market, North Beach, Marine Reporting Station of the Chamber of Commerce, Immigration Station, Custom House Station, Quarantine; Latin Quarter, Portsmouth Square and the Robert Louis Stevenson Monument, Hall of Justice, Chinatown again.

Take "Market and Powell, Bay and Taylor" cable car, north bound, at Market and Powell streets, or anywhere on Powell street, or by transfer from any Market street car, and go to terminus. Returning, take trolley car marked "15" at end of Powell street, ask for transfer, and at Kearny and Sacramento streets change to west bound cable. Ask for transfer again, and at Powell change to any south bound car.

This is one of the most interesting trips in San Francisco, or any other city, and, like some other San Francisco trolley excursions, is made partly by cable.

Beyond California, Powell street looks down on the *Chinese Quarter* for a distance of about five blocks. At Jackson street the car turns westward, then follows Mason street to Columbus avenue, running along the eastern slope of Russian Hill. From this elevation there is a fair but somewhat broken view over the bay, including Yerba Buena Island, the Alameda county shore and the Contra Costa hills back of Oakland and Berkeley.

On Broadway, westward from Mason street, is a very handsome church building, that of *Nuestra Senora de Guadalupe*, for the Spanish-American population of the city. Ahead appears Alcatraz Island, with its prison and lighthouse tower.

From the turntable at the end of this route walk directly north through the lumber dumps to Fishermen's Wharf, which you will find around the bend beyond the Neptune Restaurant. Here, if you have a liking for the human picturesque, you will meet it face to face.

Fishermen's Wharf is two wharves, in a lagoon formed by rough breakwaters. About 175 fishing craft find harborage here amid special facilities for carrying on the fishing industry. The State charges a toll of 75 cents or a dollar, according to length of boat. Iron ladders lead up from the water. Ways have been built into it. There are high rails, worn smooth with use, over which of a Saturday morning hundreds of acres of nets are hung to dry. South of the lagoon and east of it are boat builders' shops. On the south shore is a blacksmith shop, where the necessary fastening, and marine hardware, is forged and kept in repair. And all the men engaged here, fishers, boatbuilders and blacksmiths, probably over 500, are Italian, many fresh from the Mediterranean and still speaking only that "liquid music" which is their mother tongue.

Once they were almost all Genoese, but that was in the old days of the graceful, swift and treacherous lateen rig, with its lean sail slanting aft like the wing of a gull. Very few lateen sails are left, the gasoline engine having superseded them; and, with the other changes of time, other places such as

Naples, Rome, Civita Vecchia, Chiavari, Palermo, and Messina, have contributed delegates, until almost all Italy and Sicily are represented. The Genoese still stick together, however, and amid the parti-colored boats theirs may be distinguished by coats of pale green.

Here is a complete Old World community at work at its own vocation on the shores of the Golden Gate; and it is foreign in costume, manner and speech. English is spoken by few, and then by accident. Weather-brown men of the outdoors go about sea-faring tasks in regalia such as you see on the stage. The general headgear is the Tam O'Shanter, with fat pompon atop, woven originally in bright colors, but faded into mellow harmonies by a hundred suns. The shirt is a colored and often striped jersey. The trousers are belted with a twisted sash, and disappear into the cavernous tops of huge sea-boots. It reads like the chorus of an opera troupe; and it is tradition that a chorus once struck in San Francisco and within an hour the manager had forty voices from Fishermen's Wharf, and they needed no grease paint and no rehearsals to render Verdi and Donizetti with a spirit rare in any theater.

Thursday afternoon is the best time to visit Fishermen's Wharf, when the big catches of rock-cod, smelt, striped bass and crabs are brought in to be sold in the free fish and crab market around the corner from Caviglia's boat-building shop. But there is always something doing, whether it is Thursday or not. With block and tackle they may be dragging a boat up the ways for paint and repairs—when all bystanders "tail on" and pull with all their weight. Or, rocking peacefully in the little lagoon, a couple of owners bait hundreds of feet of line coiled in a tray, with the hooks caught in the padded rim; transfixing anchovies on them with magical deftness, and then baiting other trayfuls and yet other trayfuls until the hold is filled with trays of line ready for a start at midnight. Or, again, sitting in the sun, silent and saturnine, pipe in mouth, an iron hoop about his knees and a long shuttle of seine line in his

hand, a crab fisher weaves a crab net with all the restful certainty of an old woman knitting a sock.

In a shed behind the crab market, a darkened obscurity lit here and there by the glow of low fires, the nets receive their brown color in huge vats of tannage.

DRYING NETS AT FISHERMEN'S WHARF.

The little community thinks, dreams and lives fish. The children learn the industry by absorption and inhalation. They admire like connoisseurs the silver crops landed in baskets on the wharf, they lend a hand to make fast the painter as a launch chugs in, they clamber over the unclad skeletons of boats in Caviglia's, heedless of the chance of falling through the ribs or stepping on a chisel.

The blue sky, the dancing water of the Golden Gate, the ships at anchor in the stream, the amethystine hills, the mountains looming beyond, the islands like Ischia and Capri, the keen air with its salty smell, make an environment in which toil

resembles sport, and men and boys go about it with a satisfaction that finds its vent in jocular shouts and gusty laughter.

Northward over a convenient plank you reach the marine reporting station of the Chamber of Commerce. Beside it, in a row of old water-front structures, are the *Immigration Station* and the barge office of the *Custom House*. The quarantine steamer lies at the dock, and a pilot boat is likely to be riding in the stream. For this is the official entrance to San Francisco Bay.

Westward of this point, the wooded hill running out into the water is the site of *Fort Mason* and the *Transport Docks*.

Walk eastward along the wharves, where the big steam schooners are discharging hundreds of thousands of feet of lumber from "up the coast," to the gas-holder at the foot of Powell street, and here

Take Trolley Car "15," southbound, and ask for transfer.

This car takes you down Powell street to Columbus avenue, and then by Union, Stockton and Broadway into Kearny street. Down Stockton to Broadway and along Broadway to Kearny, you are going through the business section of the *Latin Quarter;* first the business signs bear French names and then Italian, and there are several blocks where you will not see an English name.

Down Kearny street you will pass the *Hall of Justice*, and *Portsmouth Square*, where stands the *monument to* Robert Louis Stevenson. (See index).

Change at Sacramento street to westbound cable car marked "Ferries and Fillmore via Sacramento and Clay." Get a transfer.

This car lifts you up the hill through Chinatown, which can only be seen to advantage lingeringly and afoot.

At the Fairmont Hotel change to southbound Powell street cable, which will take you back to Market street and the point of beginning.

TROLLEY TRIP NO. 4.

Presidio Military Reservation, and Exposition site at Harbor View, by way of O'Farrell street and the retail and

apartment house districts. Returning by Fillmore street hill, Nob Hill and Powell street.

Take O'Farrell street cable car at Market and O'Farrell streets, transfer at Union street to trolley car marked "Presidio," west bound, and go to end of line. Returning, change at Fillmore street to car bound south (up the hill) and at Washington street change again to "Washington, Jackson, Powell and Market" cable car bound east.

O'Farrell street affords a fair example of the rebuilding of the downtown section of San Francisco. The buildings are large, new and beautifully appointed, as they are throughout this entire retail section, and the stores are as fine as can be found anywhere.

At Hyde and Union streets, transfer to Presidio and Ferries line, car marked "Presidio," bound west.

Within a block the view discloses the topographical reasons for the location of the Panama-Pacific Exposition. A bowl-shaped amphitheater opens ahead, its sides built up with dwellings and its floor containing the level land that forms the Exposition site.

Up Van Ness avenue, a block north at the corner of Green street, you catch a glimpse, in passing, of the small dome and turrets of the *Greek Catholic Cathedral*, one of four in the United States.

As the car runs west on Union street, the Exposition grounds lie to the northward at the edge of the water.

The terminus of the line is inside the "*Presidio*," which was the Spanish name for the military post. This Presidio was founded by the Spaniards in 1776, and covers an area of 1,542 acres. During the recent Philippine insurrection 10,000 American soldiers at a time camped here. Part of it projects into the Golden Gate in the form of a long cape, called Fort Point, with Fort Winfield Scott at the northern end.

Near the end of the car line, on the north, are the buildings of the finest and most extensive military hospital in the United States, the Letterman General Hospital. It cost over half a

million dollars, and here the sick and wounded soldier boys returning from the Philippines are cared for.

There are fine drives through the reservation, and a good walker will find much of interest. The Presidio is open to the public, but in certain parts marked by signs at the roadside, cameras are forbidden.

Dress parades are held Thursdays and Fridays at 4 p. m.

Guard mounting may be seen on the upper parade at 9 a. m. Sundays, 10 a. m. Saturdays and 10:30 the other days of the week.

Infantry drills can be seen daily between 7 and 11 a. m., except Saturdays and Sundays. At that hour on Saturday inspection is held.

At *Fort Winfield Scott*, the fortifications can be visited, but only on a pass obtained from the Adjutant's office in the Administration building, and in company with a man detailed for the purpose. The best time is the morning, before 11 o'clock, as nobody can be detailed for this service in the afternoon. Artillery drill occurs from 8 to 10 a. m., daily, except Thursdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays. At 4:30 p. m., Thursdays, there is a parade. None of the fortifications or batteries must be sketched or photographed.

Returning, take a transfer and change at Fillmore street to car bound south (up the hill).

Here a cable will lift you for two blocks on the steepest grade mounted by any car line in San Francisco. Rearward are the Golden Gate and the Marin county hills. At the top of the grade you change again to a car going in the same direction. Get a transfer.

Passing *Calvary Presbyterian Church*, the next transfer point is at Washington street, one block beyond.

At Fillmore and Washington streets, change to the cable car marked "Washington, Jackson, Powell and Market," bound east on Washington street.

A few blocks eastward is *Lafayette Park*, on the right.

Along this line and parallel streets such as Jackson, Pacific, Broadway and Vallejo, forming in part what is called "*Pacific Heights*," and reaching as far as Powell street, on Nob Hill, are many of the finer residences of the city; the town houses of local merchants, bankers and capitalists.

SAN FRANCISCO APARTMENTS—PUEBLO TYPE.

As the car swings around into Powell street there is a beautiful vista of the bay, with Yerba Buena Island, and the cities on the opposite shore.

You descend rapidly into the business district, passing the *St. Francis Hotel*, at Geary street, and running to the turntable at Market in front of the Flood building, which stands on the site of the famous old Baldwin Hotel.

TROLLEY TRIP NO. 5.

Union Iron Works, Potrero Industrial District, Islais Creek, Butcher Town, Bay View, Six-Mile House and Visitacion Valley; returning by way of the Mission.

Take Kentucky street line No. 16, anywhere along Kearny street, or at Third and Market; ask for transfer, and ride to terminus at Thirty-second avenue south. Change here to "Visitacion Valley, Railroad Avenue and Mission" line. Returning, take "Cemeteries" car, No. 14, or San Mateo car, east bound, the first of which will take you down Mission street, and the second to Fifth and Market.

The route takes you down Third street, past the *Southern Pacific Depot* at Townsend. Up Townsend to the left, at Second, you can see the handsome concrete *Pumping Station No. 1*, of the city's auxiliary fire protection system. This station is equipped with four great turbine pumps that can drive 10,000 gallons of water a minute, drawn from the bay, all over San Francisco, under a pressure of 300 pounds to the inch. A reservoir under the building holds a million gallons of fresh water to supply the eight boilers, and nearby is storage for 2,000 barrels of fuel oil.

The car crosses the Channel at Fourth street, and runs down to and along Kentucky street. On the left lies Central Basin, with the gaunt skeleton frames of the *Union Iron Works*. The frames carry traveling cranes, by which are handled the materials for the construction of the largest types of ship. A launching from these ways is an interesting and thrilling spectacle.

At this plant were built the battleship "Oregon," whose dramatic run around South America during the Spanish war awakened the anxieties of the nation and caused the irresistible public demand for the construction of the Panama Canal; and the cruiser "Olympia," Admiral Dewey's flagship at the battle of Manila Bay. Other war vessels built here have been the battleships "Wisconsin" and "Ohio," the armored cruisers "California" and "South Dakota," the protected cruisers "Charleston," "San Francisco," "Milwaukee" and "Tacoma," the monitors "Monterey" and "Wyoming," a long list of gunboats, torpedo boats and destroyers, and several submarines. The imperial Japanese cruiser "Chitose" was also

constructed by the Union Iron Works. This plant and the great drydocks at Hunter's Point have recently been acquired by the Bethlehem Steel Company.

Three blocks beyond the Union Iron Works, at Potrero Point, is the *Western Sugar Refinery*, one of the largest industrial plants about the bay.

The car next crosses *Islais Creek*, destined to be a fine inland harbor.

On the right are extensive truck gardens, farmed by thrifty Italians, and irrigated by scores of windmills that make a Holland scene. This tract is already being marketed for factory sites, being close to rail and water.

At Thirty-second street, change for the Six-Mile House.

The road now winds down into *Visitacion Valley*, a promising new industrial district, crosses over the line into San Mateo county, crosses back again into San Francisco, and makes a cross-country run to Mission street.

At Mission street, take north bound car.

This car will bring you into the city by the route described in Trolley Trip No. 3, along Mission street, whence you can transfer to Market at any convenient crossing.

TROLLEY TRIP NO. 6.

San Mateo by way of "The Mission," Daly City, the Cemeteries, Tanforan, Burlingame and Hillsboro. Returning by way of San Jose avenue and Guerrero street.

Take San Mateo car at Fifth and Market streets. The fare to San Mateo is twenty-five cents. Returning, pay twenty cents to Daly City and there change to Ocean View line No. 26, marked "Ferries and Daly City (or Ocean View) via Mission, Guerrero Street and San Jose Avenue."

This trip leads through "the Mission," down to the county line at what is called *Daly City*, thence around the San Bruno hills and along the east side of the Sierra Morena ridge.

The cemeteries are on this line—*Woodlawn*, *Cypress Lawn*, *Holy Cross*, and others, interments being prohibited in San

Francisco. They are very beautiful, with their pools and fountains near the car line, and show what cultivation can do in this rare climate.

A short distance out from San Francisco the car passes *Tanforan*, a once popular race track. A few miles below Tanforan on this road is the ranch of the late D. O. Mills, a superb estate stretching back toward the hills.

Probably this is the wealthiest neighborhood in the West, although it is little on display from the car.

San Mateo itself is one of the prettiest residence towns in the whole of California, calling itself, not inaptly, the "Floral City." Gardens abound. Here is a good hostelry, the Hotel Peninsula, with broad and inviting grounds, a few blocks from the end of the car line—a popular resort for San Franciscans. One can get a satisfactory table d'hote luncheon or dinner at a moderate price at the little French hotel next to the Public Library on Second street. There are livery stables and garages, and if one has the time and would see the country to the best advantage he can take a number of drives from San Mateo into entrancing scenes of mountain and redwood forest, by romantic roads, through vales of the most delicate loveliness to lakes more beautiful than Killarney. Here are some of the drives and auto routes laid out by the San Mateo Board of Trade:

North Lake Drive, via Crystal Springs New Dam (second largest in the world), San Andreas and Millbrae; circuit 20 miles.

Crystal Springs Lake to Halfmoon Bay (Spanishtown), through the famous San Gabilan Pass and Moss Beach on the Pacific Ocean; 15 miles.

Las Pulgas Drive, via the Lakes, via Canyada Valley, via West Union Vineyards and Redwood City.

Stanford University, via Middlefield Road, through beautiful Fair Oaks, returning through the redwoods via Woodside.

Burlingame Golf Links, Polo Fields, Country Club, residence district and San Mateo beach; circuit six miles.

Summit Drive (altitude 2,000 feet), Kings Mountain, via Woodside and Redwood City.

Pescadero, Pebble Beach, via Purisima and San Gregorio, returning through the redwoods via La Honda.

The *San Andreas and Crystal Springs* reservoirs are the main source of San Francisco's water supply.

Cars start back from San Mateo to San Francisco every twenty minutes, or one can take the Southern Pacific and come up by way of the Bay Shore cut-off and the tunnels, running along the edge of the bay. The return by trolley, along the hills, is very pleasant. Approaching town, one sees, to the right, the San Bruno hills, or mountains, rising 1,300 feet. The ridge runs in an easterly and westerly direction, and beyond the eastern extremity rise three of those ghostly, skeleton towers of the wireless telegraph system, belonging to the same company that operates the pair on the ocean beach near Golden Gate Park. One of these towers is 608 feet high, the tallest timber structure in the world, and the tallest wireless telegraph tower in America. The station communicates with the Hawaiian Islands.

To vary the scene and traverse a different part of "the Mission" on the return trip,

Get off at Daly City and take car on line No. 26, running by way of San Jose avenue, Diamond, Chenery and Thirtieth streets, Guerrero and Mission.

TROLLEY TRIP NO. 7.

Mission street, the Mint, Post Office, National Guard Armory, Mission residence and business district, great viaduct, Sutro Forest, Ocean avenue, Lake Merced, Sloat Boulevard, Great Highway and the Ocean Beach; returning through Parkside and the Sunset district, along south side of Golden Gate Park by Switch-Back Railway on the slope of Twin Peaks, down through "The Mission" and the industrial district, to Third street and up to Market.

Take Ingleside line No. 12, on Mission street, going westward. Returning, transfer at Twenty-fifth avenue to Parkside car going northward; transfer again at Twentieth avenue and Lincoln way to Line 20, "Ellis and Ocean" car going east; at Waller and Stanyan, transfer to "Third and Harrison and Park" car, going east; at Third street transfer to any Third street car bound north, to Third and Market streets. Ask for transfer when you board the cars.

Mission street runs parallel with Market, one block south. On the right, as the car passes Fifth street, one sees the *United States Branch Mint.* (See index).

Two blocks beyond, at Seventh street, is the *United States Court House and Post Office* building, which see.

At the corner of Fourteenth street, on the right, is the *San Francisco Armory of the National Guard of California*, an imposing structure covering a space 240x280 feet, with offices, locker rooms, dressing rooms, mess rooms and kitchens, a swimming tank, a gymnasium, a rifle range, large disappearing guns, the proper ammunition vault, a drill court 168x240 feet, with a gun shed adjoining; and a social hall, library and reading room. It cost $300,000.

Just beyond, the car runs into the populous and popular "*Mission District*," with thronging business streets, like another city.

The route skirts *Balboa Park*, on the right, the old coursing park, once the scene of a very popular sport; and the lower edge of the Sutro forest. Through the trees beyond on the other side of the car, one catches indigo glimpses of *Lake Merced.*

The terminus of the car line is at the southern end of the *Great Highway*, at its junction with Sloat Boulevard. The beach is just beyond, and here one looks out on the vast Pacific across a sweep of tumbling foam.

Returning, ask for transfer.

Change at Thirty-fifth avenue to Parkside line, bound north.

This route will thread the dunes of *Parkside* and take you up through the *Sunset District.*

Changing again at Twentieth avenue and Lincoln way, you are taken along the south side of Golden Gate Park, passing within sight of the Affiliated Colleges, and around the southeast corner of the Park to the Haight street entrance.

Change here to the "Third and Harrison and Park" line, going east.

As the car turns into Ashbury street and begins to climb the hill it affords a fine view of *Lone Mountain* and the northern part of the city, with the Marin county hills beyond.

The car descends the hill, traverses "the Mission" on Eighteenth street at right angles to the route going out, running between the Mission High School and Mission Park, between Church and Dolores streets, and within a block of the Mission Dolores, and winds into Harrison street at Fourteenth.

At Third street, Harrison runs into the steep grade of *Rincon Hill.*

Change here to any car going north, which will take you up Third to Market street at Newspaper Square.

TROLLEY TRIP NO. 8.

Buena Vista Park, and View over City, Bay and Ocean.

Take Haight street line No. 7, on Market street, and get off at Buena Vista Park entrance opposite the end of Lyon street. Return by same way.

Buena Vista Park is a wooded hill located almost in the center of the city and affording a fine view. It is east of Golden Gate Park, south of the eastern end of the Panhandle, and on a line with Fourteenth street, projected. The ascent begins at the stone steps on Haight street.

There are 36 acres in the park, which rises to a height of over 500 feet. The outlook is almost as good as that from the top of Lone Mountain, and the paths give a better footing, making an easier climb.

TROLLEY TRIP NO. 9.

By the sightseeing car of the United Railroads. Fare, 75 cents, which includes entrance fee to Sutro Museum and Baths.

Lower Market street, Post street and the retail district, Union Square, Dewey Monument, Presidio, Golden Gate, Land's End, Sutro Baths and Museum, Cliff House and Seal

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LOOKING DOWN MARKET STREET FROM POWELL.

Rocks, Lincoln Park, Fort Miley, Golden Gate Park, Park Panhandle, Ashbury Heights, Affiliated Colleges, Mission Dolores, through the Mission District and back to Market street.

Car leaves its station inside Ferry Loop at 10 a. m. and 2 p. m., and makes a stop at Montgomery, Post and Market streets at 10:05 a. m. and 2:05 p. m.

This trip covers about 38 miles in a little over three hours, and is a good one for those whose time is short and who wish

to avoid the annoyance of having to transfer. Many important and beautiful parts of the city are described by the conductor, and as the route laid out is very comprehensive, a good idea of San Francisco may be obtained in this way with little effort.

CHURCHES AND DIVINE SERVICE.

The churches of San Francisco have played a vital part in its evolution. The Mission of San Francisco d'Assisi, which came to be called the Mission Dolores from the little creek near which it was built, was the initial ecclesiastical establishment, and part of the foundation of the city.

In 1848 the Rev. T. Dwight Hunt arrived in San Francisco, and before a week was out was appointed chaplain to the little community. The first permanent Protestant house of worship in the city was built by his flock, which, as the First Congregational church, throve under the ministry of such stalwart good citizens as Dr. Stone and Dr. Barrows.

The first public school in San Francisco was opened in the First Baptist church on December 26th, 1849, by John C. Pelton, with three pupils.

Calvary Presbyterian Church, which formerly stood on the present site of the St. Francis hotel, was a vital factor in the community, under the ministration of Dr. William A. Scott.

Such men as Dr. Horatio Stebbins, Thomas Starr King and Elkan Cohn were not only influential as clergymen, but as leaders in culture and citizenship.

"Old St. Mary's" as it is affectionately called, is a landmark, and was the scene of the labors of Archbishop Alemany, whose portrait ornaments the vestibule opposite that of Padre Junipero Serra.

The Second New Jerusalem Church (Swedenborgian) at Lyon and Washington streets, is an architectural gem. So are such edifices as the Evangelical Lutheran, Emanu El, the

present Calvary Presbyterian, the First Presbyterian, St. Luke's Holy Catholic, the First Church of Christ, Scientist, and many more, and so will be the First Congregational, and the new Grace Cathedral, which is to arise on the California street site donated by the Crocker family.

Almost all leading religious denominations are represented and have places of worship in San Francisco. For the convenience of visitors wishing to attend divine service we give the names and locality of a number of the more noted churches that are readily accessible from the downtown section, and several car lines by which they may be reached.

BAPTIST.

First Baptist. Junction of Market, Octavia and Waller streets.

Take Haight street cars, Line No. 7, to Octavia street; Market street cars, Line No. 8, to Waller street; Valencia street cars, Line No. 9, to Valencia street; or Valencia, Gough and Fillmore street cars, Line No. 23, to Valencia.

Preaching service, Sundays at 11 a. m. and 7:45 p. m.

Hamilton Square Baptist. Post street, between Fillmore and Steiner.

Take Sutter street car, Line No. 1, or Sutter and Clement, Line No. 2; get off at Steiner street and walk a block south; or Geary Street Municipal line, to Steiner street, and walk a block north; or Fillmore and Sixteenth, Line No. 22, or Fillmore and Mission, Line No. 23, get off at Post and walk a block west.

Preaching service, Sundays at 11 a. m. and 7:45 p. m.

CHRISTIAN.

First Christian. Duboce avenue and Noe street.

Haight street car, Line No. 7, to Pierce street and walk two blocks south and through the small park; or Market street car, Line No. 8, to Noe street and walk three blocks north

to Duboce; or Fillmore and Sixteenth, Line No. 22, to Duboce, and walk two blocks west.

Preaching services, 11 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sundays.

West Side Christian. Bush street, between Scott and Divisadero.

Sutter and California car, Line No. 1, or Sutter and Clement, Line No. 2, get off at Scott and walk a block north to Bush; or Geary street line, get off at Scott and walk three blocks north to Bush; or California street cable to Scott and walk two blocks south to Bush; Turk and Eddy, Line No. 4, or Mission and Richmond, Line No. 24, to Bush and Divisadero, and walk east.

Preaching services, 11 a. m. and 7:45 p. m., Sundays.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

First Church of Christ, Scientist. California and Franklin streets.

California street cable; or Ninth and Polk car, Line No. 19. to California street and walk two blocks west.

Sunday services, 11 a. m. and 8 p. m.

CONGREGATIONAL.

First Congregational. Post and Mason streets.

Sutter street car, Lines 1, 2 or 3, to Mason and walk a block south, or Geary street line and walk a block north; or Montgomery and Tenth street line, no number.

Services, Sundays at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m.

Mission Congregational. Nineteenth and Dolores streets, opposite Mission Park.

Valencia street car, Line No. 9, to Nineteenth street, and walk two blocks west; or Fillmore and Sixteenth car, Line No. 22, to Dolores street and walk three blocks south; or Eighteenth street line, no number, to Dolores and walk one block south.

Services, Sundays at 11 a. m. and 7:45 p. m.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL.

Grace Cathedral. Taylor and Sacramento streets.

Sacramento cable to Taylor, California street cable to Taylor and walk a block north, or Powell street cable to Sacramento and walk two blocks west.

When the crypt, on California street, is made ready, services will be held there. (See index).

Sunday services, Holy Communion, 8 a. m.; morning service and sermon, 11 a. m.; choral vespers, with address, 5 p. m. During the week daily services are held under the direction of the Church Divinity School, at 8:30 a. m. and 5:30 p. m. Holy Communion on Wednesdays and holy days at 10 a. m.

Trinity Church. Bush and Gough streets.

Sutter street cars, Lines 1, 2 or 3, to Gough street and walk a block north; or California street cable to Gough street and walk two blocks south.

Services, Sundays at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m.

St. Luke's Holy Catholic. Van Ness avenue and Clay street.

Take Jackson street cable, no number, starting from Powell and Market, to Van Ness, and walk two blocks south; or California street cable to Van Ness and walk two blocks north; or any west-bound trolley such as the Hayes street Line No. 6, Turk and Eddy No. 4, McAllister No. 5, or any Market street line, transfer to Ninth and Polk street, Line No. 19, north bound, get off at Clay street and walk a block west.

Services, Sundays 8 a. m., 9:45 a. m., 11 a. m., 8 p. m. Week day services announced.

TRINITY CATHEDRAL OF THE HOLY GREEK RUSSIAN.

Eastern Orthodox Catholic Church. Van Ness avenue and Green street.

Presidio and Ferries car (Union street line) to Van Ness avenue and walk a block north; or Ninth and Polk street car, Line No. 19, to Green street, and walk a block west.

Services, Saturdays at 7 p. m.; Sundays and holy days, 10 a. m. and 7 p. m.

HEBREW.

Temple Emanu-El. 414 Sutter street, between Stockton and Powell.

Powell street cable to Sutter street; or Sutter car, Lines 1, 2 or 3.

Services, Fridays at 5 p. m.; Saturdays at 10 a. m.

Temple Israel. Congregation Sherith Israel. California and Webster streets.

California street cable car; or Sacramento street cable to Webster and Sacramento, if west bound, and walk a block south, or to Webster and Clay if east bound, and walk two blocks south; or take Sutter and Jackson car, Line No. 3, or Fillmore and Sixteenth car, Line No. 22, or Fillmore and Mission car, Line No. 23, to corner of California and Fillmore streets and walk a block east.

Services, Saturdays at 10 a. m.

Geary Street Temple, Congregation Beth Israel. Geary, near Fillmore.

Geary street municipal car line, or O'Farrell and Hyde street line to Fillmore and walk a block north; or Fillmore and Sixteenth car, Line No. 22, or Fillmore and Mission car, Line No. 23, to Geary street.

Services, Friday at 5:30 p. m., and Saturday at 9 a. m. In winter the Friday services are at 5 p. m.

LUTHERAN.

First English Lutheran. Geary street, between Gough and Octavia.

Geary street cars; or Ellis and Ocean, Line No. 20, to Gough street, and walk a block north if you were on a car bound westward, or two blocks north if on a car of this line bound eastward.

Services, preaching every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m.

Evangelical Lutheran St. Paul's Church. Eddy and Gough street.

Turk and Eddy car, Line No. 4; if east bound get off at Gough street and walk a block north.

Services, Sundays at 10:45 a. m. and 8 p. m. The morning service is always in German. The evening service on the first and third Sundays in the month is in English, second and fourth Sundays in German.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.

First Methodist Episcopal. Clay and Larkin streets.

Sacramento street car to Larkin, and if traveling westward, walk a block north; if traveling eastward the car goes to the church; or take California street car to Larkin and walk two blocks north; or Jackson street car to Larkin, and if traveling westward walk two blocks south, if eastward, one block south; or Ninth and Polk car, Line No. 19, to Clay, and walk a block east; or O'Farrell, Jones and Hyde street car to Clay and walk a block west.

Services, Sundays at 11 a. m. and 7:45 p. m.

Central Methodist Episcopal. O'Farrell and Leavenworth streets.

Montgomery and Tenth street car to O'Farrell; or O'Farrell street cable to Jones and walk a block west; or Ellis and Ocean car, Line No. 20; or Hayes and Ellis, No. 21, to Leavenworth, and walk a block north; or Geary street Municipal Railroad to Leavenworth and walk a block south; or Ninth and Polk street car, Line No. 19, to O'Farrell and walk two blocks east.

Services, Sundays at 11 a. m. and 7:45 p. m.

California Street Methodist Episcopal. California and Broderick streets.

California street car to Broderick; or Turk and Eddy car, Line No. 4, to California, and walk a block west; or Mission and Richmond car, Line No. 24, to California, and walk a block west.

Services, Sundays 11 a. m. and 7:45 p. m., in summer, and 7:30 in winter.

Grace Methodist Episcopal. Twenty-first and Capp streets.

Valencia street car, Line No. 9, on Market street, to Twenty-first street, and walk a block and a half east; or Howard street car, no number, to Twenty-first street, and walk half a block west; or Mission street car, Line No. 18, to Twenty-first street, and walk half a block east; or Fillmore and Valencia street car, Line No. 23, to Twenty-first street, and walk a block and a half east.

Services, Sundays at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

PRESBYTERIAN.

Calvary Presbyterian. Jackson and Fillmore streets.

Jackson street cable, no number, starting from Powell and Market, to Fillmore street; Sutter street car on Line No. 3, or any car west bound on the United Railroads transferring to Fillmore street, north bound; or Union street car, no number, and transfer to Fillmore, south bound.

Services, Sundays at 11 a. m. and 7:45 p. m.

The former home of this church was on the site of the St. Francis hotel.

First Presbyterian. Van Ness avenue and Sacramento street.

Sacramento street cable, no number, to the door, if west bound; if east bound, get off at Van Ness avenue and walk a block south; or take Jackson street cable, no number, starting from Powell and Market, to Van Ness avenue and walk three blocks south; or California street line to Van Ness and walk a block north; or any west bound trolley such as the Hayes street Line No. 6, Turk and Eddy No. 4, or McAllister No. 5, or any other Market street line, transfer to Ninth and Polk street, Line No. 19, north bound, get off at Sacramento street and walk a block west.

Services, Sundays 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

St. John's Presbyterian. Arguello boulevard (First avenue) and Lake street.

Turk and Eddy car, Line No. 4; or Sutter and California, Line No. 1, to Arguello boulevard (First avenue) and walk a block north; or Mission and Richmond cross town car, Line No. 24, which passes the door.

Services, 11 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sundays.

Trinity Presbyterian. Twenty-third and Capp streets.

Valencia street car, Line No. 9, to Twenty-third street and walk two and a half blocks east; or Mission street car, Line No. 18, to Twenty-third street and walk half a block east; or Howard street car, no number, to Twenty-third street, and half a block west.

Services, Sundays 11 a. m. and 7:45 p. m.

UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF NORTH AMERICA.

First United Presbyterian Church. Golden Gate avenue between Steiner and Pierce streets.

McAllister street car, Line No. 5, to Steiner and walk a block north to Golden Gate avenue; or Turk and Eddy No. 4 to Steiner and walk two blocks south; or Fillmore and Sixteenth, No. 22, to Golden Gate avenue and walk a block and a half west.

Services, Sundays at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

ROMAN CATHOLIC.

St. Mary's Cathedral. Van Ness avenue and O'Farrell street.

Ellis street car, Line No. 20 or 21, to Van Ness and O'Farrell; or Ninth and Polk street car, Line No. 19, (can be reached by transfer from cars of the United Railroads running east and west) to O'Farrell and Larkin streets and walk two blocks west. The Geary Street Municipal Railroad crosses Van Ness avenue a block north of the Cathedral.

Sunday services: Masses, 6, 7, 8 and 9:30 a. m., with High Mass and sermon at 11. Vespers, with sermon and

benediction, at 8 p. m. Musical services are confined to High Mass and Vespers.

St. Mary's. Grant avenue and California street.

California street cable to Grant avenue; or Kearny and Beach car, Line No. 15, or Third and Kentucky, Line No. 16, to California street and walk a block west.

Sunday services: Masses at 6:30, 8, 9, 10, 10:45 a. m.; 12:15 and 8 p. m. High mass is at 10:45 a. m. On weekdays there are masses at 6:30, 7 and 8 a. m. This is the oldest church in the city except the Mission Dolores.

St. Francis of Assisium. Columbus avenue and Vallejo street.

Kearny and Beach car, Line No. 15, to Broadway and Columbus avenue, and walk northwest a block; or Union street car (Presidio & Ferries, no number), to the door.

Services, (now held in the temporary wooden church adjoining on the west) Sundays and holidays of obligation, Mass at 6, 7:30 and 9 a. m.; High Mass and sermon at 10:30; Vespers, sermon and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, 7:30 p. m. Daily Mass at 6:30 and 7:30 a. m.; evenings devotion at 7:30.

This was the original cathedral.

St. Patrick's, 744 Mission street, between Third and Fourth.

Any car on Mission street, or any Mission street car by transfer; or Geary street municipal line, east bound, transfer to Third and get off at Mission; or Kearny and Beach car, Line No. 15, or Third and Kentucky car, Line 16, and get off at Mission; or Ellis and Ocean No. 20, to Fourth and Mission and walk half a block east.

Services: Sundays, Masses at 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 and 11 a. m., and 12 m.; Holy days, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 a. m., and 12 m.; weekdays, 6 and 7 a. m. Evening devotions on Sundays, Holy days of obligation and First Fridays, 7:45 p. m.

St. Patrick's also provides a night worker's mass at 2 a. m., Sundays, for newspaper men and other night workers.

St. Ignatius. Hayes and Shrader streets, one block from Golden Gate Park.

Hayes and Ellis car, Line No. 21; or *McAllister No. 5 to Shrader and walk two blocks south.*

Services: Sunday Masses, 5:00, 5:45, 6:30, 7:30, 8:30, 9:30, 10:30 a. m.; Sunday evening, 715, Beads; 730, Vespers; 8:00, sermon or lecture; 8:30, Benediction. Daily Masses, 5:00, 5:45, 6:30, 7:15 and 8:00 a. m.

St. Boniface. (German.) Golden Gate avenue, between Jones and Leavenworth.

Take any Market street car to Jones and walk a block north; or Turk and Eddy No. 4 to Jones, and if west bound, walk two blocks south, if east bound one block.

Sunday Masses at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 a. m.; evening services at 7:30. Week day Masses at 6, 7 and 8:15.

Mission Dolores Church. Sixteenth and Dolores streets.

Take Market street car, Line No. 8, transfer at Church to Fillmore and Sixteenth, Line No. 22, south bound, and get off at Sixteenth street; or take Ocean View (Guerrero) Line No. 10 or 26 (running on Mission street, down town) to Sixteenth street and walk a block west.

Masses on Sunday at 6, 7:30, 9, 10 and 11 a. m. Masses are said in the new structure behind the old Mission, and a very beautiful new church is rising on the corner beside it.

Nuestra Senora de Guadalupe. Broadway, between Powell and Mason.

"Bay and Taylor, Powell and Market," cable to Broadway and Mason streets and walk half a block east; or Kearny and Beach Line, No. 15, to Powell and Broadway and walk half a block west.

Sunday services at 6:30, 7:30 and 10:30. Evening Vespers at 7:30. Every day, Mass at 7 a. m.

St. Dominic's. Pierce and Bush streets.

Sutter and California car, Line No. 1, or Sutter and Clement, No. 2, to Pierce street and walk a block north; or Fillmore and Sixteenth, No. 22, or Fillmore and Valencia No. 23, to Bush street and walk two blocks west; or California street cable to Pierce and walk two blocks south; or Turk and Eddy No. 4, or Mission and Richmond, No. 24, to Divisadero and Bush streets, and walk two blocks east.

Services; Sundays and holy days, Masses at 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 and 11 a. m.; week days at 6, 7 and 8 a. m. Evening services, every evening in the year at 7:45 p. m.

This church has the largest and finest organ in the west.

SS. Peter and Paul's (Salesian Fathers). Grant avenue and Filbert street.

Kearny and Beach car, Line No. 15, to Filbert street and walk two blocks east; or Union street line, (Presidio and Ferries, no number) to Columbus avenue and Union street, and walk a block and a half east and a block north.

Services: Sundays and holy days, Masses at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10:30 a. m.; Vespers and Benediction at 7:30 p. m. Wednesday services, Masses from 6 to 8 a. m. Special devotions on First Fridays.

SWEDENBORGIAN.

Second New Jerusalem Church. Lyon and Washington streets.

Sutter and Jackson, Line No. 3, to Lyon street, and walk half a block south; or Turk and Eddy, No. 4, to Lyon and Sacramento street and walk two blocks north; or California street cable to Lyon street and walk three blocks north.

Services at 11:30 a. m., Sunday. This is one of the beauty spots of San Francisco.

UNITARIAN.

First Unitarian. Geary and Franklin streets.

Geary Street Municipal Railroad to Franklin; or Ellis street car, Line No. 20 or 21, to O'Farrell and Franklin and walk

a block north; or Sutter street, Nos. 1, 2 or 3, to Franklin and walk two blocks south.

Services at 11 a. m. Sundays.

In front of this church is the *tomb of Thomas Starr King*, who was pastor during the Civil War, and whose eloquence in his nation's cause was said by Lincoln to have saved California to the Union. Tomb and church were alike removed to their present location from a site farther down on Geary street.

THEATERS.

Few modern cities have contributed more to the advancement of the stage than San Francisco, with its discriminating taste, its ready rewards for what is sound and good in the drama, and its cordial appreciation of its stage favorites. In early days the greatest actors were drawn to California. Edwin Booth was content to be a barn-stormer where he could get no better houses. Lawrence Barrett and John McCullough were the first managers of the old California Theater. David Belasco is a native of San Francisco and was stage manager of "The Baldwin." M. B. Leavitt conducted the Bush street theater for 15 years following 1882. Al Hayman began his theatrical career in San Francisco. William A. Brady was born here and began his theatrical career in this city. Blanche Bates made her first appearance at Stockwell's Theater, in San Francisco. Edna Wallace Hopper was born here and educated at the Van Ness Seminary. David Warfield, a native of San Francisco, worked as head usher in the Bush street theater, and made his first appearance at the old Wigwam.

Vaudeville developed its best form in this city, and the San Francisco Orpheum is the mother theater of the famous "Orpheum Circuit," which supplies vaudeville entertainment

in Chicago, New York and a hundred other cities throughout the United States; and which has affiliations all over England and Scotland.

The Orpheum was first built on its present site in 1887, by Gustav Walter, who had been successfully conducting a music hall called "The Fountain" in the Thurlow block, on Kearny street, and the Germania Gardens, in the Mission. Ethel Barrymore and Sara Bernhardt have appeared on the Orpheum stage.

The present house was dedicated on April 19, 1909.

Probably the theater that stands highest today in the affections of San Franciscans is the Tivoli, on Eddy street near Mason. It has furnished both opera bouffe and grand opera to two generations, under such circumstances of homelike simplicity and comfort that it has become an intimate part of the life of the city, and the reopening of the theater in its new home on March 12, 1913, with Andreas Dippel's Chicago Opera Company, and Tetrazzini singing Gilda in Rigoletto, was one of those heart-warming events that have done so much to make the new city one with the old.

The Tivoli had its origin in the old Vienna Gardens, on Sutter street near Stockton, next to the synagogue, the Temple Emanu El, in the centennial year of 1876. The house had been built in Boston and shipped around the Horn in sections for Judge Burritt, and afterward became the home of Dr. A. J. Bowie. Here F. W. Kreling and his sons, Joe, William, John and Martin, conducted a place of entertainment, where people could sip beer and smoke and enjoy "variety," long before the days of vaudeville.

Prospering, the Krelings wanted a larger house than the one that had come in a ship, and built it on the Eddy street lot, in 1877. How the old Tivoli looked from without, you can see by the bronze relief on the west wall of the vestibule of the present one.

In 1895 regular grand opera seasons were instituted. In 1903 the Tivoli moved across the corner to the old cyclo-

rama building rebuilt as an opera house. Here Tetrazzini sang Gilda to roof-raising applause, which sent her forth with a San Francisco triumph to her credit—and San Francisco's judgment of her was confirmed by the world. After the fire she came back to sing, as a mark of gratitude, in the streets of the city that had first acclaimed her, and on the completion of the new Tivoli she again appeared in the role in which a discriminating San Francisco audience had recognized the rise of a new star.

There are no old theaters of any consequence in San Francisco. The new structures have all been built under the most exacting safety regulations, and are better equipped and more modern in every respect, with stout steel frames, fire-proofed walls and plenty of exits. In decoration, the best of them are unsurpassed.

The following list will give the principal down town playhouses and their locations:

Alcazar. O'Farrell street, between Powell and Mason. Performances every evening; matinees Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays. Standard plays are presented by a good stock company. Prices, 25 cents to $1; box and loge seats, $1.50.

Columbia. Geary and Mason street. Performances every evening, with matinee Wednesdays and Saturdays. Many of the country's leading musical and dramatic companies are booked at this house. Prices vary with the character of the entertainment, but commonly run from 25 cents to $2.

The Cort. Ellis street near Stockton. Performances every night, matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. High class musical and dramatic productions. Prices, 50 cents to $2.

Empress. Market street, between Fifth and Sixth. Vaudeville. Three performances daily; matinee at 2:30; evening, 7:15 and 9:15. There are four performances on Sunday. Prices 10, 20 and 30 cents.

Orpheum. O'Farrell street, between Stockton and Powell. Vaudeville. Performances every afternoon and evening. Prices, 10 to 75 cents, box seats, $1.

Pantages. Market street, opposite Mason. Vaudeville. Three performances daily; matinees at 2:30; evening, at 7:15 and 9:15. Four performances on Sunday. Prices, 10, 20 and 30 cents.

Savoy. McAllister street near Market. A home of musical comedy. Performances every evening; matinees Saturdays and Sundays. Prices, 25 cents to $1.

Tivoli Opera House. Eddy street, between Powell and Mason. The home of light and grand opera, the former at popular prices. During the light opera season the prices are 25, 50 and 75 cents, with box seats at $1.

G. M. Anderson, of moving picture fame, is building, opposite the Orpheum, a theater for high-class musical comedy such as the sort presented by the Winter Garden, in New York. The best of talent will be organized into a local stock company. It will be known as the Gaiety. The prices are to be moderate—from 25 cents to $1.

PUBLIC AUDITORIUMS.

There are four auditoriums in the residence district west of Van Ness avenue that are the scene of gatherings too large for the ordinary downtown halls. Here are their locations, and directions for reaching them on the cars, from the downtown district.

Auditorium. At Page and Fillmore streets.
Hayes street car, Line No. 6, to Oak and Fillmore and walk a block south.

Coliseum. Baker street, between Oak and Fell.
Hayes street car, Line No. 6, to Baker street.

Dreamland Rink. Steiner street near Post.
Sutter street car, Line No. 1 or 2, to Steiner street and walk

south; or Geary street Municipal Railway to Steiner and walk a block north.

Pavilion Rink. 2189 Sutter street, corner of Pierce.
Sutter street car, Line No. 1 or 2.

SIGHT-SEEING AUTO CARS.

Sight-seeing automobiles leave Market street between Third and Fifth daily at 10 a. m., and 2 p. m.

At 10 p. m., they make a trip to Chinatown.

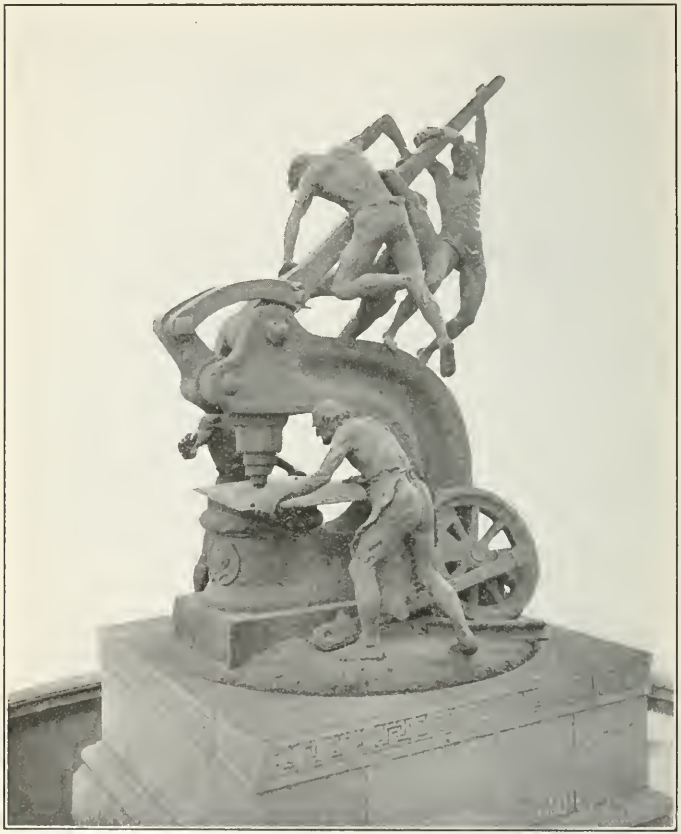
They can also be found at the Ferry and on Powell street near O'Farrell.

The daylight trip, as at present conducted, can be recommended as a comfortable way to see some of the most interesting parts of the city, such as Golden Gate Park, the Cliff House vicinity, Pacific Heights, the Presidio and the Exposition site at Harbor View. The price is $1 a passenger, and the time required is about two and a half hours.

MONUMENTS AND LANDMARKS—THE BANK EXCHANGE .

San Francisco is a city of romance and riches and hence, also of monuments. There are many fine ones that keep alive pride in the place and its stirring history.

The Donahue monument at Bush, Battery and Market streets, by the sculptor Douglas Tilden, is about on the line of the original water front, the edge of the bight known as *Yerba Buena Cove*, which swept around from Montgomery streets at Jackson, swung across Sansome street between California and Pine, crossed the pavement surrounding the monument, just to the west of the pool, and ran thence below First street and eastward to *Rincon Point*, the tip of which lay a little east of the corner of Harrison and Spear streets.



THE DONAHUE MONUMENT, MARKET STREET.

The monument will well repay a visit to it. Its bold imagery and fine feeling for the subject of human labor well directed are distinctively western in spirit.

The cove was filled with the spoil from the grading down of the sand hills of the city, and all east of the line we have described is made ground. That is why on the south side

of Market the numbered streets do not begin until after the point opposite the monument is passed, going westward.

At Clay and Montgomery, one of the recently erected landmark bells that are supposed to indicate the route of El Camino Real, the Highway of the King, marks the old landing that was there "when the water came up to Montgomery street."

The next monument up Market street is *Lotta's Fountain*, presented to the city by Lotta Crabtree, a stage favorite of early days. On the shaft is a *bronze tablet*, put there to commemorate one of those typically San Franciscan occasions, the Christmas eve of 1910, when Luisa Tetrazzini sang in the open air at this point to a crowd estimated at 100,000, out of affection for the city that had shown her the first great public appreciation. The fountain dates from 1875. The tablet, designed by Haig Patigan, the sculptor, was unveiled March 24, 1912.

This is the scene of an annually recurring open air music festival. Chambellan, Pasquali and other great artists sang at this point on Christmas eve 1911 and 1912, and Kubelik, the violinist, has played here.

At the corner of Mason street is another good thing by Tilden, the so-called "*Native Sons Monument*," dedicated to the Native Sons of the Golden West by former Mayor James D. Phelan. It commemorates the admission of California into the Union in 1850.

More of Tilden's work stands at the foot of Van Ness avenue, about opposite the Masonic Temple building. This is the *Soldier's Monument*, erected by the citizens of San Francisco to the California Volunteers in the Spanish war.

At City Hall avenue and McAllister streets stands at present a bronze statue of Hall McAllister, "A Leader of the California Bar." It is by M. Earl Cummings.

Marshall Square, opening from the north side of Market street opposite Eighth, to the site of the City Hall, is adorned by the James Lick *Monument to the Pioneers*, executed by Frank Happersberger, a San Francisco sculptor.

This monument is worth visiting for its fine portrayals, in relief, of Western life and illustrations of California history.

On the Market street side of the Lick monument is a highly ornamented bronze cannon taken from the Spaniards at Santiago de Cuba.

One of the elevations beyond the end of Market street, known as *Mount Olympus*, is surmounted by a colossal statue of Liberty, erected by the late Adoph Sutro.

Golden Gate Park contains many fine statues. A monument to William McKinley, representing "Peace," the work of Robert I. Aitken, stands at the entrance to the Panhandle. Another to Francis Scott Key, author of the Star Spangled Banner, just to the southeast of the Music Concourse, was given by James Lick; it is the composition of the late W. W. Story, the famous American sculptor. The Ball Player by Douglas Tilden attracts much attention. Near it is a figure of Robert Burns, by M. Earl Cummings.

Maj. Gen. Henry W. Halleck, who was acting secretary of California during the military occupation of early days and who became commander in chief of the United States Army from 1862 to 1864, is represented by a bronze bust by G. Conrades. There is also a bust of General Grant by R. Schmid.

There is a life size bronze of Thomas Starr King, the San Francisco clergyman that represented the cause of the Union during the Civil War, not only in California but in England as well. It is by the famous sculptor D. C. French.

Junipero Serra, with uplifted cross, father of the California Missions, is a commanding figure. This is by Douglas Tilden. Then there is the Goethe and Schiller monument, by Lauchhammer, the Prayer Book Cross on the height, designed by Ernest Coxhead, and commemorating the first English religious service on the coast; the monument to Garfield, by Frank Happersberger; and the Wine Press, by Thomas Shields Clark, in front of the Museum; one of the most enjoyable bits of humor in the Park.

The Stevenson monument in Portsmouth Square, surmounted by the golden galleon and bearing on its face the quotation from his Christmas sermon, is the design, in general, of Bruce Porter, a San Francisco artist. The galleon was modeled by George Piper. This was the first monument ever erected to the author, whose memory San Franciscans have taken to their hearts since his sojourn here as of one of their native sons. The inscription reads:

To Remember Robert Louis Stevenson.

To be honest, to be kind, to earn a little, to spend a little less—to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence—to renounce when that shall be necessary and not be embittered—to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation—above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself, here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy.

Portsmouth Square (see index) was one of Stevenson's loafing places. Here he found interesting bits of the city's life and human character, while enduring his poverty with just that fortitude of which the stone now speaks and "keeping friends with himself on the same grim condition" that he laid down the others.

In Washington Square, between Union and Filbert, Stockton and Powell streets, is one of the series of Cogswell monuments, with a statue of Benjamin Franklin.

A fine thing by M. Earl Cummings is the bronze figure of the old man drinking from his hand at the pool in the little triangle of green cut off from this park by the slant of Columbus avenue.

In Union Square the Dewey monument, San Francisco's Column of Victory, by Robert I. Aitken, celebrates the battle of Manila Bay.

In the downtown section of the city so few old landmarks survived the fire that those which did escape are the dearer

for their rarity. There were some residences on Russian Hill, some old houses in the Fort Mason military reservation, in one of which Senator Broderick died of the wound he received in a duel with Judge Terry in 1859; the Appraisers' building on Sansome street between Washington and Jackson; the old *Parrott* building at the northwest corner of Montgomery and California streets, built in 1852, of granite shaped and squared in China and put up in San Francisco by Chinese workmen; the Temple Emanu El, on Sutter street, whose towers once bore the turnip-shaped Oriental domes that became a sort of insignia of San Francisco in every typical picture of the city; St. Francis' church at Columbus avenue and Vallejo street, built in 1859, and "Old St. Mary's" at California street and Grant avenue, built in 1854, "*Old St. Mary's*," as most San Franciscans affectionately call it, is the oldest church edifice in the city, except the Mission Dolores. It succeeded St. Francis' church as the cathedral, and was the scene of the labors of Archbishop Alemany, whose portrait appears in one of the stained glass windows of the vestibule, opposite that of Padre Junipero Serra. Here the fine copy of Murillo's Immaculate Conception, flanked by a St. Michael and an Annunciation, help produce a most devotional atmosphere, just where the commercial part of the city meets the Chinese quarter.

On Nob Hill, in California street between Mason and Cushman streets, is the brown stone mansion that formerly belonged to James C. Flood, the Comstock millionaire. Somewhat enlarged, it is now the spacious and beautiful home of the Pacific Union Club.

Besides these, there is the *Montgomery Block*, on the east side of Montgomery street, between Merchant and Washington, which, through some strange freak of the air drafts, entirely escaped the flames. It dates from 1853, having been built by the law firm of Halleck, Peachy, Billings & Park. The first named member of the firm became distinguished later as Major General Henry W. Halleck, the original of the statue in Golden Gate Park.

"TREASURE ISLAND."

Coppa's restaurant, with its black cats and Bohemians on the walls, and other vagaries of the artists that foregathered there, was in the southern or Merchant street corner of the Montgomery Block. And in the northern corner still remains one living, organic relic, not merely of the city that was, before the great fire of 1906, but of the older mining-camp city of the "fifties"—the *Bank Exchange* saloon, with its old steel engravings, its pavement laid in 1852 of marble slabs that came around the Horn, its walnut bar whose front moulding has been worn down to one smooth bevel by the coat-sleeves of the countless bankers, brokers and adventurers that have rested there for their social glass, its Wedgwood handled beer pumps, its sedate mirrors, its silver bell wine-cooler, souvenir of the days when "Bell of Moscow" champagne was the favorite tipple of its frequenters.

This has been no common bar. In its day it was a focus of activity in the seething young city. It was in the heart of town. William Tecumseh Sherman had a bank nearby. It was while crossing the corner in front of the Bank Exchange on May 14, 1856, that James King of William was shot down by James P. Casey—a murder that led to the uprising of the Vigilance Committee of that year.

Before the Stock and Exchange Board was organized in 1862, the Bank Exchange was the rendezvous of the stock brokers, and here they transacted most of their business. Lawyers, doctors, engineers, members of the professions, dropped in to meet the leading men of the young community and hear the news of the day.

Bret Harte and Mark Twain knew this place well.

In later days a dark, thin-faced, quiet man came to haunt a certain corner. Usually he stood at the west end of the bar with his back against the wall, in conversation by the hour with E. J. Moore, attorney for Adolph Sutro. The thin man was not much of a talker, but he was a grand listener, and here he absorbed the lore of what he later declared to be the most romantic city in America. His lodging during part of

the time was just across the corner, at 8 Montgomery avenue —Mrs. Hunt's. You can not find it, for the building of the Fugazi Banca Popolare Operaia Italiana stands on the site. But that a place of so much local atmosphere and such associations should have escaped the searching mind of Robert Louis Stevenson is not to be imagined.

The financial center has moved away from Washington and Montgomery streets. The Bank Exchange is close pressed by the Latin quarter. An Italian syndicate owns the building. But right at his post behind the slab of sleeve-worn walnut, in spite of the earthquake and fire and the changes of time, you may find Duncan Nicol, with his recollections, and his old-time skill, and his pince-nez hung on his ear, less barkeep' than apothecary, compounding the same tried prescriptions that gladdened the ways of the past.

LONE MOUNTAIN, AND THE OLD CEMETERIES

From various heights the visitor sees, in the northern part of the city and about on the median line of the peninsula, a rounded hill, surmounted by a tall cross. On the slopes of Lone Mountain, many of the great adventurers that built San Francisco made their last camp in the west. About it, on all four sides, lie those dim old gardens of the dead, Calvary, Laurel Hill, and the Masonic and Odd Fellows cemeteries. Some, in places, have gone partly back to nature. Burial in them was prohibited by the Board of Supervisors in 1900, and in 1912 the Board declared its intention to order them vacated. But while they remain they are worth a visit for their associations, their surroundings, and the softened and winsome beauty that time has put upon them.

Lone Mountain rises to a height of 468 feet, between St. Rose's avenue on the north, (one block south of Geary street), Turk street on the south, Masonic avenue on the east and Parker avenue on the west, within the quadrangle formed by

the four old burial places. It affords one of the finest views of the city. To ascend, the best approach is at the southwest corner, which can be reached by taking the *Geary Street Municipal Railway to Parker avenue, and walking a block south, or the McAllister street car, No. 5, and walking a block north.* The cemeteries about it can be reached by the same cars—*Laurel Hill cemetery* more conveniently by taking the *California street cable to Presidio avenue, or a Sutter street car, Lines 1 or 2,* which pass the entrance.

The prospect from the top of Lone Mountain is an almost uninterrupted cyclorama of San Francisco.

It was of Lone Mountain that San Francisco's poet, Bret Harte, wrote:

This is that hill of awe
That Persian Sindbad saw,—
The mount magnetic;
And on its seaward face,
Scattered along its base.
The wrecks prophetic.

* * * * * *

This is the end of all;
Sun thyself by the wall,
O poorer Hindbad!
Envy not Sindbad's fame:
Here come alike the same,
Hindbad and Sindbad.

Calvary, the Roman Catholic cemetery, lies on the eastern buttress of the hill, between Geary and Turk streets, Masonic and St. Joseph's avenues. All about it the city bears the stamp of perennial, striving youth; but here is a place consecrated and apart, where one feels the past, and the sweet peace of age. Weathered headstones totter in the shade of ancient willows and cypress, and the air is perfumed with the breath of lupins and old Castilian roses.

At the eastern end you will find the family vault of W. S. O'Brien, of the bonanza mining firm of Flood & O'Brien; of William Sharon, where Mrs. Sharon lies, though he is buried

in Laurel Hill; of the Dunphys, the Shirleys, the De Laveages; and the tomb of Peter Donahue, connected with such early industrial enterprises as the founding of the Union Iron Works and what is now the Northwestern Pacific Railway, and his son, James Mervyn Donahue, who gave San Francisco the monument to "Mechanics" that greets the visitor at Bush and Battery streets.

Even here they offer hospitality in the city of their pride, for one can mount by granite stairs to the roof of the Donahue mausoleum and get a close view of one of the most populous parts of San Francisco.

Laurel Hill, known to the older San Franciscans as Lone Mountain Cemetery, lies on the north flank of Lone Mountain, between California street, Presidio and Parker avenues, and the south side of the private property lying toward Geary street. The *California street cable line ends at its northeast corner, and the Sutter and Clement line, No. 2, passes its main entrance* on Presidio avenue at the head of Bush street. It is open from 7 a. m. to 5 p. m.

"Lone Mountain Cemetery," as Laurel Hill is still called by the older San Franciscans, is peculiarly the necropolis of San Francisco, and the repository of many historical data.

On stone and mausoleum are chiseled memorials of all stages of the city's life.

Here is the grave of Edward Gilbert, first editor of the "Alta California." Near the southeast corner of the cemetery is a plain shaft bearing the inscription:

> Thomas J. Nevins. The Board of Education and Citizens of San Francisco unite in erecting this monument to his memory as the Founder of Common Schools in this City and State, and as the first Superintendent of Common Schools in San Francisco.

Here are souvenirs of that great uprising of the "people in arms," the Vigilance Committee of 1856. Up Greenwood avenue, past the lodge and just beyond the grave of Mortimer Fulton, "Chief Engineer of the Pacific Mail Steamship, Golden Age," who died in 1856, is a small hill encircled with an

iron fence overgrown by its laurestina hedge, with a white obelisk to James King of William, whose murder by James P. Casey provoked the resort to extra-legal public defense. Near by is the grave of Col. Richardson, the victim of Charles Cora, hanged by the Vigilantes with Casey. They hanged Cora largely because they feared that the eloquence of his counsel, Col. E. D. Baker, killed at Ball's Bluff during the civil war, and also buried in Laurel Hill, might secure him an acquittal.

One tomb is worthy to be a shrine of childhood; that of Robert B. Woodward, the shrewd and kindly Rhode Island Yankee that made a fortune providing rough comfort for miners and ranchers in the old "*What Cheer House*" at Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets, and put a large part of it into a fairyland for children in "the Mission." Old timers that got their money's worth at his homely hotel, and San Franciscans of this generation whose childhood recollections are the brighter for memories of *Woodward's Gardens* will recall his name with affection, though both gardens and hotel are gone.

Here also is the tomb of Dr. Hugh H. Toland, founder of Toland Medical College, which he "transferred by unconditional gift to the University of California, and thereby established its Department of Medicine," and of Elias Cooper, "who founded Cooper Medical College, A. D. 1872"; now the medical department of Stanford University.

Thos. O. Larkin, Silas W. Sanderson, Lorenzo Sawyer, Horace Hawes, A. A. Sargent, Hall McAllister, John F. Miller, are some of the familiar names in politics and the law. Col. John W. Geary is buried here, the last Alcalde and first Mayor of San Francisco. The family tomb of Milton S. Latham, one of California's early governors is one of the finest in this cemetery.

Capt. Joseph L. Folsom, who first suggested the name of "San Francisco" for the little hamlet on the bay shore, is buried in Laurel Hill. Arthur Page Brown, architect of the Ferry building, a man that profoundly affected the style

of architecture in San Francisco, found his last resting place here. There are names well known in finance, such as William H. Dimond and Peder Sather; and Isaac Friedlander, whose monument bears a sheaf of wheat in token of the part he played in the world movement of the cereal when San Francisco saw the grain ships leave her port at the average rate of one a day. Here again are great names of the Comstock epoch: William C. Ralston, who founded the Bank of California and built the Palace Hotel, and William Sharon, United States Senator, and genius of ore milling; and Senator Fair, partner of John W. Mackay.

On a knoll amid the more important mausoleums is a monument to Senator David C. Broderick, that "Senator of the Fifties" who was killed in a duel with Judge Terry in early days, and over whose bier Col. E. D. Baker pronounced a notable funeral oration. The western spirit of democracy speaks from the stone, which bears the name of Broderick between the words "Mechanic" and "Senator."

At the far western end are German, Scandinavian and French plats; and the graves of three Japanese sailors, to which the march of events in the Pacific have given a peculiar historical interest. The headstone of the central one reads:

> In memory of Me-Nay-Kee-Tchee, who died May 20, 1860. A Japanese sailor attached to Steam Corvette "Candinmarrah," the first Japanese vessel that visited any foreign port. This monument is erected by order of the Emperor of Japan, by Charles Wolcott Brooks.

Odd Fellows' Cemetery lies directly west of Lone Mountain, between Parker avenue and Arguello boulevard, Turk and Geary streets. The columbarium is a beautiful structure, in a buoyant and joyous spirit, with a fine dome, good mosaics, and an interior illuminated by stained glass windows some of which are of a high order of merit. The two galleries of alcoves are designated, on the first tier, by the Greek names of the winds, and on the second by the names of the constellations as they appeared at the hour of the dedication of the building. The architect was B. J. S. Cahill.

Masonic Cemetery lies south of Lone Mountain, between Turk and Fulton streets, Masonic and Parker avenues. There are some fine mausoleums here, especially the Wieland tomb in the southwest corner. A humble grave contains the dust of Emperor Norton, that strange figure of the older city, whose only empire was in his own touched brain and the hearts of his San Francisco subjects.

By far the most quaint and interesting object in this enclosure is the grey granite pyramid, about eight feet in height, toward the southeast corner, marking the grave of Hugh Whittell, pioneer. Its naive inscriptions read:

All you that chance this grave to see,
If you can read English may learn by me.
I traveled, read and studied, mankind to know,
And what most interested them here below.
The present or the future state and love of power.
Envy, fear, love or hate occupied each wakeful hour.
All would teach, but few would understand,
The greater part know little of either God or Man.
Love one another, a very good maxim all agreed,
Learn, labor and wait, if you would succeed.

In the five divisions of the world I have been.
The cities of Peking and Constantinople I have seen,
On the first railway I rode before others were made,
Saw the first telegraph operate, so useful to trade,
In the first steamship the Atlantic I crossed,
Suffered six shipwrecks where lives were lost.
In the first steamer to California I did sail,
And went to China by the first Pacific Mail,
After many endeavors my affairs to fix,
A short time I will occupy less than two by six.

MISSION DOLORES.

Located on the west side of Dolores street, between Sixteenth and Seventeenth. Open every day from 10 a. m. to 5 p. m.

Market street line, No. 8, transfer at Church street to Fillmore and Sixteenth line, No. 22, and get off at Sixteenth street.

This is San Francisco's only very old building, interesting

as a memorial of the first white men on the peninsula and interesting also for some of the graves in the little vine-tangled cemetery under its south wall.

The Mission was established in 1776, the year of the Declaration of Independence, no echo of which, we may suppose, reached it for years, and then merely as an affair of

ORIENTAL SECTION PORTOLA PARADE, PASSING MISSION DOLORES.

a foreign people. Junipero Serra blessed and consecrated it as the northernmost of the California missions; although others were established at San Rafael and Sonoma several years afterward.

The building itself dates from 1782. The walls are four feet thick, built of adobe, the sun-dried bricks of the Spanish pioneers, as the deep embrasures of the windows show. Two circumstances indicate that it must have been considered the most important of the missions; its main altar is the finest among

them all; and it bears the name of the founder of the Franciscan order, San Francisco d' Assisi, to which order had been entrusted the civilizing of California.

Against the northern wall is a large painted screen, built in sections, symbolizing the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist. This screen was placed in front of the altar at the celebration of the Eucharist, once a year. Near the entrance, set in the red-baked tiles of the floor, is the marble slab that marks the tomb of the Noe family, Spanish grantees and grandees of the days "before the Gringo came."

There are three bells in the facade, hanging by ropes of plaited rawhide; two are cracked, and one has lost its tongue. These, though mute, are the Mission carillon of which Bret Harte wrote:

Bells of the past, whose long-forgotten music
Still fills the wide expanse,
Tingeing the sober twilight of the present
With color of romance,

I hear you call, and see the sun descending
On rock, and wave and sand,
As down the Coast the Mission voices blending
Girdle the heathen land.

Borne on the swell of your long waves receding,
I touch the farther Past,—
I see the dying glow of Spanish glory,
The sunset dream and last!

Before me rise the dome-shaped Mission towers,
The white Presidio;
The swart commander in his leathern jerkin,
The priest in stole of snow.

Once more I see Portola's cross uplifting
Above the setting sun;
And past the headland, northward, slowly drifting,
The freighted galleon.

The ceiling and ceiling beams retain the decorations of red and white paint the Indians put on them over 100 years ago.

Within a short while after its founding the Mission had 814 Indian communicants. The Rev. Walter Colton, in his "Three

Years in California," says that in 1825 its wealth had grown to 76,000 head of cattle, 950 tame horses, 2000 brood mares, 84 fine stud, 820 mules, 79,000 sheep, 2,000 hogs, 456 yoke of oxen, 18,000 bushels of wheat and barley, $35,000 in merchandise and $25,000 in cash. Today all that the residents of the neighborhood know of Indians is what they have seen

Weidner, photo.

INTERIOR OF THE MISSION DOLORES.

of them in Wild West shows, or read behind the lid of the desk in school. Very few representatives of the Spanish families of the valley are left; and the old establishment finds itself pressed upon by such modernity as the ball park, the High School, the Swedish Tabernacle and the Norwegian Lutheran church.

Among the myrtle vines and tottering willows of the cemetery are three graves of especial interest for their association with San Francisco history.

One is the tomb of Don Luis Antonio Arguello, first governor of Alta California under the Mexican regime; born in San Francisco, in 1784, and brother to that Concepcion de Arguello whose sad romance with the Russian, Resanov, Bret Harte and Gertrude Atherton have embalmed in verse and story.

Another is "Sacred to the memory of James P. Casey, who departed this life May 22, 1856; aged 27 years." The inscription in no way discloses the grim fact that on that date he was hanged by the Vigilance Committee at *Fort Gunnybags* on Sacramento street, for the murder of James King of William.

And another stone is "Sacred to the memory of James Sullivan, who died by the hands of the V. C. May 31, 1856, aged 45 years." This inscription is not literally true, although it might have been, for this was "Yankee Sullivan," world's champion pugilist of his day, who suffered the solitude of his plank cell in that same Fort Gunnybags, and heard the grim conferences, and the midnight alarms, and the guards moving to and fro, and the prisoners brought in and taken out again, until terror bested him and he killed himself.

The great parade of the Portola festival of 1909 was halted before the Mission, while the modern representative of Don Gaspar de Portola saluted the modern representatives of the Padres.

In the parked space in front of the Mission is a bell marking the road as *El Camino Real*, the "Highway of the King" of Spain. It is the road of the Franciscan monks and the soldiers of Portola, the route of travel from the Mission at San Diego. Up this long way they came, in cassock and in cuera, in cowl and morion, advancing the sway of the Cross and the frontiers of the King, through the Salinas valley, by Monterey and up the San Francisco peninsula, and their route is dotted with missions—San Gabriel, Santa Barbara, San Luis Obispo, San Miguel Archangel, San Antonio de Padua, Soledad, San Carlos, Carmel, Santa Clara, San Juan Bautista, Santa Cruz and many more. The sign board declares that this is the

"Mision de los Dolores, dedicated to San Francisco de Assisi, Oct. 9, 1776." Here, then, we have the origin of the name and the beginning of San Francisco, almost at the end of the northward march of the Padres.

CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND, GOLDEN GATE PARK.

GOLDEN GATE PARK.

From Stanyan street, three miles westward to the Pacific Ocean, and from Lincoln Way on the south 2,500 feet northward to Fulton street; with a "Panhandle" a block wide, between Oak and Fell streets, carrying the Main Drive eastward eight blocks to Baker street.

Turk & Eddy car, Line No. 4; McAllister No. 5, Hayes No. 6; Haight No. 7; or Geary Street Municipal Railroad, marked A.

This is the great park of the United States, the crowning achievement in providing the people of a city with gardens and forests and lakes and streams and waterfalls of their own,

Lathe, photo.

ON STOW LAKE, IN GOLDEN GATE PARK.

within city limits. Nothing like it in extent and in loveliness exists in any other American municipality.

There are 1013 acres in this Park, and the area contains long drives, walks, lakes with row boats, hills with fine prospects from their summits, nine baseball diamonds, six baseball fields, a dozen tennis courts, handball courts, a bowling green, the most completely equipped children's playground to be found anywhere, a thirty-acre stadium, with a trotting horse speedway 60 feet wide and an infield for all sorts of field sports; bear, deer, buffalo, kangaroo, elk, Alaskan moose, the largest windmill in the world, the only vessel that ever sailed through the Northwest Passage, and thousands of varieties of plant life, from the Pulu fern of Hawaii to the Norway maples that take on autumn tints in spring—for the Park corresponds and exchanges with every botanical garden of any size in the world.

Here one sees the healthy life and leisure of the community. San Franciscans use their park. The drives swarm with fine equipages, fast motors, and ruddy-faced lovers of good horseflesh bound for the speedway in wire-wheeled sulkies. Youth rides the bridle paths. Groups of children are rolling and tumbling about the lawns, for there is not a "Keep-off-the Grass" sign in the whole thousand acres.

The Main Drive, including the part in the Panhandle is 4½ miles long. There is usually a surrey near the Stanyan street entrance that will take you around the drives at the rate of a dollar an hour, and another at the Eighth avenue gateway. Automobiles for Park service are to be had from any of the downtown hotels, or auto livery stands. But if you would see the Park properly, walk. Take a day for it and you will wish the time were longer.

Entering by the Main Drive from the Panhandle, you pass, on your right, the pretty stone and tile-roofed lodge of the superintendent, John McLaren, to whom is due most of the credit for the transformation of the sand dunes into this place of beauty. McLaren is recognized abroad as one of the great park managers of the world, and has been put in charge of

the landscape gardening for the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

The Conservatories are worth a visit for they contain a great collection of orchids, palms, ferns, water lilies, cycads, lycopods and a profusion of flowering things too numerous to name.

Northeastward of the Conservatories is the Arizona Garden, of cactus and yucca and flowering aloe. There is usually a "century plant" in bloom here.

The North Ridge drive swings around from behind the conservatories, and opposite its junction with the Main Drive the trail takes off to the left, for the Aviary. Here are gorgeous pheasants, cockatoos, Alaskan ptarmigan, great California eagles and a riot of winged life.

BUFFALO HERD.

Beyond the Aviary, southwestwardly, is the Buffalo paddock, containing what "Buffalo Bill" declared to be one of the finest herds of American bison in existence.

South of the Buffalo paddock, turn back on the Main Drive to the eastward. At this end of the Park, joined by winding roads, are grouped the tennis courts, the baseball grounds, the croquet grounds, the bowling green, and the children's quarters with the playground apparatus, donkey drives and other juvenile delights. Simple refreshments are provided here at low prices.

Lake Alvord with its fountain is opposite the Haight and Stanyan street entrance to the Park.

The Bear garden contains some fine specimens. Nearby, to the westward, is the deer park, and farther on, the Arboretum. Beyond that, still further westward, is the large glen where range fine herds of elk, the noble animal showing here in his perfection, for California is his natural home.

Everyone should visit the Memorial Museum. For description, see index.

Broad steps lead down to the floor of *Concert Valley*, where, in the elmy shades before the Temple of Music, the Sunday afternoon crowds hear selections by a fine band. Concerts begin here at 2 p. m. on Sundays and holidays.

The *Temple of Music* is the gift of Claus Spreckels.

In the *Japanese Tea Garden* have been exercised the arts of generations of garden lovers. Tiny rivulets, intricately cramped and baffled in their course, make tinkling waterfalls, and then quiet down into turbid little lakes crossed by quaint bridges and stepping-stones. About their margins

A BIT OF JAPAN, IN GOLDEN GATE PARK.

stand Buddha lanterns of stone and pottery, and old bronze cranes forever peering for fish. Odd-looking Asiatic pines and cedars stretch level arms above. Trees, dwarfed in porcelain jars, have been bent back, bound down, contorted, distorted, artificialized into strange organic pictures and living ornament.

If it is Spring, you will catch some of the wonder of the Cherry Blossom festival of Nippon; and with the cherry blossoms will be those of the flowering quince, peach and plum, cultivated not for their fruit but for the dazzling bloom that sets thick on every bough.

Stow Lake, beyond the Japanese garden, is not only good landscape gardening, but quite remarkable engineering. It consists of a broad sheet of water poured around the base of Strawberry Hill, 428 feet high, which is thereby turned into an island, accessible by two bridges. There is a boat house at the lake's western end, where boats can be hired at a nominal charge. Two piers here are used by the San Francisco Fly-Casting club.

Swans glide on the waters, and during the winter months there may be a thousand old emerald-headed mallard drakes and their sedately garbed mates poking about among the lily pads, secure from the gunner and making fine weather of it. In spring the mother ducks will tow fleets of little ones around the lake after them.

From the top of Strawberry Hill the Farallone Islands can often be seen.

HUNTINGTON FALLS.

Quail abound, and little jewel-eyed rabbits. At the eastern end of the hill are *Huntington Falls*, which tumble from a reservoir near the top. Amid the spray at the foot of their descent, in a singularly beautiful nook, grow magnolias, rock maples, and tree ferns.

Directly north of Stow Lake boat-house, on a bluff overlooking the Main Drive, stands the *Prayer Book Cross*, of ancient Celtic design. It is a massive piece of masonry, forty feet high, and was erected at the expense of the late George W. Childs of the Philadelphia Public Ledger, under the auspices of the Episcopal Diocese of Northern California, to commemorate the first religious service in the English language on the Pacific Coast; held by Drake's chaplain in 1579 on the shore of Drake's Bay, north of the Golden Gate.

Nothing could exceeed the delicate beauty of *Lloyd Lake*, with its graveled margins and flowering banks, its *Portals of the Past* flanked by Irish yews, and reflected from its shining surface. It is just on your right, near the Main Drive as you travel westward.

The doorway belonged to the A. N. Towne residence, on Nob Hill.

One can leave the Main Drive beyond the first bend west of Lloyd Lake, take the bridle path to the left and reach the *Stadium*, where games and races are held.

The bridle path will take you back to the Main Drive near Spreckels Lake, a broad and fine sheet of water, where one can see regattas of model yachts.

Following the Main Drive still westward one emerges on the Great Highway, between one of the Dutch windmills and the historic sloop Gjoa, with the U. S. Life Saving Station in the corner just to the northward.

THE LARGEST WINDMILL.

This windmill at the northwest corner of the Park, is the one first constructed. It cost $25,000 and has a capacity of 30,000 gallons an hour in a fresh breeze. Its model is the type used in Holland. The water pumped is fresh, from a strong flow seaward under the Park and the lands adjacent, and the sails lift it into Stow Lake.

The other *Dutch windmill* at the southwest corner of the Park, is the largest ever built. Samuel G. Murphy gave $20,000 to construct and equip it. Its two arms are 114 feet long, or 57 feet from center to tip; of Oregon pine, two feet thick in the middle and eight inches at the ends. It pumps 40,000 gallons an hour.

The object of main interest at the west end of the Park is the sloop *Gjoa* (pronounced Yoah) nested in rock and protected by an iron fence, just inside the Great Highway. This is the only vessel that ever sailed through the Northwest Passage, having been navigated on that occasion by Capt. Roald Amundsen, discoverer of the South Pole, who presented her to San Francisco in care of the Park Commissioners on June 16, 1909.

We have now traversed the Park in a general way, from one end to the other and indicated its most conspicuous fea-

tures. But some of its greatest beauty is in its inconspicuous ones. If you wander back afoot you will discover for yourself more charm and delight than we could ever tell you. It is a "miracle of rare device" and growing more beautiful with every day's work done for its improvement; the particular pride of the people of San Francisco, the greatest park in America, one of the great parks of the world.

TREE FERNS IN GOLDEN GATE PARK.

GOLDEN GATE PARK MEMORIAL MUSEUM AND ART GALLERY.

Situated in Golden Gate Park, south of the Tenth avenue entrance. Open from 10 a. m., to 4 p. m.; and on Saturdays, Sundays and holidays until 5 p. m. Admittance free.

Turk & Eddy car, Line No. 4, to terminus at Eighth avenue and Fulton street; or McAllister street car, Line No. 5 to same point; or Geary Street Municipal Railroad to Tenth avenue entrance.

If you enter at Eighth avenue, turn to the right, and walk in the direction of the Music Stand, past the monuments to Starr King, Junipero Serra and General Grant. The Museum is in the Egyptian temple, among the palm trees, on the right. If you enter from the Geary Street Municipal road, at Tenth avenue, go to the left, and pass under the big stone bridge.

This museum is the best possible monument to the public

MEMORIAL MUSEUM, GOLDEN GATE PARK.

spirit of the people of San Francisco. It has never had a purchasing fund, and yet, beginning as a small collection bought with proceeds of the California Midwinter International Exposition, held in the Park in 1894, it has grown by loan and gift until it comprises works of art and specimens of the crafts valued at many million dollars, and relics and documents that are beyond all price.

It has a large natural history collection. Its art gallery contains authentic works by Leonardo da Vinci, Dupre, Dau-

bigny, Millet; and copies of some fine works of old masters.

A history of San Francisco could almost be written from the contents of its *Pioneer Hall*, brought together by the industry of the curator, Prof. George H. Barron.

There are priceless collections of ancient oriental carvings. There are relics of Napoleon that can not be found elsewhere. There are ethnological exhibits from the South Pacific and from Alaska that could hardly have been collected in so short a time at any other city than this focus of Pacific trade.

Three thousand people, at this writing, are visiting the building on week days, and over 25,000 on Sundays.

The *Natural History* collection is in the upper galleries. Don't fail to see the cases of butterflies, moths and birds. To the right, on the ground floor, are the *Colonial Rooms*, and to the left *Pioneer Hall*, with portraits and mementoes of the Pioneers, and with a complete set of paintings of the Missions of California.

Statuary Hall contains some beautiful sculptures by Randolph Rogers, and W. W. Story. The latter's "Saul" is much admired.

In the *Church Room* are carvings, shrines, tabernacles, and a slipper of Pope Pius IX.

The *Basket Room* contains a great collection of Indian basketry.

The *Mineral Room* is extremely interesting, as one would expect in the leading mining state.

The *Art Galleries* contain fine portrayals of California subjects, by such local artists as Keith, Thomas Hill, Gamble, Cadenasso, Julian Rix, Theodore Wores, Lucia Matthews, Arthur Matthews, Xavier Martinez, Charles Rollo Peters, Oscar Kunauth, M. Evelyn McCormack, Joseph Raphael, E. G. Stanson, Piazzoni, Tavernier, Neuhaus, Jules Pages and many more that found a peculiar stimulus in California conditions and scenes.

The room farthest west, of the art galleries, contains some celebrated canvases—"A Saint at Prayer" by Leonardo da

IN STATUARY HALL, MEMORIAL MUSEUM.

Vinci; a landscape by Charles Francois Daubigny and a "Twilight" by Jules Dupre, and between them hangs a painting of sheep by Jean Francois Millet.

There are fine tapestries and ancient furniture in the *Tapestry Room.* The *Armor Room* illustrates the evolution of modern arms, and some of the antique armor here is very beautiful.

Oriental Hall contains some of the most curious and beautiful objects to be found. In addition to exquisite Chinese, Japanese and East Indian works of art, there is the lacquered saddle presented by the Mikado to General Grant; and high on the south and west walls an object of great interest and affection to San Franciscans: the great *Chinese processional dragon* borne in parades and festivals on the heads of half a hundred swaying Chinese, before the days of the Chinese Republic. Its last appearance was in the Portola parade.

Egyptian Hall, *Textile Hall*, and the room devoted to *Ceramics* are all very interesting.

The *Royal Bavarian Pavilion* contains the *Jewel Hall*, the ceiling of which is modeled on one in the royal palace at Munich. The carved rock crystals, oriental jade scepters and dagger handles, and other bits of art work are no less than fascinating.

At the entrance to the *Napoleon Room*, which contains many authentic relics of the Emperor, is the *gold medal*

presented to San Francisco by the Republic of France to commemorate the rebuilding of the city.

THE SAN FRANCISCO INSTITUTE OF ART.

Situated at the southeast corner of California and Mason streets, on the former site of the Hopkins mansion.

Powell, California or Sacramento street cars.

Open daily, except Sundays, from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Admittance free on Tuesdays and Saturdays; on other days, 25 cents.

The galleries offer a treat to art lovers. There are over 300 paintings, statues and other works of art in the collection. Attendance at the Institute of Art and the *School of Design* here conducted by the San Francisco Art Association is among the largest at institutions of the kind. The Hopkins mansion was deeded to the Regents of the University of California in trust for the Art Association by Edward F. Searles of Methuen, Mass., and became known as the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art of the University of California. It was destroyed by the conflagration of 1906, but within little more than a year, the Association succeeded in erecting a building on the old foundations, and reopened the school with all its departments. In view of the fact that the memorial buildings of the Mark Hopkins Institute had been obliterated, it was decided to call it thereafter the San Francisco Institute of Art.

Among the more notable attractions of the galleries is an unusual collection by the German painters of the last century, including Piloty's painting of "Wallenstein on his Way to the Castle of Egger"; "Portrait of the Artist," by Franz von Lenbach; two admirable examples of Schreyer's "Arab Horsemen"; and others by Wagner, Weber and Liebermann.

The French painters are represented by several drawings and water colors, the work of such famous artists as Berne-Bellecour; Rosa Bonheur, who is represented by a fine paint-

ing of a "Lioness and Cubs"; Meissonier, De Neuville and Millet. There are two landscapes in oil by Pelouse, an example of Van Marke's cattle, and another by Troyon; the "Call to Prayer" by Gerome, and the "Captives" by Constant.

The most important accession to the museum is the Emanuel Walter collection, which came in the nature of a bequest from Emanuel Walter, and represents his gleanings through Europe. The catalogue shows a landscape by Constable, three pieces by Corot, a battle piece by Camphausen, a landscape by Chintreuil, a head by Van Kaulbach, and other pieces by Bouguereau, Alma-Tadema, Jean Francois Millet, Gustave Dore, Landseer, L'Hermitte, and many more of note.

Paintings by such Californians as Keith, Dickman, Julian Rix and Thomas Hill, including Arthur Matthews' fine historical piece, the "Discovery of the Bay of San Francisco by Portola," have been presented by Mrs. Benjamin F. Avery, Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst, Hon. James D. Phelan, Mr. Edward F. Searles and others.

The building is temporary. The Institute is to have its permanent home in the civic center. (See index.)

MUSEUM OF ANTHROPOLOGY (THE HEARST COLLECTIONS.)

Situated in the westerly building of the *Affiliated Colleges* of the University of California. Admittance free. Open from 10 a. m., to 4 p. m., daily except Monday. The Affiliated Colleges are on Parnassus avenue opposite Second and Third avenues, with a grand outlook northward across the Park and the Golden Gate.

Hayes street car, Line No. 6.

This is the largest museum of its kind west of Chicago, and one of the most complete anthropological collections in the

world. Its existence is due almost entirely to the munificence of Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst, who laid out over a million dollars assembling it.

From Egypt, Greece, Italy and Peru and from all California, there have been brought together over 75,000 objects illustrating "Man and His Work." Costume, habitation, implements, ornament, arms and armor, processes and practices of

AFFILIATED COLLEGES, ACROSS GOLDEN GATE PARK.

men primitive and civilized, from rearing children to disposing of the dead, all find exemplification here, and the museum administration has adopted the device of giving free Sunday and holidays afternoon lectures at 3 o'clock, to make the understanding of the subject more general.

These lectures are unique. So also is the "revolving exhibit" of articles from different departments, on which the lectures are based, and which are changed every two months.

The present value of the collection is in the neighborhood of $5,000,000. It has been brought together out of the labors

of such practical archeologists as Dr. Reisner, Max Uhle, and Dr. Alfred Emerson, and is under the care of Prof. A. L. Kroeber.

The main halls are the *Greek Hall*, the *Peruvian Hall*, the *Revolving Exhibit Hall*, the *Egyptian Hall*, which is also the auditorium, seating about 125 people; and the *California Indian Hall*, which is the largest of all and contains what is probably the most complete collection of *Indian basketry* in existence, including fish traps, storage baskets, head dresses and other rare and interesting examples of Indian weaving.

The *California Indian Hall* contains, besides the basketry, some fine redwood canoes, and the elk-horn wedges with which the primitive workmen split and dug them out. In all the cases hang small maps of California showing the location of the tribes represented by the different articles. On the shores of San Francisco bay there have been over 450 shell mounds, the kitchen middens of Indians that lived here 3,000 years ago. These also have yielded their evidence of life, manners and conditions as they then existed.

There are beautiful specimens of ceramics from Greece and Italy, with bits of sculpture, bronze ornaments and pieces of bronze armor of the classic age. The Peruvian room contains implements not found elsewhere, and a good collection of Peruvian mummies and mummy jars. There is a singing bird made of clay.

To make this museum the more complete, there is connected with it a living example of an "uncontaminated" savage, in the person of *Ishi*, the Yana Indian from Tehama county. Ishi is the last of a vanished tribe, and has carried into the environment of a modern city the arts that men were compelled to use before civilization touched them. Other Indians build fires and light their pipes with parlor matches. Ishi uses the friction method, and you can see him at it, and understand how our cave-dwelling ancestors had to slave for the roughest necessities.

Probably there are very few Indians left in the country that can make a neat arrow-head or spear-head from a piece of flint. Ishi not only flakes arrow heads from obsidian, but even exercises his ancient art on such a refractory material as plate glass, chipping it into slender blades and long points for spearing fish. He has also built a dwelling in the grounds to show how it is done—a wigwam of lodge poles and leaves. Ishi is permanently attached to the museum staff, and exhibits his skill for the edification of visitors.

This is an extremely valuable museum in an educational way, and contains a great mass of material not classified, from the South Seas, Alaska and other far places.

CALIFORNIA DEVELOPMENT BOARD; OFFICE, LECTURE ROOM AND EXHIBITION HALL.

Located in the Ferry building, foot of Market street. Open from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Entrance free. Visitors welcome.

Take any car down Market, Mission, Clay or Union street.

Here is probably the finest exhibit of fruits to be found. California is a great mineral state, but its orchards alone produce annually more wealth than all its mines, oil wells, quarries and cement plants—over $97,000,000. Its vineyards yielded, in 1912, $26,000,000 more. In the same year it grew over $146,000,000 worth of general farm and garden products, exclusive of the dairy output. Its forest products are worth about $30,000,000 annually. Olives and olive oil gave more than $2,360,000 in 1912. And for size, quality and perfection of appearance the samples on display in the exhibit of the Development Board are unrivaled.

The "processing" of fruit in transparent liquids so that it can be displayed in all its ripe perfection originated in California, and is understood by but a few experts here. The result of their scientific skill can be seen at its best in this exhibition hall. The wealth and diversity of the displays are bewildering.

Thirty-six counties send their finest examples of apples, peaches, prunes, nectarines, oranges, olives, pears, apricots, melons, grapes, nuts, corn, potatoes, beets, and similar products—a wider range, owing to the mildness of the California climate over a great sweep of territory, than any other state in the Union can exhibit.

The samples are shown in large glass jars or urns, exactly as they grow. Even alfalfa plants have been thus embalmed, so that their size and structure appear as they would in the field.

The object near the entrance, which nobody can pass without examination, is the large physical relief map of California. It is 18 feet long and seven feet wide, and spreads before you all the topographical features of the state, with the whole coast line and all the indentations.

This map may enable you to select your future home. "The San Joaquin valley, with seven million acres, and the Sacramento valley with four million acres of rich agricultural land, can give to 550,000 families a farm of twenty acres each, ample for their sustenance; to say nothing of the Santa Clara, Salinas, Napa, Sonoma and other rich valleys throughout the state. The rate of increase of California's population during the decade from 1900 to 1910 was 60.1 per cent larger than that of any state outnumbering her in population." Yet she has a density of but 15.2 persons to the square mile. Belgium has over 600; Rhode Island has 508; Massachusetts has 418; Illinois 100.

The Development Board keeps a complete file of Government agricultural bulletins, and soil and climate reports. It has literature on distribution about the resources and opportunities afforded by various sections of the state, from every county that publishes any. Its annual report is a *statistical survey* of California, which can be had for the asking. In addition there is a lecture hall, where lectures on various parts of California, illustrated with lantern slides, are delivered every 30 minutes from 1 to 4 o'clock during the afternoon. In 1912

the average attendance at these lectures was 500 a day. About fifteen counties send lecturers, to inform prospective settlers of their chances.

The Development Board has nothing to sell. The information furnished is impartial and disinterested, and is based on actual agricultural surveys by experts in the field. Information on California will be mailed by the Board to persons interested, on request.

STATE MINING BUREAU, LIBRARY, AND MINERAL MUSEUM.

Located in the Ferry building, foot of Market street. Open from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Entrance free. Visitors welcome.

Any car down Market, Mission, Clay or Union street.

As one of the world's great mining regions, California might be expected to maintain an important department of mines. And it does. To the tourist, the intending settler, or the experienced mining engineer, there are few places in San Francisco of greater interest than the State Mining Bureau.

The museum contains a most valuable and beautiful mineral collection. There are about 18,000 specimens, and they come from all over the globe, and beyond; for almost the first things one sees on entering are three large meteorites, or "falling stars." In the vestibule is a fine exhibit of California structural materials.

California has produced over one and a half billion dollars worth of gold since Marshall's discovery at Coloma in 1848. The year 1852 holds the record for output, with $81,000,000. The present yield is about $20,000,000 annually, the largest among the states.

Entering the museum one sees a complete working model of a five-stamp ore mill, which runs by electricity. On the walls are pictures of early scenes in the "diggings," with here

and there some such interesting relic as a primitive rocker for washing gold from the sand and gravel. There are pictures of the oil fields, and models of mines.

The long cases contain mining and geological specimens of quartz, of uncut diamonds, of nuggets, of beautiful agates, amethysts, tourmalines, beryl, kunzite, jasper, jade, aqua marines, opals, sapphires—all the gems one ever heard of. There is a clear quartz crystal weighing 106 pounds.

There are rare specimens of leaf and crystalline gold, and of silver found in the form of masses of wire, and in exquisitely foliated shapes, like ferns done in frost. There are stalactites tinted with copper to the green shade of falling water, and others that look like growths of bronze. There is probably no mineral worth the mention that is not represented here.

Two glass bell jars cover models of Australian nuggets about the size of small valises. Of the 25,000 visitors that register annually, a very respectable percentage inquires if they are solid gold. They are not.

There is also a model of the nugget James W. Marshall found in the race of Sutter's mill on the American river, the little pellet that started the gold rush.

One could spend several delightful hours in the mineral museum. In addition, there is the mining and metallurgical library, a quite exhaustive collection of the best works in this field of knowledge, and there is a well equipped laboratory. This is the head office of the state's Department of Mines.

UNITED STATES MINT.

At the westerly corner of Mission and Fifth streets. Accessible by *Market, Mission or Fifth street cars.* Open to visitors daily, except on Sundays and holidays, from 9 to 11:30 a. m., and from 12:30 to 2:30 p. m. Regularly appointed conductors will take visitors through and explain the processes of melting and coining.

UNITED STATES MINT, FIFTH AND MISSION STREETS.

The building is architecturally handsome, designed in the classic style of the Treasury of the United States at Washington, and, like the Treasury, impressing the beholder with a sense of the dignity of the Government. The principal feature consists of the six fine Doric columns, forming a portico, above an imposing pyramid of granite steps. The building dates from 1873, and sustained almost no damage from the fire of 1906, or from the earthquake. The original Mint building, erected in 1853-4, was on Commercial street.

More gold has been coined at the San Francisco Mint since its establishment in 1854 than at any other in the country. not even excepting Philadelphia, which has been coining since 1793. At this writing the San Francisco Mint is the only one in the country where gold is coined.

Over $1,340,000,000 worth of twenty-dollar gold pieces have been minted at San Francisco. Of ten-dollar pieces over $127,000,000 have been produced here; and $120,000,000 in five-dollar pieces. About ninety and a quarter thousand gold dollars have been coined at this mint, but few are now to be found except at an occasional money lender's office along Montgomery street. Some three-dollar gold pieces and a large number of quarter-eagles were also made. As this is written,

the Mint is coining bronze centavos for the Philippines, and will undertake, on contract, to turn out money for any Central American country or Pacific island that has no coinage facilities of its own.

In the fiscal year 1912 this Mint received over $53,000,000 worth of gold. It comes from all over the Pacific Coast and Alaska, some from the Philippine Islands, and even Japan and Australia.

The processes are interesting to watch, and visitors are always welcome.

The supposition is quite general that a miner, or any owner of bullion, takes it to the mint and reseives the same metal back after it has been converted into coin of the Republic. He does not. What happens is more like this:

The bullion is taken to the receiving room, and the owner gets back a receipt for it by gross weight, with nothing said of its value. Thence it goes to the deposit furnaces, where most of the base metal and dirt is eliminated. Back in the receiving room it is weighed, and then goes into a machine that chips a little off each side; and the pieces are assayed to determine their fineness. Weight and assay report are turned over to the computers, who by an exhaustive calculation ascertain the value. The checks on this process are so complete that all danger of error is eliminated. A warrant is drawn for the amount, less charges for assaying and weighing, and the depositor receives his money on the day following the deposit.

The bullion is now the property of the United States. At present little gold is being coined, and receipts of it are likely to be melted down into bricks of about four hundred ounces, worth about $8,000 each, and stored like paving blocks in the basement.

If the metal is silver it receives this sort of treatment: First the melter and refiner takes the crude bullion and puts it through an electrolytic refining process, which turns it out .999 fine, and better. It then receives an addition of enough copper to make it 900 one-thousandths fine. In the melting room it is

run into ingots, which are cleaned in a pickle, smoothed on the edges, trimmed at the ends, and sent back to the make-up room, where the metal is weighed and assayed once more, and delivered to the coiner as good and proper raw material from which to make money. This ingot-casting process makes a fascinating scene, with the liquid gold or silver poured, blazing, into the iron molds.

The coiner's department takes the ingots and by successive passages through steel rolls reduces them to strips ten to twelve feet long, and coin thick. These shining ribbons then go through a machine that punches out the planchetts, or blanks. They look like buttons with the shanks lost. A weigher sits alongside, snatching samples from the hopper as they fall from the machine, and weighing them to make sure that the strip has been rolled enough, and that nobody is going to get too much of Uncle Sam's metal in his money.

Annealing and cleaning follow, and a passage through the dryer, whence the blanks go to the milling machine and the presses, to be milled, reeded on the edges, and stamped into legal tender.

When gold is coined, stamping is preceded by more weighing, in automatic weighing machines so delicate they have to be encased in glass, and so ingenious that they separate the light and heavies, automatically, from blanks of proper weight. The light-weights are rejected and must go the round again, but the heavies are clamped in a lathe, ten or a dozen at a time, and delicately filed on the edges as they turn.

The finished coins are counted by means of boards fitted with fiddles or frets, which keep them in rows of uniform number; and finally they go to the great storage vaults to remain until called into circulation.

The long-continued heavy coinage of gold at San Francisco is intimately connected with the peculiar financial history of California. The people of this state have always preferred coin to currency, and it may have been largely due to their sentimental regard for the metal their mines produced, that all

through the Civil War, they conducted their business on a specie payment basis. Private contracts specified it, and general convention refused to recognize the "greenback" and the "shin-plaster," except at enormous discount.

Those interested in numismatics will find in the entrance room of the Mint a very interesting collection of coins, belonging to the Society of California Pioneers; and here, also, is a large collection of medals belonging to the government.

In the Pioneers' collection of coins is an oblong bar of gold, bearing the stamp of Frederick D. Kohler, state assayer, and the date 1850. It circulated as money, of the value of $50. These were the days of *private minting.* Coin was scarce and it was the custom for the San Francisco merchant to keep a pair of balances on his counter, to weigh the gold dust, which passed at a heavy discount. Some more convenient medium of exchange was needed, and the Mint had not yet been established, so private firms issued stamped ingots, octagonal in shape, which circulated at the face value of $50. In the windows of some of the brokers' offices along Montgomery street there can still be seen specimens of these fifty-dollar "slugs" as they are called, some of them issued by Augustus Humbert, United States assayer, and dated 1851 and 1852.

UNITED STATES COURT HOUSE AND POST OFFICE BUILDING.

Situated at the north corner of Mission and Seventh streets. *Take Market street cars and walk half a block southeast from the corner of Seventh and Market, or take Mission street cars and get off at the corner of Seventh.*

Probably there is no post office like this in the United States Here you walk through marble halls, and not white marble only, but rich, warm and beautiful Pavonezza, Sienna and Numidian, trimmed with Verde Antique and with colored stone from Tennessee and Maryland. The style of treat-

ment is Italian Renaissance. Overhead, the ribs of the quadrinated vaulting are picked out in glass mosaic, and the columns are paneled with it.

Some of the United States court rooms are extremely beautiful and impressive, and the chambers are finished in a way that can properly be characterized as sumptuous. The building cost two and a half million.

The *United States Circuit Court of Appeals*, for the Ninth Circuit, which sits here, has the widest range of jurisdiction, territorially, of any similar court in the country. It hears appealed cases from the whole Pacific Coast—Arizona, Idaho, Montana, California, Oregon, Alaska, Hawaii, and even from the United States extra-territorial court in Shanghai. In addition to the Post Office, the structure houses also the court rooms, libraries and chambers of two divisions of the United States District Court for the Northern District of California; of the Master in Chancery; and of many Federal officials.

At present the San Francisco Post Office holds about seventh place in the United States in respect to postal receipts. Since 1888 these have grown from $665,844, to $2,670,179 for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1912; a gain of more than $2,000,000 a year, or over 300 per cent in the annual totals, in 24 years.

HALL OF JUSTICE, CRIMINAL COURTS, MODEL CITY PRISON, PORTSMOUTH SQUARE.

San Francisco's Hall of Justice is the handsome grey stone building on Kearny street between Merchant and Washington. To reach it:

Take Kearny street cars, Lines No. 15 or 16; or Montgomery and Tenth street line (no number). The Sacramento street line, traveling east, runs a block south of it, or two blocks south of it when traveling west.

The Hall of Justice contains the city's four police courts,

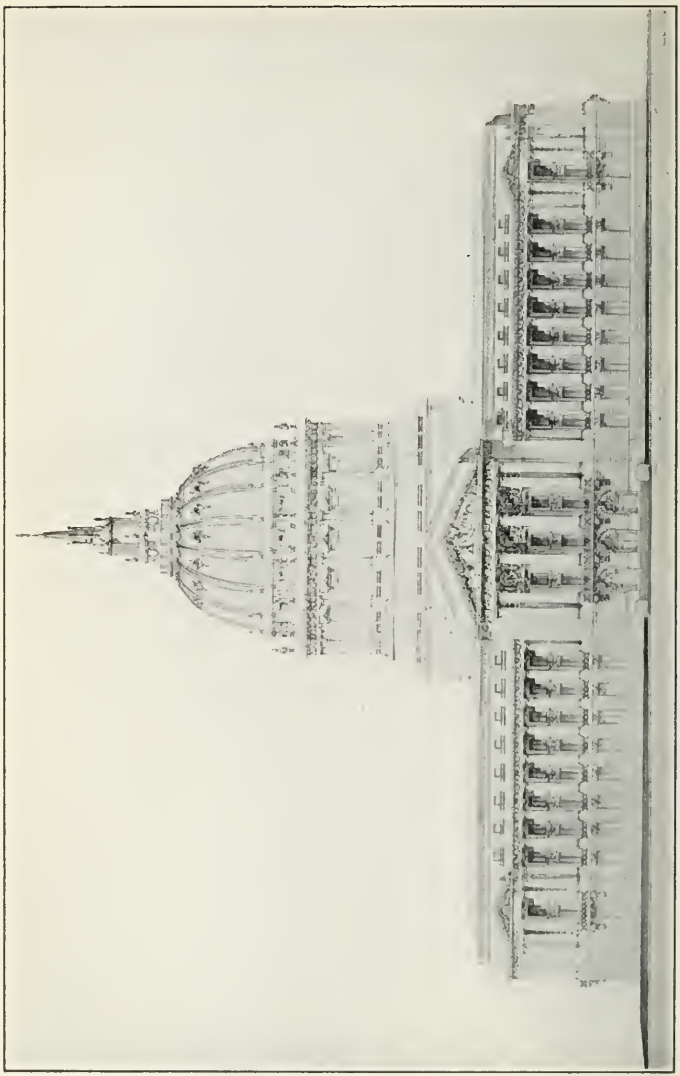
and the three criminal departments of the *Superior Court* of San Francisco County. (Civil departments are in the City Hall.) The courts open at 10 a. m.

The building cost over $1,100,000, and is of the finest steel frame construction. From without it would never suggest a thought of the *city prison* on the top floor, yet here is one of the model jails, said by visiting police officials and corrective experts to be the finest thing of the kind in the United States.

The Hall of Justice stands on a historic site and overlooks historic ground.

Portsmouth Square was the plaza of the early settlement, and was the center of activity. The first custom house was built on the northwest corner of the plaza in 1845, with its north end on Washington street, according to Eldridge, in his "Beginnings of San Francisco," and was used as a barracks on the American occupation. In front of the custom house was the flag pole on which Montgomery, from the sloop-of-war "Portsmouth," raised the American flag. The square was the scene of public gatherings, celebrations, parades, mass meetings, sometimes riots, and all about it were the brilliantly lighted, mirror-walled gambling palaces, where the flush miners craving excitement sometimes lost the fruits of a year's labor in a night; and went back to more toil on the river bars instead of "going home." Here Col. E. D. Baker pronounced his celebrated funeral oration at the bier of Senator Broderick, before a concourse of 30,000 people.

Near the southeast corner of Clay and Kearny streets, overlooking the square, Robert Ridley kept a billiard hall, and in it there hung the Vioget map of Yerba Buena, as the town was called at that time. Grants of land were made according to this map, and the name of the grantee was written on it in the appropriate place—so here we have the original hall of records. The Jenny Lind theater overlooked the square from the east, and after it had twice burned and had been rebuilt in stone, it was sold to the city in 1852 for a city hall



SAN FRANCISCO'S NEW CITY HALL. Bakewell & Brown, Architects.

In 1895 the ground was cleared for the Hall of Justice that was destroyed in the conflagration of 1906. Before its destruction, however, the Committee of Fifty, appointed by the Mayor on April 18th, met in the basement of the building, on the Merchant street side, on the evening of that day, to discuss measures for the safety of the city. It was the last public use of the building.

THE CIVIC CENTER.

San Francisco has voted $8,800,000 of bonds through which to provide lands for and help create one of the noblest groups of public buildings in America. The total cost, including land and construction, will come to about $16,800,000.

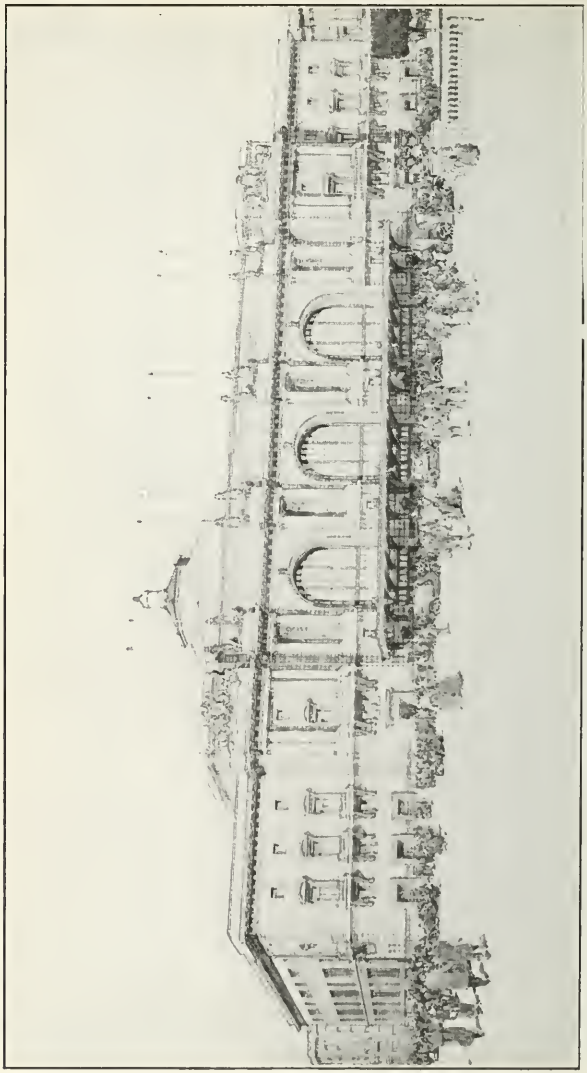
The site lies in a general easterly direction from Van Ness avenue between McAllister and Grove streets to Hyde; and the median line of it, which is Fulton street, extends a block beyond, to the junction of Fulton and Market.

The two blocks between Polk and Larkin, running from Grove to McAllister, form a beautiful plaza, with ornamental shrubbery and a band stand, and about it will be the Municipal Auditorium, Opera House, Museum, State Building, Public Library, and City Hall.

The architects for the Civic Center are John Galen Howard, Fred Meyers and John Reid, Jr.

Naturally the dominant feature of such a group will be the City Hall, plans for which were awarded after open competition to the local firm of architects, Bakewell & Brown.

The *City Hall* will occupy two blocks between Grove and McAllister streets, with one facade on the line of Polk street, and another on Van Ness avenue. The plans show a building covering an area of 300 by 400 feet. The main two facades are composed each of a central pediment carried on columns of the Doric order, flanked by smaller Doric colonnades. The main architectural feature of the building is an immense dome,



PANAMA-PACIFIC AUDITORIUM, IN THE CIVIC CENTER.
Howard, Meyers & Reid, Architects.

110 feet in diameter, or 14 feet less than the dome of the capitol at Washington, and 300 feet high, or 10 feet higher than the capitol dome.

The structure will cost, complete and equipped, about $4,000,000. In it will be accommodated the various offices of the consolidated city and county of San Francisco.

At present, the *City Hall is temporarily* located in an office building on Market street near Eighth.

THE PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION.

At the present writing, the place of most absorbing interest in San Francisco is the 625 acres at Harbor View, Fort Mason and the east end of the Presidio, that is being covered by the courts and exhibit palaces of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. Until the gates are opened on the completed scheme, the mere physical construction of the gigantic "plant" will be an exhibition of stupendous human effort.

Visitors will be admitted within the fence for a nominal fee. To reach the center of activity at the Exposition grounds, near the general Service Building:

Take any Sutter street car and transfer to Fillmore street, going north. Or, Presidio & Ferries car (Union street line) and transfer to Fillmore.

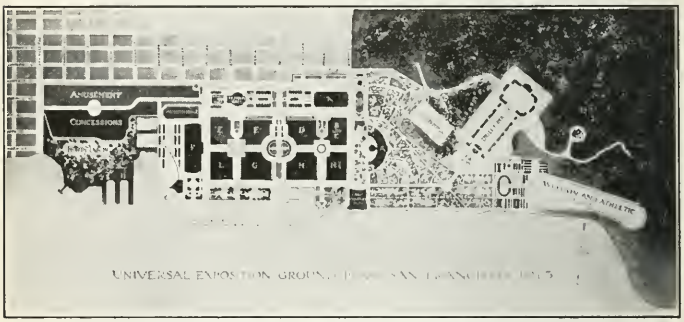
To reach foreign, state and county buildings, in the Presidio:

Take Presidio & Ferries car (Union street line) from the Ferry, or on transfer from the O'Farrell street line, and go to terminus.

Automobiles can go out Van Ness avenue and turn in at Lombard street.

Extensions of present street car facilities will provide many additional ways of reaching the exposition grounds, but these are the direct approaches at present.

Fifty million dollars is a conservative estimate of the amount that will be expended in the construction of this greatest of world's fairs. Over $10,000,000 will be invested in amusement concessions alone.



PLAN OF THE PANAMA-PACIFIC EXPOSITION.

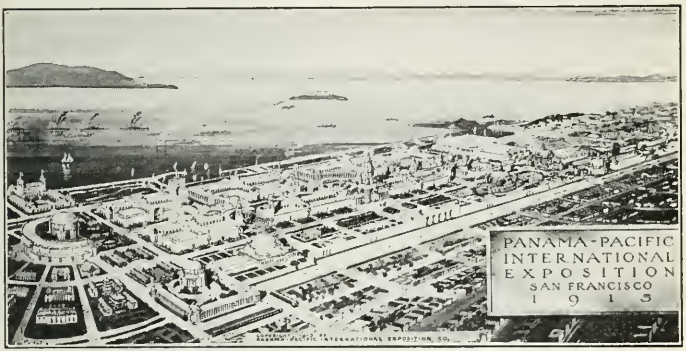
The celebration of the opening of the Panama Canal in this manner was first suggested at a meeting of the directors of the old Merchants' Asociation in 1904, by Mr. R. B. Hale, then a director of the Association and now a director of the Exposition. On the 28th of April, 1910, over $4,000,000 dollars was subscribed to the stock of the Exposition company in less than two hours by a meeting that crowded the Merchants Exchange to the walls. The total subscriptions of the citizens of San Francisco will approximate $7,000,000. The State of California has appropriated $5,000,000, and the municipal government a like amount. The California counties are raising millions for their exhibits.

The officers of the corporation are:

President, Charles C. Moore; vice-presidents, William H. Crocker, R. B. Hale, I. W. Hellman Jr., M. H. de Young, Leon Sloss and Hon. James Rolph Jr.; secretary, Rudolph J. Taussig; treasurer, A. W. Foster; executive committee, Charles C. Moore, Frank L. Brown, M. H. de Young, Alfred I. Esberg, William H. Crocker, Curtis H. Lindley, A. W. Fos-

ter, R. B. Hale, James McNab, I. W. Hellman Jr., and Leon Sloss.

The general offices, downtown, are in the Exposition Build-



THE WORLD'S EXPOSITION AT THE GOLDEN GATE.

ing, at 216 Pine street, corner of Battery.

In addition to celebrating the completion of the Panama Canal, the Exposition has for a concrete ambition nothing less noble than the advancement of civilization by twenty-five years.

The department of exploitation issues this significant "foreword":

> The Panama-Pacific International Exposition is a distinctly national undertaking determined upon by the Congress of the United States, and designated by the President of the United States for the purpose of celebrating the opening of the Panama Canal—a national accomplishment that importantly affects the world.
>
> In assuming the burden and expense of the Exposition, in response to the call of the President and the Congress of the United States, the people of California are discharging an important public duty and executing a national trust, the accruing benefits of which will be shared by every state in the union and by the entire citizenship of the nation.
>
> While this great inter-hemisphere waterway is a national project, it is nevertheless a world's asset, and the celebration of its opening will be participated in by all countries and peoples. The Exposition will constitute an international concourse of tremendous significance in its effect upon the natural productivity and commercial activity of all countries, and of the United States in particular.

MARKETS.

San Francisco is a great depot for the collection and distribution of foods, and her markets are a feature of interest that no traveler should miss. Here can be seen the best of California fruits in their perfection; such interesting things as the Burbank spineless cactus pear; the loquat; oranges, lemons and grape fruit of the cleanest and most beautiful appearance and the finest flavor, the earliest shipments of which go east from Rocklin, 112 miles northeast of San Francisco. Tropical fruits from the islands are on display.

The best-known entrepot of foods in San Francisco, and the most modern and completely equipped in the world is the

California Market, running through the block from Pine to California street, between Montgomery and Kearny. This is a large, open, airy place, spacious and clean, where one can see all the different kinds of fish, fruits, flowers, meats and game that can be procured in San Francisco at any given season of the year. The building is new, erected since the fire of 1906, of reinforced concrete, on the site of the old market that was built here in 1867, and has served as a model of sanitation for markets in several other coast cities. The ground floor is devoted to retail trade. The fish booths are interesting, showing in season on their marble counters the finest striped bass, shad, pompano, small fry, Tahoe trout, sturgeon, salmon, soles and sanddabs, crabs and clams.

Along the east side are oyster booths long ago grown into full sized restaurants, where the fish is fresh and the cookery skillful. These places have been prime favorites with San Franciscans for almost two generations. It was here, it is said, that the oyster cocktail was invented; the small toothsome California oyster being especially adapted to this particular form of appetizer.

It is below the ground floor, however, that the main activities of the market are carried on. The magnitude of the business transacted here is a thing of which San Franciscans

themselves know little. One firm of tenants conducts a complete creamery in the basement, which turns out 1,000 pounds of butter a day. Upstairs the buttermilk can be had on draught.

Two tenants of this market do 80 per cent of the poultry business of the city. One firm sells an average of 3,000 fowls daily. About 8,000 chickens are kept on hand continuously. The transports running to the Philippines, the United States forces at the Presidio and Fort Mason, are supplied from this institution. Beef and mutton are handled on a similar scale.

The California Market covers 55,000 square feet of ground, and the investment in land and plant represents three-quarters of a million dollars. The refrigeration machinery and cold storage chambers alone cost over $60,000.

Other downtown markets, similarly neat, modern and sanitary, and also new since the fire, are the

Spreckels Market, 751 Market street.
Lincoln Market, 877 Market street.
Long's Market, 945 Market street.
Bay City, 970 Market street.
Washington, 983 Market street.

Some of these do an enormous retail business and are well worth visiting.

Besides these, there are two that deserve special mention.

If you would see living and moving scenes such as those from which the old Dutch painters wrought their bitumen pictures, leave your hotel about 4 a. m., or earlier, and find your way down through the echoing emptiness of dark streets to the *Colombo Market*, on Davis street, running through to Front, between Jackson and Pacific. Here come the Italian truck gardeners from South San Francisco and below Hunter's Point, and from San Mateo county, trundling in the day's garden truck and the salad for a city, on gigantic, high-sided carts that loom in the murk like Gargantuan tumbrils with the food for an army. It is a weird scene—the echoing hoof-beats in the vacant streets, the shadowy lines of wagons moving between brick walls broken here and there by a cavernous arch, the

booted and belted teamsters shouting to one another in full-throated Italian, the tons of dimly descried produce dumped in the market under the struggling electric lights, the loud-voiced huckstering and chaffering, and after that is done the swarming into the neighboring restaurants for coffee or "vino" and breakfast, and the final dispersal as the day grows lighter and the uncertain shapes of the night have taken normal form; all go to make a series of *tableaux vivants*, that once witnessed will long remain as one of your most picturesque impressions of San Francisco.

Returning to more conventionalized parts of town, arrive by 7 a. m., or earlier, at the *San Francisco Wholesale Growers' Flower Market*, at 347 Bush street, just below the Stock Exchange. Here you will find assembled in a dim basement, scores of gardeners and flower dealers, with such an abundance of floral beauty as you will seldom see elsewhere; for San Franciscans are a flower loving people. It matters not what the season may be, June or December, January or August, there will be a wealth of bloom and it does not have to be protected from freezing, even in the open air. The flower venders along Market street draw a large part of their supplies from this point.

The free fish and crab market near Fishermen's Wharf has been sufficiently described in the directions for Trolley Trip No. 3, in this book.

SAN FRANCISCO'S YEAR-'ROUND FLORAL EXPOSITION.

That sparkling bit of Vanity Fair, the Market street afternoon parade, passes in its course two corners where masses of gorgeous bloom are set like snares for the contents of the passer's pocketbook. Yet the lure is not a serious financial danger. A small amount commands a large gratification. It would hardly be correct to say that everybody buys flowers,

but it is true that everybody that wants them can have them, for the prices are ridiculously small. All the long summer through, and a large part of the winter, 25 cents will buy a corsage bouquet of roses, or a spray of carnations and maiden hair, or a cluster of huge chrysanthemums larger and more perfectly developed than ever grew in Japan.

THE OUTDOOR FLORAL FAIR.

In February, fifty cents will buy exactly such a mass of acacia bloom as it takes ten dollars to buy in New York. A great, fragrant bunch of violets that will perfume a room can be bought for a dime.

San Francisco is the only city in the United States that permits flower vending at free street stands, and one of the very few in which the climate would allow these perishable wares to be exposed for sale the year around. Most of the trade is centered at Market and Kearny streets, but the venders are all through the shopping district, and are patronized by all classes.

The long-stemmed and odorous Princess violets are especially noteworthy. Possibly the little district of Grasse, in southern France, grows violets as fine as the San Francisco variety, but no other part of the world does. Most of them come from the vicinity of Colma, just across the San Francisco line, in San Mateo county, where some four hundred acres of them perfume the air all through the long blossoming season. From San Francisco they are shipped up and down the coast, from San Diego to Canada, and other shipments go as far east as Kansas City and Chicago.

From March to June you will see the satin-petaled, shining glory of California fields and hillsides, the Golden Poppy, called by the Spaniards "Copa de Oro," or Cup of Gold. It is a brave and living thing of fire, making in the valleys pools of dazzling radiance, and in places pouring itself down the western slopes of the coast hills in glowing carpets that can be seen far out at sea. Named botanically for the first naturalist that described it, *Eschscholtzia Californica*, has been formally and by statute adopted as the State flower.

The regular retail florists, doing business in their own stores, make bewildering displays of orchids, lilies of the valley, and poinsettias, showing a prodigal abundance of stock that only a vigorous and general demand would justify carrying.

LINCOLN PARK AND FORT MILEY.

Lincoln Park is a part of San Francisco no one should fail to visit. It is situated on the heights above Land's End, and northeast of Point Lobos and the Cliff House, and from an elevation of two hundred feet it commands a close view of all the wonderful features of the harbor entrance. To reach it:

Take Sutter & Clement car, Line No. 2, get off at 33d avenue, and walk a block west; or, take Sutter and California car, Line No. 1, marked Cliff, to 33d avenue.

LOOKING INTO THE GOLDEN GATE—LINCOLN PARK.

If you take time while visiting the vicinity of the Cliff House, it is an easy walk from there.

Part of these airy uplands have been laid out by the city for public golf links, where one can play six holes on a north-and-south course, or nine by playing westward from the northern-most green, toward Land's End. The links are open to public use without charge.

Lincoln Park was once the city cemetery, and considered so far removed from the city that it was given over largely to the burial of the poor, and of a few foreign sailors. Here the Chinese, also, gave their dead temporary interment, before shipping home the bones to lie in the soil of the Celestial Kingdom. West of the golf course are two curious structures of brick and cement, forming enclosures open to the sky, with high walls at the west ends. They look like stone beds for giants. These were the *mortuary chapels* where the Chinese held their final funeral rites, offering the sacrifices of roast pig

and fowl, and burning the paper images whose ghosts were to attend the dead.

On a hill toward the north stands a monument, "A Landmark of the Seaman's Last Earthly Port and Resting Place, in which he Awaits the Advent of the Great Pilot." It was erected by Dr. Henry D. Cogswell, to the Ladies' Seaman's

CHINESE MORTUARY CHAPEL, IN LINCOLN PARK.

Friend Society, and dedicated to Mrs. Rebecca H. Lambert, the society's founder, whose grave is under the cypresses nearby.

From the turn of the road just west of this monument is one of the most inspiring views to be found anywhere, embracing the Golden Gate and a large part of the city. You are close to the water, and directly opposite the Marin county bluffs, which rise three hundred, four hundred, nine hundred feet, sheer from the waters of the Golden Gate, and have been eroded into rugged canyons and sharply sculptured ridges. You can look north to Drake's Bay, and then, turning to the

right, you see Point Bonita, the north headland of the harbor, Point Diablo directly across, Lime Point with Battery Spencer on the bluff above, the mile-wide opening of the Golden Gate between Lime Point and Fort Winfield Scott, and through the Gate, Raccoon straits, leading into the northern part of the Bay, with Angel Island to right of the channel. Stretching back from the little brick fort are the scarred bluffs of the Presidio, against whose wooded heights are ranged the coast defense batteries, though indistinguishable at this distance. Far beyond are the Contra Costa hills, across the Bay. Still further to the right appears Lone Mountain with its cross, the towers of St. Ignatius church, the heights of Buena Vista Park, the Affiliated Colleges on the slope of Mt. Sutro, and before the college buildings the long, dark lane of verdure running westward, which is Golden Gate Park. A bit beyond the line of the Affiliated Colleges, and in the Park, rises the Prayer Book Cross, commemorating the first religious service ever held on the Pacific Coast—that one conducted by Drake's chaplain in 1579 on the shore of the little bay that appears dimly in the north.

Lincoln Park is in process of development, but when connected with Golden Gate Park and the Presidio by good roads it will be one of the famous parks of the world, for its inspiring view can be matched nowhere.

Fort Miley. On the heights above Point Lobos and Land's End, and west and south of Lincoln Park. Accessible from the Cliff House by walking eastward up Point Lobos avenue to Forty-third avenue and then northward to main entrance at Forty-third avenue and Clement street. Or,

Take Sutter & Clement car, Line No. 2, to 43d avenue and walk north.

This is a small artillery post, established in 1901, and is headquarters for the Pacific Coast Artillery District. The views from the roads here are very fine and command the coast for many miles to the northward.

FORT MASON AND THE TRANSPORT DOCKS.

Take Ninth & Polk streets cross town line, north bound, by transfer from any line of the United Railroads, and go to Lombard street. Walk three blocks north and a block west.

The United States military reservation at Black Point, known as Fort Mason, is one of the many beautiful spots in San Francisco. The view from the bluffs overlooking Black Point Cove, and from the entire water front of the reservation, presents that wonderful panorama of bay and hills and wandering shore-line, of islands, ships and broken coast, of which the lover of the inspiring aspects of nature can never get enough. The Point projects well into the bay, and gives a view from the Berkeley hills clear around to the Golden Gate and through it out to sea.

Fort Mason is the site of the general supply depot of the Quartermaster's Department, the Signal Corps depot, the Medical Supply depot and the army transport wharves. The residences of the Department Commander and his staff are also here. Here is the largest Quartermaster's supply depot in the country carrying general stores.

Directly westward are the Panama-Pacific Exposition grounds occupying the floor of the amphitheater known as *Harbor View*. Just under the bluff to the east is one of the two pumping stations of the city's auxiliary salt water fire protection system, practically a twin of the one at Second and Townsend streets.

The Dolphin Swimming and Boating Club, the Ariel and the South End Boating Clubs are just below in *Black Point Cove*.

Projecting northward into the channel, west of the point, are the

United States Army Transport Docks, the only transport docks in the country that are owned by the government.

These three piers are 500 feet long. The outer ones are 81 feet wide, and the center one 119 feet in width, with a rein-

forced concrete shed 90 by 428 feet, and two lines of railroad track.

One or two transports are always lying at these wharves, and visitors will be permitted to board them on application to the superintendent of the service, whose office is in the southeast corner of the pier, up stairs. The best time to visit the docks is on the fifth of the month, when the troop ship departs for Guam and the Philippines. The soldiers, five or six hundred of them, are brought over in the morning from the recruiting camp on Angel Island, and lined up along the dock to receive their mess kits for the voyage. The embarkation, in military order, is one of the sights of the city. Lines are cast off and the vessel leaves the dock promptly at noon. If the fifth falls on Sunday, the transport sails on Monday.

In early days Black Point was a choice residence locality, and some of the dwellings along the east side of the point which are now occupied as quarters for the officers of the division commander's staff were "mansions" of the elite. In one of them, the old residence of Leonidas Haskell, Senator Broderick died of the wound he received in the duel with Judge Terry, in 1859.

ALCATRAZ ISLAND.

Alcatraz (in Spanish, Pelican) island, opposite North Beach and Meiggs Wharf, and just within the Golden Gate is the site of the great military prison of the west, and is known throughout the army as "the Rock."

This is the Chateau D'If of America, a place from which, it is claimed, no prisoner ever escaped. It is about 20 acres in extent, and is safeguarded by the racing tides of the Golden Gate which at this point would baffle the strongest swimmer. With its light-house tower and grey prison walls it has a most romantic aspect, from many points on the bay. Military prisoners are at present confined there, and there are accommoda-

tions for about 600, but it is about to be turned over to the Department of Justice and converted into a Federal penitentiary.

The light on Alcatraz is one of the most powerful in the light-house service. It is 214 feet above mean high water and on a clear night can be seen 21 miles at sea.

SAN FRANCISCO IN BOOKS.

San Francisco has supplied the material of a notable literature. Every era of its history has produced its fiction historian, and the life atmosphere has persisted through all vicissitudes.

Of this city Bret Harte wrote *Gabriel Conroy;* Frank Norris wrote *McTeague, Blix, Moran of the Lady Letty* and in part *The Octopus;* and that gentle wizard whose fancy-freighted galleon floats the long years through, above the converging paths of Portsmouth Square, wrote his masterpiece, *The Wrecker,* with its smugglers, its plungers, its thrilling auction of the wreck, on the floor of the Merchants Exchange; its reminiscences of the "What Cheer House" and of the *Emperor Norton.*

On this local institution, the Empire of Norton, begotten of lunacy on the one side and, on the other, of a big-souled charity that expressed itself in a touching sort of fun, Stevenson has left us a passage redolent of the literary flavor of the city. He says:

> Of all our visitors I believe I preferred Emperor Norton, the very mention of whose name reminds me I am doing scanty justice to the folks of San Francisco. In what other city would a harmless madman who supposed himself emperor of the two Americas have been so fostered and encouraged? Where else would even the people of the streets have respected the poor soul's illusion? Where else would bankers and merchants have received his visits, cashed his cheques and submitted to his small assessments? Where else would he have been suffered to attend and address the exhibition days of schools and colleges? Where else in God's green earth have taken his pick of restaurants, ransacked the bill of fare and departed scathless? They tell me he was even an exacting patron, threatening to withdraw his custom when dissatisfied.....a portly, rather flabby man, with the face of a gentleman, rendered unspeakably pathetic and absurd by the great sabre at his side and the peacock's feather in his hat.

Including such writers as Ambrose Bierce, Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Gertrude Atherton, W. C. Morrow, Gelett Burgess and the Irwins, Wallace and Will, there is a long list of men and women of standing in their art who have sought to translate into letters the peculiar charm of San Francisco. That the visitor's enjoyment of the locality may be heightened by their appreciation of it we give a list of some of them, and the work in which they have interpreted the spirit of the place. The books may be found in the public library or Mechanics-Mercantile, or may be purchased at the leading book stores:

By Gertrude Atherton: *A Daughter of the Vine; Ancestors; Rezanof; The Californians; Patience Sparhawk; American Wives and English Husbands; The Splendid, Idle Forties.*

By Geraldine Bonner: *Hard Pan; The Pioneer; Tomorrow's Tangle; Rich Men's Children.*

Gelett Burgess: *The Heart Line; Lady Mechante.*

Charles Warren Stoddard: *Footprints of the Padres.*

Gelett Burgess and Will Irwin: *The Picaroon.*

Esther and Lucia Chamberlain: *The Other Side of the Door.*

Arnold Genthe and Will Irwin: *Old Chinatown.*

Sara Dean: *Travers.*

A. M. Douglas: *A Little Girl in Old San Francisco.*

E. E. Green: *The City of the Golden Gate.*

Jeremiah Lynch: *A Senator of the Fifties.*

C. J. Jackson: *The Day of Souls.*

Joseph L. King: *History of the San Francisco Stock and Exchange Board.*

Mrs. Fremont Older: *The Socialist and the Prince.*

Helen Throop Purdy: *San Francisco As It Was, As It Is, and How to See It.*

Earl Ashley Walcott: *Blindfolded; The Apple of Discord; The Open Door.*

Clyde Westover: *The Dragon's Daughter.*

Emma Wolf: *A Prodigal in Love; Other Things Being Equal.*

W. C. Morrow: *The Ape, the Idiot, and Other People.*

Chester Bailey Fernald: *The Cat and the Cherub; The Gentleman in the Barrel.*

Ernest Peixotto: *Romantic California.*

For broad and colorful sketching of the city before the fire, one can hardly do better than Will Irwin's *The City That Was;* and for good, vivacious narrative of the reconstruction we commend Rufus Steele's *The City That Is.* For the day

of the Spanish pioneer, read Zoeth Eldredge on *The Beginnings of San Francisco.* John P. Young's history of the city embraces the entire subject.

Very readable San Francisco history runs through Theodore Hittell's *History of California*, and there is good descriptive matter in Hubert Howe Bancroft's *Some Cities and San Francisco.*

One of the leading sources of local history is the *Colonial History of the City of San Francisco*, by John W. Dwinelle, known as "Dwinelle's Colonial History"; a brief prepared for the trial of an early land title case. There is also a *History of the City of San Francisco*, by John S. Hittell.

Other good books dealing with early conditions or special topics are:

The March of Portola and the Discovery of the Bay of San Francisco, by Zoeth S. Eldredge, with which is included *The Log of the San Carlos*, and other documents translated and annotated by E. J. Molera.

The Adventures of a Forty-niner, by Daniel Knower.

Men and Memories of San Francisco in the Spring of '50, by Theodore Augustus Barry.

The New and the Old, by J. W. Palmer, M. D.

Lights and Shades in San Francisco, by Benjamin E. Lloyd.

Lights and Shadows of Life on the Pacific Coast, by S. D. Woods.

Seven Years' Street Preaching in San Francisco, by William Taylor.

California Life, by the same author.

San Francisco and Thereabout, by Charles Keeler.

Pioneers of Prosperity, by David H. Walker.

San Francisco's Ocean Trade, Past and Future, by Benjamin C. Wright.

The Clouds and Fogs of San Francisco, by Alexander McAdie.

LIBRARIES.

San Francisco has some notable libraries and facilities for historical and scientific research. It has the finest medical library in the West, a Polish library, the largest French library in the United States, and just across the Bay, at the University

of California, in Berkeley, an important reference collection of 300,000 volumes, including the famous Bancroft library of original historical documents and sources of history for California and the Pacific Coast.

The *San Francisco Public Library* has its main collection, reference and reading room in a temporary building at Hayes and Franklin streets, but is to occupy a monumental public building in the Civic Center. It contains about 135,000 volumes. To reach its present location:

Take Hayes street car, Line No. 6.

At present a visitor may have the privilege of drawing books by filing the proper application for a card, signed by a tax payer as guarantor. Application blanks may be obtained at the main library or any branch. An additional card may be obtained for works other than fiction, which enables the holder to draw two books at a time. Cards expire two years from date of issue.

The reference and reading rooms are open to the public from 9 a. m. to 9 p. m.; Sundays, 1:30 to 5 p. m.

Mechanics'-Mercantile Library. At 57 Post street, in the Mechanics' Institute building, between Montgomery and Kearny streets. Open from 9 a. m. to 10 p. m. on week days; and on Sundays and holidays from 11 a. m. to 5 p. m.

This is a subscription circulating library. A member may introduce a friend not a resident of the city, who will be allowed the use of the rooms for one month; or non-residents may use the library for a month on payment of 50 cents in advance; but members only can draw books. The terms of membership are: entrance fee, $1.00; quarterly dues, in advance, $1.50; life membership, $50.00.

The Mechanics'-Mercantile is next in point of popularity to the Public library, having been formed by the merger of two local institutions that were rooted in the life of the city in early days. Its chess room, a favorite resort of many pioneers, is headquarters for the *Mechanics' Institute Chess and Checker Club.*

Booklovers and Tabard Inn Libraries. At 20 Geary street, near Market. Open from 9 a. m. to 5:30 p. m.

The Booklovers is a circulating library of late fiction. Dues, $5.00 a year or 50 cents a month. About 10,000 volumes.

The Tabard Inn Library, conducted at the same place, has a slightly different plan. The initial fee of $1.50 entitles the subscriber to the ownership of the first book, which may thereafter be exchanged on payment of a fee of 5 cents.

The Paul Elder Library. At 239 Grant avenue, in the rear of the book store of Paul Elder & Co. Hours, 8:30 a. m. to 5:30 p. m.

A library of late fiction. Books are rented at the rate of 2 cents a day, (day of issue but not day of return) minimum charge, 5 cents; no membership fee. A membership card is isued to each patron of the library, and accepted by the librarian as an identification. No deposit is required if a business reference is given. About 1,500 copies of the latest titles. Especially attractive to visitors, as they pay only when they have books out.

California State Mining Bureau Library and *John Hays Hammond Public Mining Library.* In the offices of the State Mining Bureau, Ferry building, foot of Market street. Reference only. Open to the public, free, every day but Sundays and holidays, from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Closed at 12 m. Saturdays.

Bibliotheque Francaise. 126 Post street, over the Pig 'n' Whistle. Ouverte tous les Jours Excepte les Dimanches et Jours Feries de 2 h. a. 6 h. de l'apres-midi, et de 8 h. a. 10 h. du Soir.

Largest collection of French books in this country. Before the fire it had 25,000 volumes, and now has nearly 12,000. Free to visitors, and on the tables will be found the leading French magazines and newspapers. The circulating privilege is obtained on payment of $1.00 entrance fee, and 50 cents a month thereafter. Books may be kept 15 days and renewed

for a like period. The library dates from 1876, when it was founded with a surplus from subscriptions raised among the French people of San Francisco for the assistance of France in the Franco-Prussian war.

Library of the Polish Society of California. At 2091 Fifteenth street. Open Saturdays, from 7 to 8 p. m. Circulating. Visitors welcome. About 500 volumes in Polish and English.

San Francisco Law Library. Fourth floor temporary City Hall, Eighth and Market streets. Open week days from 9 a. m. to 10:45 p. m., and Sundays from 10:30 a. m. to 4:30 p. m.; closes on week days during court vacation at 6 p. m. A free circulating and reference library of 27,000 volumes, supported by municipal appropriation, and fees paid by litigants on suits filed in the Superior Court.

Library of the Genealogical Society of California. In the Green Room of the Fairmont Hotel, first floor, at California and Mason streets. A reference library for members only; between three and four hundred volumes on biography, genealogy and history. Open from 9 a. m. to 10 p. m.

Library of Leland Stanford Junior University. At Palo Alto, Cal.

Southern Pacific train leaving Third and Townsend depot, to Palo Alto, and trolley car from the station.

Open during the university term from 8 a. m. to 10 p. m.; during vacations, from 8:30 a. m. to 4:30 p. m. Closed Saturday afternoons and Sundays. Largely for reference, but has some books that may circulate. To those not connected with the university a fee of $5 a year is charged. The library has 175,000 volumes and is growing at the rate of about 15,000 annually. Founded in 1891.

Library of the University of California. At Berkeley, across the bay.

Southern Pacific or Key Route ferry and suburban electric trains connecting.

A SAN FRANCISCO RESIDENCE PARK.

Open during the term from 8 a. m. to 10 p. m. on week days; Saturdays from 8 a. m. to 12 m., and from 7 to 10 p. m.; Sundays from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. Vacation hours are from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Free for reference. Circulating for professors and students.

This library contains about 300,000 volumes, and grows at the rate of 15,000 a year. The new library building is a particularly beautiful composition of white California granite, recently completed at a cost of about $600,000, from funds bequeathed by Charles F. Doe of San Francisco. With its equipment the plant represents an investment of over $850,000. The main reading room is the second largest in the United States. Here is also the *Bancroft Library of California and Pacific Coast History*. This famous collection of books, pamphlets and original documents is housed in the same building with the Library of the University of California, just to the left, as you enter. On its accumulation the historian Hubert Howe Bancroft of San Francisco expended over $400,000, and it is likely to remain for a long time the principal source of information for students of the history not only of California and the Pacific Coast, but of many other countries bordering on

the Pacific. There are about 50,000 volumes, and it is open from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

Levi Cooper Lane Library of Medicine and Surgery. Webster and Sacramento streets. Open daily except Sundays from 8:45 a. m. to 5:30 p. m.

Sacramento street cable car, either from the Ferry, or by transfer from the Powell street cable, changing at Sacramento and Powell streets.

This is the library of the Department of Medicine of Leland Stanford Jr., University. It is the largest medical library west of Chicago, and the largest university medical library in the United States, containing 40,000 volumes at present. The building is a five-story structure, dedicated in November, 1912 with the most improved equipment, and capacity for 120,000 books. In the reading room are some very beautiful mural paintings by Arthur Matthews. The fees are $5 a year for reference use, and $10 for the circulating privilege, with life membership at $100.

The library was founded and the building erected with funds provided by Dr. Levi Cooper Lane and Pauline C. Lane, his wife.

Photographic Library. See California Camera Club, under "Clubs and Organizations."

Library of the Commonwealth Club. At 153 Kearny street. A good and growing collection of publications on political, economic and sociological questions. Club rooms open from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m., week days, except Saturdays, when they close at 3 p. m.

Library of the Bar Association. Pacific Building, Market and Fourth streets.

BOOK STORES, NEW AND OLD.

Of good places to buy books in San Francisco these should be mentioned:

The shop of Alexander M. Robertson, publisher of many works by California writers; at 222 Stockton street, corner of Union Square avenue, and facing Union Square.

Paul Elder's, at 239 Grant avenue, near Sutter. Elder is active as a publisher.

John Howell's, at 107 Grant avenue, near Geary. Howell is an importer of fine books and rare old ones.

H. S. Crocker & Co., 565 Market. A large store with a large stock.

John J. Newbegin's, at 311-315 Sutter. Newbegin is also an importer.

Western Methodist Book Concern; 5-7 City Hall avenue.

Westminster Book Store; 400 Sutter street, corner of Stockton.

The White House, department store, at Sutter street and Grant avenue, has a very large book department and its stock of foreign books is said to be the best in the United States.

Good book departments are also to be found in the Emporium, on the south side of Market street between Fourth and Fifth, and at Hale Bros'. at the corner of Market and Fifth streets.

The city lost a wealth of old libraries in the fire, but still a few find their way into the hands of the second hand book dealers, whose stocks have recently begun to exhibit their former variety. *Californiana* is growing scarce, but occasionally a good bit rewards a prowl among the old-book stores. Some of the best-known of the second-hand shops and dealers are:

The Holmes Company, 70 Third street, south of Market, with another store at 221 Market.

Wellendorf Book Company, 1035 Market, near Sixth. Old and new books.

King's Book Store, 1716 Market, near Gough.

King Bros., new and second-hand 1182 Market, between Jones and Marshall Square.

J. H. Cain, 679 McAllister, near Gough.

McDevitt's Book Omnorium, 1004 Fillmore, near McAllister.

C. H. Ryder, Philadelphia Book Company, 1279 Golden Gate avenue, near Fillmore.

San Francisco Occult Book Company, new and second-hand, 1141 Polk, near Sutter.

French books can be found at the shop of Victor Martin and Charles Poulin, 664 Broadway, between Grant avenue and Stockton street, opposite the Liberty Theater, and at the shop kept by A. Pradels, 1111 Polk street, near Post.

German books can be found at Richard Rieger's, 86 Fourth street, and 1320 Fillmore; and at Gustav Schenk's, 2007 Fillmore, near Pine.

Italian books are sold at the shop of A. Cavalli & Co., 263 Columbus avenue, above Kearny, and by Unti & Perasso, at 343 Columbus avenue, near Grant avenue.

Spanish books are kept by Jose Sanchez, at 639 Vallejo street, near Grant avenue.

THE PRESS.

San Francisco has had, since its earliest history, a distinguished press. Its tone has been metropolitan from the beginning, but it has also been something more. Vitalizing contacts with new conditions, and freedom from conventional restraints, operated to produced journalists of originality, who acquired national and international reputation.

This was the starting point of such writers and newspaper workers as Ambrose Bierce, Frank Bailey Millard, Arthur McEwen, W. C. Morrow, Charles Michaelson, Miriam Michaelson, Charles Dryden, Philip A. Roche, Ned Townsend of

Chimmie Fadden fame, James Hopper, Rufus Steele, Davenport and Edgren, the cartoonists, Earl Ashley Walcott, the novelist, J. O'Hara Cosgrave, who was editor of the San Francisco "Wave" when Frank Norris made it the laboratory of his early efforts, William Melony, "Bob" Davis, Henry C. Rawley, Alice Rix, Annie Laurie, Helen Dare, Kathleen Norris, Adele Brooks; Swinnerton, "Tad," Maynard Dixon and Grant Wallace, the illustrators; Lincoln Steffens and Samuel E. Moffett, the publicists, Chester Bailey Fernald, Will and Wallace Irwin, Harrison Fisher, the illustrator, and "Bud" Fisher, creator of "Mutt and Jeff." There were many more; humorists, essayists on the pressing and vital topics of the day, from Bret Harte and Mark Twain to Edward F. Cahill, "Our Candid Friend."

Today, this city is an important publishing center, with over 150 daily, weekly and monthly publications, representing practically all leading languages; Greek, Hebrew, Italian, Chinese, French, German, Russian, Polish. We can not list them all, but the leading English publications are the

San Francisco Call; afternoon, now published from the Claus Spreckels building at Third and Market streets. This was recently changed to an afternoon paper. Until the change was made it was the oldest San Francisco morning paper. Mark Twain was one of its reporters during his San Francisco days.

San Francisco Chronicle; morning, published at Market and Kearny streets. Founded by Charles and M. H. de Young. Some famous writers have served it. Will Irwin was its Sunday editor for a time, and so was Rufus Steele, now holding the same position on the Call. John P. Young, the well-known publicist, is its managing editor, and the noted literary critic, George Hamlin Fitch, contributes its widely read book reviews.

San Francisco Examiner; morning, published at Market, Kearny and Third streets. This was the first Hearst paper in the United States. Ambrose Bierce contributed his famous column of "Prattle" to its Sunday numbers for several years, Samuel E. Moffett was one of its editorial writers, and T. T.

Williams one of its leading spirits. Arthur McEwen and W. C. Morrow, the author, were part of its staff, as well as Frank Bailey Millard, Earl Ashley Walcott, and Wallace Irwin.

Bulletin; afternoon, published at 767 Market street. This is the oldest existing San Francisco newspaper, having been founded in 1855 by James King of William, whose murder the following year led to the uprising of the Vigilantes and made much early history.

San Francisco Evening Post; afternoon, published at 727 Market street. The single tax movement in America originated with its founder, Henry George, author of "Progress and Poverty," who established the paper in 1879.

News; afternoon, published at 340 Ninth street. A penny paper of the Scripps-McRae group.

Commercial News, morning, published at 330 Sansome street. Shipping and marine intelligence and financial news.

Journal of Commerce, afternoon, published at 165 Jessie street, corner of Annie. Commercial, financial, shipping, municipal and general news.

Municipal Record, published every Thursday by the Board of Supervisors at the City Hall, 1231 Market street, for the purpose of furnishing information concerning public municipal improvements and the work of the several municipal departments.

News Bureau, issued during the noon hour from 88 First street, containing brief presentations of important news, especially financial, for business men at their desks.

Recorder, morning, published at 28 Montgomery street. Contains the court calendars, important Supreme court decisions, and other information of value to attorneys, together with a page of general news and a column of editorial.

Argonaut, weekly, published at 207 Powell street; editorial comment, short stories, selected verse and European correspondence. Founded in 1877 by Fred M. Somers and Frank Pixley. The Argonaut is the leading literary weekly of the West, and one of the foremost in the country. It circulates in

every civilized land. Almost every San Francisco writer that has risen to distinction since its founding has sought the public through its columns, and we find among them such names as Gertrude Atherton, Frank Norris, W. C. Morrow, Harry Dam, E. W. Townsend, Jerome A. Hart, Ambrose Bierce, Frank Bailey Millard and John Fleming Wilson.

Wasp, weekly, 121 Second street; politics, society, finance, art and theatrical reviews. This was the first paper in the United States to run colored cartoons.

News Letter, weekly, 21 Sutter street. Oldest existing weekly in San Francisco. Founded in 1856. Political comment, financial, society and theatrical news.

Town Talk, weekly, 88 First street. Current comment on the amusements and social doings of the city, with interesting sketches of prominent persons.

Among magazines there are the

Overland Monthly, 21 Sutter street; founded by Bret Harte and built up by the work of many distinguished contributors. The Overland first published "The Luck of Roaring Camp" and "The Heathen Chinee." Joaquin Miller wrote for it, and in its pages first appeared parts of Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad."

Sunset Magazine; monthly, published at 448 Fourth street. Devoted to the literary exploitation of the beauties and resources of California and the West. Visitors will find in its pages most attractive descriptive matter on California, accompanied by fine colored illustrations. Sunset has had a remarkable career. Beginning as a "house organ" of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company it was developed by judicious management, under the editorship of the late Charles S. Aiken, into a magazine of the best type, appealing to a wide and general interest. It is doubtful if there is another publication in the West that has done so much to make the West known to the world.

In addition there is a number of religious journals, such as the Pacific Unitarian, the Pacific Presbyterian, the Monitor and the Leader (Catholic), the Hebrew, and Emanu El (Jew-

ish), the Pacific (Congregational), the Pacific Churchman (Episcopalian), the Pacific Christian (Christian church), and the Pacific Methodist Advocate, and fraternal and trade publications too numerous to mention here.

BANKS AND FINANCE.

Both the cosmopolitan character and the financial strength of San Francisco appear in its banks. Here are British, French, Italian, Portuguese, German, Chinese and Japanese financial institutions. There were in this city at the beginning 1913, 37 banks with 9 branches, showing a total capital, surplus and undivided profits of $80,727,948. The savings deposits of Dec. 31st, 1912, amounted to $189,714,076, the largest on record, and the depositors numbered over half the population. On Feb. 10th, 1913, the deposits had grown to $202,295,143.

The aggregate resources of three of the national banks of San Francisco are larger than the aggregate resources of all the national banks in any one of 30 states. In population, San Francisco stands eleventh, according to the census of 1910, but in aggregate resources of all her national banks, she ranks sixth among the cities of the country, being exceeded in this respect only by New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia and Pittsburg. At this writing clearings run over $50,000,000 a week, and for 1912 almost equalled the combined clearings of the next largest six cities of the Pacific Coast. Comparative clearings of these cities for 1912 were as follows:

San Diego	$ 131,265,154
Oakland	192,711,075
Tacoma	218,941,896
Portland	596,327,185
Seattle	602,430,660
Los Angeles	1,167,782,516
Total	$2,909,438,486
San Francisco	$2,677,561,952

Clearings for 1913 thus far show San Francisco to be the most important banking center west of Kansas City, and eighth among the cities of the country.

The underwriting power of San Francisco has grown tremendously in the past few years as one success after another has demonstrated the profitable nature of California development enterprises when properly conceived and executed. In 1912 this city stood third in the United States in the transactions of its bond market, being exceeded in this respect only by New York and Baltimore.

The San Francisco Chapter of the *American Institute of Banking* (section of the American Bankers' Association) is in the eleventh year of its existence and has its office and library at 1325 First National Bank Building, Post and Montgomery streets.

Consonant with their financial strength and the opportunities presented by the destruction of their old buildings, the downtown banks of San Francisco are palatially and beautifully housed. Every visitor should make the round of the banks, or at least look in upon them when passing, for they constitute one of the most artistic features of the rebuilt city.

Foremost historically, in the financial section of the city, is the *Bank of California, National Association*, at California and Sansome streets.

This institution was founded in 1864 by William C. Ralston and D. O. Mills, and for many years was the most active factor in the financing of ore milling and other operations along the famous Comstock lode, in Nevada.

The bank dominated the financial situation in the city during the Comstock mining days of the "sixties" and "seventies," and is today the leading financial institution of the West. In 1912 its total assets were nearly sixty millions. The building is imposing and beautiful. Notice its enormous columns and the color harmonies of its interior.

The *Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank*, at the northeast corner of Market and Montgomery streets, is another historic

institution of the city, one of its elements, the Nevada Bank, having been founded during the bonanza days of the great Comstock operators, Flood & O'Brien, and Mackay & Fair. It long occupied the famous old Nevada block on Montgomery street at the corner of Pine, destroyed by the fire of 1906.

First National Bank of San Francisco, Montgomery and Post streets. The oldest national bank in California. Its beautiful building stands on the site of the old Masonic Temple.

Crocker National Bank of San Francisco, Post and Market streets. The building is particularly fine. It survived the fire, structurally unharmed, but the interior was burned out and had to be renewed.

Merchants National Bank, at the corner of Market and New Montgomery streets. Formerly the Western Metropolis National Bank.

The *Mutual Savings Bank* is at 706 Market street, just above Kearny.

The *Union Trust Company of San Francisco* formerly occupied the location of the Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank. and erected its present building at Grant avenue and Market streets after the fire. This is one of the chief ornaments of Market street.

Savings Union Bank and Trust Company, Grant avenue and O'Farrell streets. The pediment was designed by Haig Patigan. Notice the bronze doors, designed by Arthur Matthews, their panels representing the Indian, the Spaniard, the American and the spirit of the new San Francisco. The reception room of the safe deposit department is decorated with a mural painting of St. Francis, also by Matthews.

The *Humboldt Savings Bank* occupies its own building, an 18-story structure, which was in course of erection at the time of the fire and was completed immediately afterward, at 783 Market street.

Farther up Market street, at its junction with McAllister and Jones, is the

Hibernia Savings and Loan Society. This is one of the city's oldest and most substantial organizations engaged in the savings bank business. The conspicuous feature of the exterior is the dome surmounting the McAllister and Jones street corner. which is of handsome design and is covered with gold leaf. The classic composition of its single story is most beautiful and effective.

INTERIOR OF A SAN FRANCISCO BANK.

The *German Savings and Loan Society*, at 526 California street between Montgomery and Kearny, is one of the city's important savings institutions and its interior decoration scheme, in dim gold and old ivory tones, is very attractive.

The *Anglo and London Paris National Bank*, at the corner of Sansome and Sutter streets, is one of the city's gems of architecture, a remarkably harmonious and beautiful composition, both in proportions and embellishment.

The *Bank of Daniel Meyer*, at 224 Pine street, is an old institution that has had much to do with State development.

The *International Banking Corporation*, in the Mills building, corner of Bush and Montgomery streets, is the San Francisco branch of the main organization, through which it has many Oriental connections.

The Italian banks, in the vicinity of Montgomery street and Columbus avenue, are among the finest in the city. These are:

Bank of Italy, at Montgomery and Clay streets. The building is a stately structure strictly Italian in feeling, with an interior finished in Sienna marble. This bank has a branch at Mason and Market streets, in the heart of the business district.

The *Italian American Bank* is at Montgomery and Sacramento streets. This is a fine building in Italian renaissance style. The two granite columns in front are the largest and tallest monolithic columns in San Francisco. This is the only representative on the coast of the Banco di Napoli.

Fugazi Banca Popolare Operaia Italiana. Gore of Montgomery street and Columbus avenue. The building is very handsome, the interior finish being of Grecian marble.

The Mercantile Trust Company of San Francisco and *Mercantile National Bank* of San Francisco occupy a beautiful building opposite the Merchants' Exchange, at 464 California street, near Montgomery.

The French Bank of Savings, at 108 Sutter street, does a commercial business also. It is the largest French savings bank outside of France.

The *Canadian Bank of Commerce* is at California and Leidesdorff streets. This is a branch of the Canadian Bank of Commerce of Toronto.

Bank of British North America, Battery and California streets. The American head office of this bank is at Montreal, and the court of directors is at London.

The *Mission Bank* is at Sixteenth street and Julian avenue, between Mission and Valencia streets.

The *Canton Bank*, a Chinese institution, is at 653 Kearny street.

The *Yokohama Specie Bank* is situated at the corner of Sansome and Commercial streets.

Other banks and trust companies of San Francisco are the

American National Bank of San Francisco, Merchants' Exchange building, California and Leidesdorff streets.

California Savings and Loan Society, 801 Van Ness avenue.

Columbus Savings and Loan Society, 700 Montgomery street.

Pacific States Savings and Loan Society, 550 California street.

Portuguese-American Bank of San Francisco, Front and Commercial streets.

Seaboard National Bank, Market and Steuart streets.

Security Savings Bank, 316 Montgomery.

Anglo California Trust Company, Market and Sansome.

Donohoe, Kelly Banking Company, Montgomery and Sutter.

First Federal Trust Company, Post and Montgomery.

Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation, 401 Montgomery.

Marine Trust and Savings Bank, 100 Market.

Swiss-American Bank, 12 Sansome street.

SOME FRATERNAL AND ASSOCIATION BUILDINGS.

In the rebuilding of San Francisco it became a matter of local pride with associations and fraternal orders to replace their old homes in the manner most creditable to the city. Among directors and boards of trustees there reigned the spirit of civic renaissance, a spirit that was one with the past, but unhampered by it, and that was determined on taking every advantage of this exceptional opportunity to create anew. As a result, the city is graced with some of the finest semi-public

buildings to be found, structures embodying original design, and new ideas in adornment as well as in facilities for serving their various objects. One of the few buildings in America comparable to some of the good buildings in Europe is the *Masonic Temple* at Oak street and Van Ness avenue.

From the corner of its broad, white walls a canopied King Solomon looks down upon the modern city traffic. It is by Adolph Alexander Weinman, the New York sculptor. The canopy itself is adorned with sculptured angels, and with enshrined allegorical figures, of which the man with the capital represents the Builder; the one with the book, Social Order; the one with the lyre, Reverence for the Beauty of the World; the one with his hands on his breast, Reverence for the Mystery of the Heavens. These are by Ralph Stadpole of San Francisco. There are six figures, but two are duplicates.

The dominating feature of the exterior is the machicolated parapet, carried around the top instead of a cornice. It is in the style of the one on the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio of Florence, and other structures of that period, and has a medieval militant suggestion, as of the piety and valor of the Temple Knights whose gilded shields hang on the face of it.

The entrance is through a noble portal, under a semi-circular hood supported on corbels formed by the stone figures of lions. Under the ornate receding arches the tympanum shows an allegory in relief, also by Weinman, consisting of three figures of Charity, Fortitude and Truth. Beneath, the lintel bears a row of nine smaller figures, by Stadpole, representing David, Abraham, St. John the Divine, Nathan the prophet, Moses, Aaron, St. John the Baptist, Joseph, and Jonathan.

The principal feature of the interior is the great Commandery Hall, 60 feet wide, 72 feet long, and rising from the level of the third story 85 feet to the summit of the dome that one can see from almost every hill-top in the city. The wall spaces are decorated with mural paintings by Arthur Matthews.

The architects of the Masonic Temple were Bliss & Faville.

Among other fine buildings of this semi-public character are *Scottish Rite Temple*, Van Ness avenue and Sutter street; *Odd Fellows Hall*, Seventh and Market; *Knights of Columbus Hall*, 150 Golden Gate avenue; building of the *Native Sons of the Golden West*, 430 Mason street; *German House*, Polk and Turk streets; *Elks Hall*, 540 Powell street.

The *Young Men's Christian Association* has one of the finest buildings of its kind in the world, at Golden Gate avenue and Leavenworth streets. Here is a large gymnasium with a salt water swimming tank, and there are bowling alleys, handball courts, a billiard room and facilities for all sorts of social gatherings and receptions.

The *Young Women's Christian Association* has its home at 1249 to 1259 O'Farrell street, where it maintains a boarding home for young business women, and an employment bureau. To reach it

Take any Market street car from the Ferry to Fourth and Ellis streets, transfer to Line No. 20 or 21, get off at Gough and O'Farrell and walk half a block west. From Third and Townsend depot take Ellis and Ocean car, Line No. 20, to Gough and walk half a block west.

Travelers' Aid secretaries of the Y. W. C. A. meet steamers and trains.

The *Young Men's Institute* has its home at 92 Sanchez street.

The *Independent Order B'nai B'rith*, rebuilt on its old site after the fire, at 149 Eddy street, between Mason and Taylor, a fine building that is an ornament to the neighborhood.

EDUCATIONAL FACILITIES.

Early San Franciscans that wished to put their sons in college used to send them to Honolulu, but California has probably advanced more rapidly in the field of education than any other

phase of development, and ranks today in this respect with the most progressive eastern states. The disbursement of State revenue for this purpose is heavier than for all other items combined; over $15,000,000 for the biennial period 1913-14.

The two great universities and one women's college of the Pacific Coast are situated in suburbs of San Francisco, while in the city itself the best of instruction can be obtained in almost everything teachable, from music to navigation. Instruction in the universities is free to citizens of the State.

The public *free school* system of San Francisco is extensive and efficient, and includes four high schools whose graduates can matriculate at the universities without other examination. This was the first city in the United States to establish a free school of navigation.

There is a fine High School of Commerce. The State Normal School at San Francisco is conducted by one of the most progressive educators in the country. The Cogswell Polytechnic College, the Wilmerding School of Industrial Arts and the California School of Mechanical Arts, (endowed by James Lick), and the Lux School of Industrial Training for Girls, are unexcelled. These are all free schools.

There are business colleges, dramatic schools, art schools, and a noted Conservatory of Music. And in the suburbs are excellent academies such as the Belmont School for Boys, at Belmont, the Mt. Tamalpais Military Academy, near San Rafael; St. Matthew's Military School, at Burlingame, and many fine schools and seminaries for young ladies.

The professional schools of San Francisco hold high rank. Among them are:

Hastings College of the Law, 166 Geary street; the law department of the University of California.

Hahnemann Medical College of the Pacific, Sacramento and Maple streets; homeopathic.

Leland Stanford Junior University Department of Medicine, (formerly Cooper Medical College), at Sacramento and Web-

ster streets, with the largest university medical library in the country.

University of California Medical department and Hospital (formerly Toland Medical College), at Affiliated Colleges, Parnassus avenue, opposite Second avenue. Here are also the departments of *Dentistry* and *Pharmacy*.

College of Physicians and Surgeons, 344 Fourteenth street; with *Dentistry* and *Pharmacy* departments.

Polyclinic Post Graduate Medical Department of the University of California, 443 Fillmore street.

UNIVERSITIES AND COLLEGES.

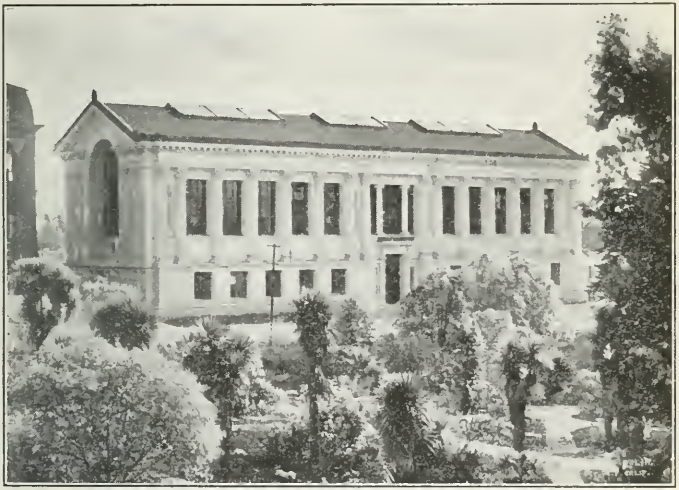
University of California. At Berkeley, Alameda county; across the bay from San Francisco, and about a 45 minute ride by ferry and suburban electric train. To reach it,

Take Southern Pacific ferry or Key System ferry, at the foot of Market street, and Berkeley train at the pier on the opposite side of the bay.

The University of California is one of the foremost American institutions of learning. Its graduate astronomical department is the Lick Observatory on Mt. Hamilton, where Bernard discovered the fifth satellite of Jupiter. Its College of Agriculture was the first agricultural experiment station established in this country, and enlisted the services of such eminent students of the subject as E. W. Hilgard, long recognized as the world's greatest authority on soils, and E. J. Wickson, a leader and an authority in horticulture. The Le Conte brothers, John famous as a physicist, and Joseph as a geologist and one of the earliest teachers of evolution, spent their productive years in the faculty of this university. Frank Norris, the novelist, Samuel E. Moffett, the publicist, and Josiah Royce, the philosopher, studied here, and Edward Rowland Sill, the "poet's poet," was an instructor in the English department. Jacques Loeb, the great biologist, was a member of the faculty.

All over the world—in Alaska, China, South Africa—can be found the graduate engineers of its famous school of mines.

Tuition is free to residents of California, the institution being supported by the state and by private endowments. Non-residents of the state pay $10 half-yearly. Expenses in the college town of Berkeley are comparatively light.



UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY, BERKELEY.

The university is coeducational.

In 1912-13 the enrollment aggregated 6,457, the largest in the country with the single exception of Columbia.

The *Summer School* at the University of California is the largest of its kind, and it attracts more than two thousand students every year, from all parts of the United States. Among the teachers have been such men as Svant A. Arrhenius of Stockholm; Boltzmann, the Austrian scientist; Hugo De Vries of Amsterdam; John Adam of the University of London; Josiah Royce, Frederick Jackson Turner, Albert Bushnell

Hart, and Barrett Wendell of Harvard; Spaeth and Axon of Princeton; William Lyon Phelps of Yale.

The tuition fee is $15, and there are laboratory fees in some of the courses.

The site of the University is a noble expanse of 520 acres in the rolling hills of Berkeley, looking over the Bay of San Francisco. The town takes its name from the institution, and the institution from the great transcendentalist, the Bishop of Cloyne.

A day can be spent most profitably and enjoyably, strolling amid the giant oaks of the campus, some of them centuries old, and visiting the library and collections and the famous Hearst Greek Theater. (See Berkeley, in index.)

Leland Stanford Junior University. At Palo Alto, San Mateo county, Cal., 30 miles south of San Francisco. A visit there makes a fine day's outing. To reach it

Take Southern Pacific train on the Coast Division, at Third and Townsend depot. There are 21 trains on week days and 15 on Sundays, and the trip takes about an hour and five minutes.

This institution is a point of pride with Californians, and although younger than the University of California it occupies an equally eminent position in the world of education. Its great endowment of $25,000,000 has enabled it to attract famous teachers. Its teaching staff is one of the strongest in the country. It is coeducational, but the number of women students is limited to 500.

The university is located on the "Palo Alto Farm" of the late Senator Leland Stanford, by whom and by his wife, Jane Lathrop Stanford, it was endowed in memory of Leland Stanford Jr., who died in his sixteenth year.

The grounds consist of over 7,000 acres, partly rising into the foothills of the Santa Clara range.

All the subjects of a full college course are offered here, and tuition is free except for an Incidental and Guild fee of

$17 half yearly, and charges in the departments of law and medicine.

An adaptation of the mission style of architecture has been employed on the campus with fine effect. The Memorial Church bears on pediment and interior walls, some of the most beautiful mosaics in the world.

LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY.

The Leland Stanford Junior Museum, containing the archeological and art collections of the university, is situated a quarter of a mile north and a little west of the Quadrangles. It grew from the collection begun by Leland Stanford, Jr. Here is preserved the skeleton of the great sire of trotting horses, *Electioneer*, of much interest to breeders. There are also interesting collections of Chinese and Japanese art, and the Di Cesnola collection of Greek and Roman pottery.

In 1911-12 the number of students enrolled was 1774, of whom 216 were graduate students.

California is fortunate in having two such universities, each of which is a stimulus to the other.

Mills College (formerly Mills Seminary). Situated in the foothill region east of Oakland, about an hour's ride from San Francisco. To reach it,

Take Southern Pacific ferry at the foot of Market street, for Alameda pier, and there change to train marked "Oakland

CAMPANILE AT MILLS COLLEGE, OAKLAND.

Fourteenth St." (on a red disk) which runs to Fourteenth and Franklin streets, Oakland. At Thirteenth and Franklin, a block south, take the Mills College car (trolley). Or, take Key System ferry, foot of Market street, and electric train on the Key System pier, for Twelfth and Broadway, Oakland. Remain on this car until it gets to First avenue, and there change to Mills College car.

Mills is the only college exclusively for women, west of the Rocky Mountains. Its students come from the entire west; from British Columbia to San Diego; from Chicago to Honolulu and Japan. Matriculation requirements are the same as for the University of California and Stanford.

The college grounds, secluded, yet accessible, comprise about 150 acres of charming country, with green lawns, palms, rose gardens, fine woodland and beautiful streams.

The institution is the outgrowth of Mills Seminary, established at Seminary Park, by Rev. Cyrus R. Mills and Mrs. Susan L. Mills in 1871, and modelled on the plan of Mount Holyoke. Dr. Mills and his wife brought the institution from Benicia, where it had existed as a Young Ladies' Seminary since 1852. It became Mills College in 1911. As such, it is recognized the country over as a standard college and was classed by the United States Commissioner of Education in his report for 1910 among the leading sixteen women's colleges.

University of St. Ignatius, at 2211 Hayes street, corner of Shrader, opposite St. Mary's Hospital.

Hayes and Ellis car, Line No. 21.

This institution has been in temporary quarters since the great fire, but will soon build at Fulton and Parker avenues, on the block where St. Ignatius church is now rising. It was founded in 1855 and empowered by the state to confer university degrees in 1859.

Only male students are admitted, and these only as day scholars. Tuition, $50 or $80 a year, according to course.

St. Mary's College (conducted by the Brothers of the Christian Schools), Broadway, between Hawthorne and Orchard streets, Oakland.

Take Southern Pacific ferry, foot of Market street, and electric train to Seventh and Broadway, Oakland. There take trolley car running out Broadway. Or take Key System ferry

and Oakland train with red sign for Twenty-second and Broadway, and there take Broadway trolley.

St. Mary's is empowered to confer all academic degrees, and is in fact a university without the title. Instruction, board and lodging are at the rate of $175 per semester.

University of Santa Clara. In the Santa Clara valley, 44 miles south of San Francisco and adjacent to the old mission town of Santa Clara; a ride of about an hour and thirty-five minutes.

Southern Pacific train on Coast Division, to Santa Clara station.

This is the oldest chartered institution of learning in the West, having been founded by the Franciscan fathers De La Pena and Murguia on January 12, 1777.

Resident students pay at the rate of $200 per half year term, with a matriculation fee of $15, payable but once, and an athletic fee of $2.50 per term. This covers board, lodging, tuition and laundry. Non-resident fees are less, in proportion.

HOSPITALS AND SANATORIA.

San Francisco, since early days, has taken high rank for the skill of its physicians and the quality of its medical and surgical facilities. Dentistry and oral surgery have been brought to a high stage of development. Persons requiring surgical operations come to San Francisco from the entire west coast of North and South America.

Fine hospital buildings, new, sanitary, and with every modern appliance, have been erected in large numbers since the fire, and under the building laws of the city are, of necessity, of th best modern steel and fire-proof construction. There are few important hospitals in the city are are more than seven years old, and when the owners of the new structures planned them they were able to avail themselves of the best in equip-

ment and arrangement that human experience could suggest. Space will not permit us to list all in the city, but these are among the leading institutions of the kind:

Adler Sanatorium, northeast corner of Van Ness avenue and Broadway.

Children's Hospital, Alexander Maternity Cottage, Training School for Nurses. At 3700 California street, corner of Maple.

City and County Hospital. Occupies the block bounded by Potrero avenue and Twenty-second, Twenty-third and Vermont streets.

This hospital cost $2,000,000 to construct, is entirely new, and is probably the finest municipal institution of its kind.

Florence N. Ward Sanatorium. At 1195 Bush street, corner of Hyde.

French Hospital, "Maison de Sante de la Societe Francaise de Bienfaisance Mutuelle." Geary street (Point Lobos avenue) between Fifth and Sixth avenues.

German Hospital. Fourteenth and Noe streets.

Hahnemann Hospital. Northeast corner of California and Maple streets.

Lane Hospital. Clay and Webster streets. X-ray, clinical and pathological laboratories under direction of the medical department of Leland Stanford Junior University.

Letterman General Hospital. (United States Army) Presidio military reservation.

This is the largest American army hospital, and cost approximately half a million dollars. There is bed capacity for 500, and the accommodations can be expanded to take care of 1,000.

McNutt Hospital, at 1055 Pine street, between Jones and Taylor.

Morton Hospital. At 775 Cole street.

Employes of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railway needing hospital services in San Francisco are accommodated here.

Mount Zion Hospital. At 2341 Sutter street, near Divisadero. A new building is in course of construction at Post and Scott streets.

St. Francis Hospital. Bush and Hyde streets.

St. Joseph's Hospital. Park Hill and Buena Vista avenues. Conducted by the Franciscan Sisters of the Sacred Heart.

St. Luke's Hospital. Twenty-seventh and Valencia streets.

St. Mary's Hospital. Hayes and Stanyan streets, opposite the east end of Golden Gate Park. Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy.

Saint Winifred's Hospital. At 1065 Sutter street, between Hyde and Larkin.

Southern Pacific Hospital. At Fell and Baker streets.

Exclusively for employes of the Southern Pacific railroad. One of the best railroad hospitals ever built.

Trinity Hospital. At 1500 Page street, corner of Masonic avenue.

United States Marine Hospital. On the Marine Hospital reservation adjoining the Presidio of San Francisco. For the care and treatment of seamen from the Merchant Marine.

University of California Hospital. Second and Parnassus avenues.

This is the hospital of the Affiliated Colleges of the University of California.

Five emergency hospitals are maintained by the municipality in different parts of the city. They are located as follows:

Central Emergency Hospital. Stevenson street, near Eighth.

Harbor Emergency Hospital. No. 7 Clay street.

Park Emergency Hospital. Stanyan street near Waller, close to the Haight street entrance to Golden Gate Park.

Potrero Emergency Hospital. 1152 Kentucky street.

Mission Emergency Hospital. Twenty-third street and Potrero avenue.

TELEGRAPH, CABLE AND EXPRESS OFFICES.

Western Union Telegraph Co. Main office, Pine and Montgomery. Messages can be telephoned in by calling for "Western Union." Always open.

American District Telegraph Company messengers furnished at all Western Union offices.

Federal Telegraph Co., Merchants' Exchange building; 9 a. m. to 5:30 p. m.
149 Montgomery. 7 a. m. to 8 p. m.; Sundays 10 a. m to 2 p. m., and 4 p. m. to 8 p. m.

Marconi Wireless Telegraph Co. of America, Merchants' Exchange building. Office 8:30 to 5:30. Station always open.

Postal Telegraph Cable Co., N. E. corner Market and Battery (main office). Always open.

EXPRESS OFFICES.

Adams Express Co. Tracing, delivery and claim department, 54 Post street. Wagon and call department, Ferry building. Money orders, travelers' checks, foreign postal remittances, money paid by telegraph.

Globe Express Co. Tracing, delivery and claim department, 54 Post street. General Superintendent's office, Mills building. Wagon and call department, Ferry building. Money orders, travelers' checks, foreign postal remittances, money paid by telegraph.

Wells Fargo & Company. Main office, Second and Mission streets. Money orders, travelers' checks, foreign postal remittances, money paid by telegraph.

SAN FRANCISCO'S PRINCIPAL STEAMSHIP CONNECTIONS.

PASSENGERS AND FREIGHT.

Alaska Pacific Steamship Company. For Seattle, Tacoma and Alaska. Howard street wharf. Ticket office, 654 Market.

Independent Steamship Company. For San Pedro. Howard street wharf. Ticket office, 648 Market.

Matson Navigation Company. For the Hawaiian Islands—Honolulu, Port Allen, Kahului, Kaanapoli and Hilo. Ticket office, 268 Market.

North Pacific Steamship Company. For Portland, Eureka, San Diego, San Pedro, Santa Barbara, San Luis Obispo. Vallejo street wharf. Ticket office, 654 Market, and 3 Market.

Oceanic Steamship Company. For Honolulu, Pago Pago and Samoa, and Australia. California and Davis street. Ticket office, 673 Market.

Pacific Coast Steamship Company. For Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, San Diego, Seattle, Tacoma, Victoria, Vancouver and Alaska. 112 Market, 653 Market and Broadway wharf.

Pacific Mail Steamship Company. For Honolulu, Japan and China, Mexico, Central America and Panama. Flood building, Market and Powell street. Ticket office, 722 Market.

Pacific Navigation Company. For San Pedro and San Diego. Pacific street wharf. Ticket office, 680 Market.

San Francisco and Portland Steamship Company. For Los Angeles, Portland and Astoria. Flood building, Powell and Market.

Toyo Kisen Kaisha. For Honolulu, China and Japan. Merchants' National Bank building, 631 Market.

Union Steamship Company of New Zealand. Hind, Rolph & Co., agents. For Tahiti, New Zealand and Australia. 310 California. Ticket office, 679 Market.

FREIGHT.

American-Hawaiian Steamship Company. For Puget Sound, Hawaii and Salina Cruz, Mexico. Greenwich street wharf and 310 Sansome.

East Asiatic Companies, Ltd. From Europe via Straits of Magellan. Parrott & Co., agents, 320 California.

Harrison Line. For Europe, Los Angeles, Portland, Seattle, Tacoma, Vancouver. Balfour, Guthrie & Co., agents. 350 California.

Kosmos Line. For South American ports and Europe, 158 California street.

Luckenbach Steamship Company. For New York, via Panama. Merchants' Exchange building, 431 California.

Maple Leaf Line. For Europe. E. C. Evans & Sons, agents, 260 California.

Pollard Steamship Company. For Grays Harbor, Tacoma, Seattle, Vancouver, Victoria. 244 California.

Robert Dollar Company. For China and Japan. 160 California.

W. R. Grace & Co. (New York and Pacific Steamship Company). For New York, Seattle, Peru, Bolivia, Chile. California and Battery.

In addition to the above there is a large number of lumber and other vessels running from San Francisco to various coast ports.

CLUBS AND SOCIETIES.

In San Francisco, club life presents extraordinary distinction and charm. Out of the marked individuality of the people and their socially stimulating environment have arisen such famous organizations as the Bohemian Club, the Family Club, the Commonwealth, the Olympic and others.

We can not present a complete club directory, but may mention some of the most distinctive and interesting, as indicative of the social condition of the community. Lodge meeting notices of all the more important fraternal orders will be found in the daily papers.

Pacific Union Club. Occupying what was once the brown stone mansion of the Comstock mining operator, James C. Flood, on California street between Mason and Cushman streets, across from the Fairmont hotel. There is probably no club in the world that has such a spacious and beautiful home.

Bohemian Club. At Post and Taylor streets. This is the most famous club in San Francisco, and one of the really great clubs of the world. Its home in the city is embellished with sculptures by some of its members, and decorated with sketches in the gayest spirit, illustrative of Bohemian club life.

The mid-summer grove-play of this organization, concluding with the "Cremation of Care," is world-famous. The festival is held in a magnificent 240-acre grove of California redwoods, which the club owns, near Monte Rio, in Sonoma county.

Members camp here for two weeks, and the festival concludes with a dramatic performance staged amid great redwoods on a sloping hillside, forming a vast stage-set beyond the facilities of any theater to produce. The grove-play of the Bohemian Club is a distinctly Californian art growth, and yet such a thing as might have been born in the golden age of Greece. The text is always written by a member, and the music is also the work of a member. Members take the parts, and none but members and visitors with cards of membership, are privileged to witness it.

Olympic Club. At 524 Post street. This is the oldest existing amateur athletic organization in the world and one of the greatest. It was formed May 6, 1860, and antedates the oldest athletic organizations of New York and London by several years. Burned out by the fire of 1906, it rebuilt on the old site. The corner-stone of the present building was laid May 6, 1911, and the club reopened on June 15, 1912.

In its long life the Olympic has contributed much to the movement in favor of athletics, and clean athletics, throughout the country. It has produced great boxers and wrestlers; and such famous track athletes at Robert Haley, Peter Gerhardt, V. E. Schifferstein and Jack Nelson, the "even time" men, who could run 100 yards in ten seconds, or 220 in 22. Ralph Rose, the world's champion shot putter, was a member of this club, and so is George Horine, champion high jumper of the world, both of whom represented the United States at the Olympic games at Stockholm in 1912.

The club house is one of the most beautifully furnished and appointed buildings in the city.

Probably the pride of the place is the swimming plunge, 100 feet long and 35 feet wide, in a spacious Italian marble chamber. The pool is filled daily with salt water pumped from the ocean.

The membership of the Olympic club is over 2,400—larger than that of any other men's athletic club in America except the New York Athletic.

University Club. Corner of Powell and California streets. More members of the city's younger university men can be found here than at any other gathering place in San Francisco.

The *University of California Club* has its home at 212 Stockton street.

Union League Club, with handsomely appointed quarters at the corner of Powell and O'Farrell streets, in the downtown section.

The *Southern Club* has a beautiful home at California and Jones streets with a classic portico suggesting colonial times and the "days before the war."

Press Club of San Francisco. Southwest corner of Sutter and Powell streets. The Press Club is allied with the Friars Club of New York. The membership is well over 450, and includes former Presidents Taft and Roosevelt and Secretary Knox. The club holds an annual show on the 17th of April

at one of the down town theaters. The new quarters are handsome and commodious.

Family Club. Corner of Bush and Powell streets. This is one of the clubs that join the country feature to the city phase of club life. It owns a beautiful "Farm" with a redwood grove, in Woodside canyon, back of Redwood City, San Mateo county.

San Francisco Commercial Club. On the fourteenth floor of the Merchants Exchange building, 431 California street. This is an association of about 1450 of the leading business men of the city.

Transportation Club of San Francisco. Mezzanine floor of the Palace Hotel.

Concordia Club. This is one of the leading Jewish social organizations of the city. It is located at 1142 Van Ness avenue, between Post and Geary.

Argonaut Club. At Post and Powell. Another well-known Jewish club, which grew out of the San Francisco Verein, organized in 1853—one of the earliest social organizations in the community, if not the oldest.

Alliance Francaise. Headquarters for San Francisco are at 108 Sutter street; French-American Bank building.

Ad Men's Club. Secretary, Frederick S. Nelson, 121 Post street.

Pacific Aero Club. In room 730 Pacific building, at Fourth and Market streets. Affiliated with the Aero Club of America, and through that organization with the Federation Aeronautique Internationale.

Sierra Club. This is one of the celebrated *mountaineering* clubs of the world, and the second largest in the United States. Its summer outings, which travelers come from almost every country to join, offer facilities for mountain climbing and exploration that would be unattainable without it.

The president is John Muir, author of several works descriptive of the Sierra and their Big Tree groves; "The Mountains of California," "Our National Parks," "My First Summer in

the Sierra," and "The Yosemite." The secretary is William E. Colby, 604 Mills building, Bush and Montgomery streets. The club has its city headquarters in the Mills building, room 402, where members and visitors may consult its remarkable collection of books, maps, exchanges and photographs relating to mountaineering; and it also has mountain headquarters, during the months of heaviest travel, in the Le Conte Memorial Lodge, Yosemite Valley, where there is a library and a reading room and where the club's custodian is always prepared to furnish practical data about the mountains. In fact, the most serviceable information on all phases of California mountaineering can always be obtained from this organization.

California Camera Club. At 833 Market street, between Fourth and Fifth. Visitors to San Francisco interested in *photography* are invited to call at the club rooms. This club is probably unique, and in membership is the largest organization of camera artists in the country. It is not only a rendezvous for advanced photographers, but a school for the beginner and the amateur, where every convenience has been assembled for photographic work. There is a fine library of reference works on photography.

Commonwealth Club of California. At 153 Kearny street. This is an active and vigorous organization for the study and discussion of problems affecting the community with a view to assisting in their solution. Students of such subjects may consult the club's growing library on political, economic and sociological topics, at the rooms, which are open from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m., week days, except Saturday, when they close at 3 p. m.

Local Council of Women, member of the National Council. President, Miss Jessica Lee Briggs, 1942A Hyde street; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Augusta Jones, 2524 Clay street. This body represents between 2,500 and 3,000 women, being a federation of the women's clubs of the city.

Academy of Sciences. 343 Sansome street. Soon to erect a fine steel-framed building near the Francis Scott Key Monument in Golden Gate Park, where its large natural history col-

lections will be housed. Its collection of water-fowl is said to be the best in the world.

San Francisco Turn Verein. At 2450 Sutter street, between Divisadero and Broderick. *Accessible from the hotel district by Sutter street cars on Lines Nos. 1 or 2.*

Columbia Park Boys' Club of San Francisco. At 458 Guerrero street, between Sixteenth and Seventeenth.

Valencia street car, Line No. 9, to Sixteenth, and walk one block west to Guerrero; or *Fillmore street line to Sixteenth and Guerrero; also by lines 10 or 26, on Mission street, to Seventeenth and Guerrero.* Visitors are always welcome. Membership is limited to those under 12 years. There are no dues, but personal service is exacted from every member. The boys are called upon continually to assist in charitable enterprises, and through their bands, chorals and athletic and dramatic performances have been able to earn their way on travel tours to every city and town in the State, along the west coast as far as Seattle, east as far as New York, and across the Pacific and throughout Australasia. At this writing a number of them are on a tour of the world, and in England were entertained on Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht.

The work is in progress after 3:30 every day except Saturdays and Sundays. There is military drill at 11 o'clock Saturday. Visitors are always welcome.

Caledonian Club of San Francisco. Meets the first and third Fridays of the month at 121 Larkin street, one block north of Market.

San Francisco Scottish Thistle Club. Regular meetings are held on the second and fourth Thursdays of the month at 121 Larkin street, the latter being a "smoker."

Recreation League of San Francisco. Office in the Phelan building at 760 Market street. An amalgamation of over 80 civic, commercial and philanthropic organizations to promote an interest in outdoor sports and to make San Francisco known as a city of play.

Sequoia Club. At 1725 Washington street, between Polk street and Van Ness avenue. Sequoia Club Hall building. Gertrude Atherton is an honorary member, and so is Ina Coolbrith, the poet.

San Francisco-Alaska Club. At 4 Eddy street, near Market and Powell.

Commercial Travelers' 1915. Otto C. Sievers, 673 Fourth avenue, secretary. Meets second and fourth Fridays at 444 Market street.

Pacific Coast Commercial Travelers' Association. Headquarters 444 Market. Meets last Saturday of the month.

San Francisco Commercial Travelers' Association. Meets second and fourth Tuesdays at 611 Pacific building.

San Francisco Chapter of the American Institute of Architects. Sylvain Schnaittacher, secretary, First National Bank building, Montgomery and Post streets.

San Francisco Architectural Club. Harry Thompson, secretary, 126 Post street.

The *Bar Association of San Francisco* extends a welcome to visiting attorneys that may wish to consult its law library, ninth floor of the Pacific building, Market and Fourth streets.

The *Order of Railway Conductors*, Division 113, meets at 530 Bryant street on the first and third Tuesdays of the month. There are two lodges of the *Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen* in this city. San Francisco Lodge No. 198 meets at 530 Bryant street, at 7:30 p. m., on the first Tuesday of the month, and at 1:30 p. m., on the third Sunday. Golden Gate Lodge No. 846 meets at the same place on the second Wednesday and the third Saturday of the month at 12:30 p. m.

Besides these there are the *Army and Navy Club*, at 126 Post street; the *California Anglers' Association*, at 15 Stockton street; the *Concatenated Order of Hoo-Hoo*, in the Fife building, with a membership among the lumbermen; and many more.

The *San Francisco Labor Council* meets every Friday at 8 p. m., at the Labor Temple, 316 Fourteenth street.

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EXCHANGE HALL OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, RECEIVING OVER $4,000,000 IN SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION, APRIL 28, 1910.

Building Trades Council headquarters are at Building Trades Temple, Fourteenth and Guerrero streets. The general president and secretary-treasurer of the *State Building Trades Council* have headquarters in the Merchants National Bank building.

COMMERCIAL ORGANIZATIONS.

Board of Trade of San Francisco. Located at 444 Market street, foot of Bush. There is no exhibit here, nor other feature of interest to the visitor, the Board being organized to carry out certain business objects of its members.

Merchants Exchange. This organization formerly regulated the shipping, grain, beans, hay and allied trades of San Francisco, but its commercial functions were assumed by the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce when that body was formed by the consolidation of the Merchants' Association, the Merchants' Exchange, the Down Town Association and the old Chamber of Commerce of San Francisco, in 1911. The Exchange now exists as a holding body for the Merchants' Exchange building.

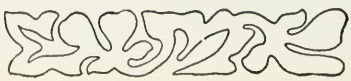
San Francisco Chamber of Commerce. The offices of the Chamber are on the thirteenth floor of the Merchants' Exchange building, 431 California street. Information about San Francisco can be obtained here during business hours. The organization has over 3,000 members, is the third largest in the country, and the largest body of its kind in the United States in proportion to the size of the city it represents. It is the one central civic and commercial organization of San Francisco, and is continuously at work through its Board of Directors and its forty standing and special committees to promote the trade and welfare of the community. This hand book has been compiled and published by its Publicity Committee.

The Chamber maintains an active Traffic Bureau, a Foreign Trade Department, a Municipal Affairs committee, an Inspection Bureau that watches the expenditure of public funds and the execution of public works, a Reception Committee, a Grain Inspection Department, which grades the quality of grain bought and sold on the exchange and passes on the regularity of the warehouses in which it is stored, Arbitration and Appeals committees, before which commercial arbitrations are conducted, a Publicity Department, a Domestic Trade Extension committee that has conducted jobbers' and manufacturers excursions all over California, and a National and Foreign Affairs committee that watches the trend of national legislation and diplomacy and its possible effect on San Francisco, through a special Washington Bureau. Few cities have such concentration of civic and commercial function as this.

The *Exchange Hall of the Chamber of Commerce* is on the ground floor of the Merchants' Exchange building at 431 California street, and here is conducted the trade of the city, and of the State as well, in barley, oats, wheat, flour and beans. The transactions take place at two sessions a day; from 11 to 11:30 a. m., and 2 to 2:30 p. m. Through a door near the east or Leidesdorff street end of the cross corridor, visitors are admitted to a small railed gallery overlooking the grain pit.

This is the hall in which, on April 28, 1910, amid a tumult of enthusiasm such as few cities have ever witnessed, citizens of San Francisco subscribed over four million dollars in less than two hours as a beginning for the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

The San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange is on the ground floor of the Merchants' Exchange building, 431 California street. Sessions are at 10:30 a. m. and 2 p. m.



SPORTS.

If nothing else did, results of sporting contests would go far toward establishing the proposition that San Francisco is a place where men do things well.

One San Franciscan, W. D. Mansfield, is the world's champion amateur fly caster. Another, George Horine, is the world's champion amateur high jumper. Another, Ralph Rose, is the world's champion amateur 16-pound shot putter. Another, Adolph Strecker, held a world's rifle championship for many years. Another, James E. Gorman, has a pistol score that is the highest ever made, and a revolver score that has never been beaten. Another San Franciscan, Maurice E. McLaughlin, is the champion tennis player of the United States.

Sport is hospitable here. Almost without exception the visitor properly introduced will find a welcome among the sportsmen's organizations. For the service of travelers we present here some information that will enable them to enjoy the outdoor attractions of the Bay region.

California, as one enthusiast has put it, is "one great fish and game preserve." Deer are actually more numerous in this State today than they were 30 years ago, owing to the destruction of panthers and other predatory animals, under a wise bounty system.

The State is 750 miles long, well watered, in parts heavily wooded, with noble stretches of game cover, and some of the grandest trout streams to be found.

Fish and game abound, and if you want to get a shot at a cinnamon bear, waylay a cougar or entice a steelhead with a dry fly, there are plenty of resorts so near San Francisco that you can reach them with no more luggage than your bag and gun case, and no longer than a few days' absence from your comfortable city hotel. In fact, San Francisco is the focus of a "Sportsman's Paradise."

So long is the state and so infinitely varied are its natural conditions that no general game laws could be applied to it, and

it has been necessary for the legislature to divide it into six districts and vary the law among them. Closed and open seasons differ with the locality. Moreover, county boards of supervisors have been vested by the legislature with power to shorten the open seasons, so that it is difficult to present reliable data on this point that would stay so for any length of time. Many of the sporting goods houses print excerpts from the law and diagrams of seasons, so that current information for any time and place can be obtained from them.

FISHING.

One dollar license is required for fishing. As to rods and tackle, San Francisco sporting goods houses can supply the best quality to be found of the suitable thing, and advice about its use.

For salmon, the Wilson spoon, a famous killer hereabouts, is a native San Franciscan, and the Kewell spoon is another good one.

Salmon. Some of the liveliest salmon fishing in the world can be enjoyed right in San Francisco Bay, or just "outside the heads."

Beginning in June, and sometimes as early as May, the salmon begin to run at Monterey, 85 miles due south of this city, or 122 miles by rail. Here, in this quaint old Spanish town, the original capital of California, you can get good accommodations, boats and launches, bait, and men to take you out. Other points on Monterey Bay are Santa Cruz, Capitola, Aptos, Soquel, and the famous resort, Del Monte, all easily reached from San Francisco by the Southern Pacific railroad, and all able to supply fishing facilities.

Within a few weeks after the run begins at Monterey the salmon will have reached the Golden Gate. The sporting goods houses along Market street, or north Kearny street, will be glad to give you the needed information to the minute.

This is the time, if you wish to hook a fifty-pound fish with

fighting blood in him, to arrange with G. Sanguinetti for a gasoline crab launch from Fishermen's Wharf to take you out.

Sanguinetti should have a day's notice. His place is at the southwest corner of Mason and Jefferson streets.

Take the Powell street cable car marked "Market and Powell, Bay and Taylor" and go to the terminus. Fishermen's Wharf is dead ahead about four blocks, Jefferson is the last street before you reach it, and Mason is one block to your right (east). The right price for the launch and its engineer should be $10, and the boatman will supply the bait.

In the same manner you can get rock cod fishing around Angel Island and Raccoon straits, (between Angel island and Belvedere) and striped bass in the rivers, creeks and sloughs that communicate with the Bay. The bass afford fine sport, often weighing as high as 55 pounds, and furnishing the best of food. Launches can be hired, also, from the Crowley Launch and Tugboat company, from Henry Peterson, Charles Peterson, Johnson, Lang, John Leary and others, who can be found along the water front, and by consulting the telephone directory.

Launches and rowboats can be had at Sausalito and at Tiburon.

Trout. Fly fishing for *Steelhead* is a popular sport in the vicinity of San Francisco. A steelhead is supposed to be a rainbow trout that has been to sea, and he is a great fighting fish.

Probably the finest steelhead fishing to be found near this city (and it is near enough so one can go and return the same day), is in San Gregorio lagoon and creek, three miles beyond the present terminus of the Ocean Shore railroad's northern division. There is a stage connection at Tunitas Glen, where the division ends at present.

Five miles below San Gregorio is Pescadero, also very fine.

The Ocean Shore skirts the bluffs just above the sea, southward from San Francisco for 38 miles, and northward from Santa Cruz 15½ miles, cutting across the courses of several

trout streams. In 1912 the company put into these streams 200,000 young fish from the state hatcheries. At any accessible beach along the line, and there are many of them, the surf-fishing for cod, eels and perch is good, and numbers of people find recreation and good food gathering mussels and abalones from the rocks.

Trains on the Ocean Shore leave the city from Twelfth and Market streets. Returning, one can leave Tunitas at 5:30 p. m., arriving at Twelfth and Market at 7:35 p. m. There are four daily trains down this road at present.

North of San Francisco, up to the Oregon line, is a stretch of coast country heavily wooded, with cover for quail, doves, grey and Douglas squirrel, deer, bear and cougar, and with living streams that reach the ocean and abound in fish. The Northwestern Pacific, leaving Sausalito, threads this region for about 150 miles, to Sherwood, Mendocino county, and for most of the distance runs several trains a day.

Large areas of this country are heavily timbered with virgin redwood forest, and its rough mountain ranges are gashed to the sea with rivers whose very names spell fish to a Californian. Detailed information can be obtained at the ticket office of the company, 874 Market street.

Lake county is called the Switzerland of California. Mineral springs are many and a health resort has been built beside nearly every one. Hunting and fishing are good all through the region.

Southward again from San Francisco, on the Southern Pacific, one reaches such places as Boulder Creek and Brookdale, in the rugged Santa Cruz mountains.

New regions have recently been opened to the hunter and angler by the construction of the Western Pacific railroad. On this line one can get directly at the Big Meadows country, on the north fork of the Feather river, in Plumas county. The Feather is a magnificent stream, broad and full, carrying the largest low water flow of any of the streams of Central California.

LAKE TAHOE AND THE SIERRA, FROM MT. TALLAC.

Lake Tahoe is within easy reach of San Francisco. One can leave the city at night and be there next morning. Its half-mile sapphire depths hide big ones. Boats and launches can be had at the Tavern or at Tallac, the largest two resorts, both very comfortable. Here are rainbow, Loch Levin, great Mackinaw, and other fighting breeds. There are many resorts on the lake, besides those we have mentioned, such as Homewood, McKinney's, Moana Villa, Emerald Bay, with a good camp and near the deepest part of the lake; Al-Tahoe, Bijou, the Grove, Lakeside Park, Glenbrook, Brockway, Tahoe Vista, Carnelian Bay, and others. Rubicon Springs are easily reached by stage from McKinney's, and the fishing nearby is excellent. All of them have boats.

Fallen Leaf Lake is but three or four miles from Tallac, and the trolling here is good. A stage leaves Tallac for this place just after lunch. Another leaves about the same time for

Glen Alpine Springs, about seven miles from the Tallac

house and around the shoulder of Mt. Tallac. Forty-six lakes lie within a six-mile radius of the springs. On nine of them the hotel camp keeps boats for its guests.

The Truckee river tears its way out of Tahoe, and its riffles hide fine fighters. It is a stream for experts and much of it is preserved, but there are some good reaches that are still open.

Then there are Hetch Hetchy and the Tuolumne Meadows, the streams above Yosemite valley, the Merced river in the valley itself, but the fishing here is a hard proposition. The Kern, King's River and Kaweah canyons, and as many more as you care to try, leading into the fastnesses of the high Sierra, amid the most beautiful and wonderful scenery in North America.

And so the story goes, north, south and east, with the ocean to the west, and with San Francisco a hub from which radiate transportation lines in every direction to the finest fields of sport on the continent. In a work of this size we can not undertake to describe, or even locate, all the places where delight awaits the angler and big game targets await the hunter, but inquiry at the railroad ticket offices and some vigilance around the sporting goods houses, which continually receive advices from the railroad station agents, will serve to inform any intelligent person about facilities and accommodations. The Southern Pacific offices are at 834 Market, Palace Hotel, Third and Townsend depot; the Northwestern Pacific at 874 Market; the Santa Fe at 673 Market; the Western Pacific at 665 Market, all of them have offices and information bureaus at the Ferry.

FLY CASTING.

In this sport San Francisco stands supreme, with records that have never been approached. The organization that conducts the events is the *San Francisco Fly Casting Club*, which has a club house at Stow Lake, in Golden Gate Park, and a fishing lodge on the Truckee river about three miles west of Boca, where it owns two miles of river bank. Grover Cleveland was

a member of this organization, and Dr. Henry Van Dyke of Princeton belongs to it. The present secretary is Paul M. Nippert, Mills building, Bush and Montgomery streets. The president is F. J. Cooper. The membership includes many of the leading men of the community, in business and the professions.

Contests at casting the fly and the half-ounce lure occur on alternate Saturdays and following Sundays at Stow Lake, in Golden Gate Park, from March to November, and the performances here are so remarkable that they have made this bit of water famous among anglers all over the world. The events occur at 2:30 p. m., on Saturdays and 10:30 a. m., on Sundays, at a concrete pier constructed by the park commissioners especially for this use. Visiting anglers are welcome.

The world's record for single handed fly-casting with a heavy rod, in open tournament, is 134 feet, made by Walter D. Mansfield of San Francisco at Stow Lake in 1902. Since then, in club contests, H. C. Golcher of San Francisco cast 140 feet, T. W. Brotherton of San Francisco 137, J. B. Kenniff of San Francisco 135; and Walter D. Mansfield in a record exhibition made a cast of 144. The nearest approach to these marks is 120 feet, made at Chicago.

With the light rod, the record is held by Mansfield of San Francisco, at 129 feet, 6 inches, the next best cast being 114 feet, made in Chicago. These records have never been approached in Europe.

The San Francisco Fly Casting Club is a member of the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs, and its records are recognized throughout the world. Its membership is limited to 100, and the number is always complete.

HUNTING.

The law imposes a *hunting license* fee of $1 a year on residents of California, $10 a year on citizens not residing in the State, and $25 a year on aliens. If the $1 license is what you require you can buy it at any first class sporting goods shop in the city. The others must be obtained from the county clerk

or at the office of the Fish and Game Commission, in the Mills building, corner of Bush and Montgomery streets.

The sporting goods houses and railroad offices can supply definite directions for getting at the game—ducks, quail, snipe, geese, deer, bear and panther.

HORSEBACK RIDING.

Saddle horses for riding in the Park or elsewhere about the city can be obtained from the Hulda Stables, at 1530 Fell street, the Park Riding Academy, 2934 Fulton street, or the Riding and Driving Club, at 701 Seventh avenue. There are delightful rides down toward Ingleside, and to the Crystal Lakes and Lake Pilarcitos, in San Mateo county.

BASEBALL.

At Recreation Park, Fifteenth and Valencia streets.

Valencia street car, Line No. 9, or Eighteenth & Park Line, (no number.)

Reserved seats for Sundays and holidays may be secured at 884 Market street up to 1 o'clock of the day of the game; or at Recreation Park, in person or by telephone. Advance reservation may be made for Sunday and holiday games. Only box seats are reserved on week days. The prices are:

Bleachers, 25 cents. Grand stand, box seats, 75 cents on week days and $1 on Sundays and holidays. Grand stand general admission, on week days 50 cents; Sundays and holidays (all seats reserved), first four rows, opera chairs, 75 cents; all other seats 50 cents.

The local ball park will seat over 12,000 people.

Owing to the climate, the coast schedule is the longest in organized baseball. It begins about April 1st, and runs until late in October, a period of 30 weeks, or practically seven months.

The schedule calls for baseball five days of the week in San Francisco: Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday afternoons. There is no game on Monday. On Sat-

urdays, Sundays and holidays game begins at 2:30 p. m.; on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 3 o'clock. On Thursday afternoons and Sunday mornings the teams journey to Oakland.

The Pacific Coast Baseball League is composed of six teams: San Francisco, Oakland, Los Angeles, Portland, Sacramento and Venice.

The *Oakland Baseball Park* is located at San Pablo and Park avenues, Emeryville.

Take Key system ferry and Piedmont train at the mole, to Fortieth street and San Pablo avenues, and walk three blocks north.

Here ball is played, during the season, at 3:15 p. m., Thursdays, and 10:10 a. m. on Sundays and holidays. Bleacher seats are 25 cents, grand stand 50 and 75 cents, box seats 75 cents and $1. The grand stand here is a modern and very fine structure.

On the nine diamonds in Golden Gate Park one can see as many amateur games going on continuously, all day of a Sunday; and many other amateur teams use the play-ground diamonds at various points about the city.

FOOTBALL.

The English Rugby game is played between the fifteens of the University of California and Leland Stanford Junior University, and the annual contest of the two institutions is the main football event of the Coast. It takes place in November; at Berkeley, on California Field, in even-numbered years, and at Palo Alto, on Stanford Field, in the odd-numbered ones. The rivalry has continued for 21 years, having begun in 1891, and the total score of all games played since then stands (1913) at 198 for California and 195 for Stanford.

The English Rugby game was introduced in 1906, and speedily supplanted the early form of the sport in popular favor. It had the further advantage of uniting the interests of the football men of the Coast and those of Australia and

New Zealand. The California Rugby Union now embraces all teams playing English Rugby on the Coast. Last year this organization imported the Australian "Waratah" team, which defeated an All-America fifteen. In 1909 the Australian "Wallaby" team was brought over, and next season a team will come here from New Zealand.

"Soccer," or association football, which in England corresponds in interest and mode of organization to our professional baseball, is a summer game in the East, but is played straight through the winter in San Francisco, and under conditions that impose the most rigid principles of clean amateur sport. When snow and ice in other parts of the country have put an end to almost all outdoor games, winter football can be seen at 2:30 every Sunday, rain or shine, at the Ocean shore grounds at Mission and Twelfth streets, which can be reached by taking *any Mission street car, or Market street car to Twelfth and walking a block south.* Games in which a university team participates occur on Saturday, at the same time. Women and children under 14 are admitted free. Others pay 25 cents.

CRICKET.

Cricket games are played between teams of the California Cricket Association every Sunday afternoon, beginning at 1 o'clock, from early May to the end of September, at the Stadium in Golden Gate Park, and at Croll's grounds in Alameda. To reach the Alameda grounds

Take the Southern Pacific Ferry from the foot of Market street to Alameda Pier, and the High street train from there to Webster street station.

The Association consists of four teams: The Wanderers, the Barbarians, the Golden Gates and the Alameda. A challenge cup goes to the winner of the year's series. Visiting cricketers are always welcome.

TRACK AND FIELD ATHLETICS.

There is no season when sports afield can not be enjoyed in San Francisco and the vicinity, as there is almost no weather,

at any time of the year, that seriously interferes with them. Athletic organization embraces the grammar schools and even the Sabbath schools.

The governing body for California, north of Tehachapi and Nevada, under whose sanction all regular events are held, is the Pacific Association of the Amateur Athletic Union of the United States; the president is John Elliott, 42 Clay street, San Francisco, and the secretary Herbert Hauser, 410 Montgomery street. San Francisco grammar schools, high schools all over Northern California, the local Y. M. C. A., the National Guard, all the universities and colleges around the bay, and the University of Nevada are represented in it and are part of it.

The universities take the lead in interest, although the Olympic, the Barbarian and the Pastime Clubs push them close. Outdoor events begin in March and continue until October, and are held in the Stadium at Golden Gate Park, on the University of California Oval, at St. Ignatius College, St. Mary's College, the University of Santa Clara, or the athletic field of Stanford University. The Stadium in Golden Gate Park is one of the finest and most completely equipped athletic fields in the world, and the field at Stanford is very fine also. Each has a 220-yard straight-away. For locations and methods of reaching these places see the index.

The Recreation League of San Francisco, with its office in the Phelan building, Market and O'Farrell streets, does a great deal to promote a healthy interest in outdoor sports of all kinds. The secretary is James E. Rogers.

A San Franciscan, Mr. William Unmack, has been asked by the Amateur Athletic Union of the United States to take an All-American track team to Australia and New Zealand for the antipodean summer 1913 to 1914.

YACHTING.

The Bay of San Francisco is a matchless sheet of water for all aquatic sports. It has an area of 420 square miles, of

LOOKING OVER THE BAY FROM TAMALPAIS.

which there is a space of 190 square miles that is over 30 feet deep. It offers fine sailing courses, and there is so much of good brisk breeze through the summer that San Francisco boats have about half the sail plan of those on the Atlantic Coast.

Landward are several good sloughs or creeks, navigable for pleasure craft, and the mouths of two great rivers, the Sacramento and the San Joaquin. The rivers are beautiful to travel and give access to most interesting country. At an ordinary

stage of water a boat drawing seven feet can go as far as Sacramento on the Sacramento river, or Stockton on the San Joaquin, and every foot of the way is full of charm and interest.

But this is only the beginning. "Outside" is the blue Pacific, inviting bay yachtsmen for cruises to Bolinas and Drake's bays on the north, and down the coast to Monterey bay, 85 miles to the southward, where are the pleasant resorts of Santa Cruz, Monterey and Pacific Grove. On such a cruise one gets the finest of sea fishing. If one has a stanch boat and good crew he is not limited even to coasting, for Honolulu calls with its tropical allurements. This is a cruise that can be made in fifteen days from San Francisco, with the greatest comfort at almost any season of the year. An eastern yachtsman who had brought his boat around could not do better than return by way of Honolulu and the Panama Canal; or keep on from Honolulu to the Samoan islands, the Philippines and China.

It was from San Francisco Bay that Robert Louis Stevenson departed in the yacht "Casco" on the South Sea voyage that took him to Samoa, and it was from this port that Jack London set sail on the "Snark."

A line addressed to the secretary of either the San Francisco or the Corinthian Yacht Club will put a stranger in touch with the yachting situation; when, if he has letters from the East, navigation will be made easy for him.

The *San Francisco Yacht Club* has its club house at Sausalito, which can be reached from the Ferry building at the foot of Market street by ferry boats running half hourly during the early and late hours, and hourly during the middle of the day. It has a spacious anchorage, and all facilities. A steam yacht of any size can come alongside the float, and there are cranes to handle heavy material.

The *Sausalito Yacht Club* has its headquarters and club house at Sausalito.

The *Corinthian Yacht Club* has its club house at Tiburon, reached by an hourly ferry boat from Sausalito. Many power boats are represented in this organization.

The *Aeolian Yacht Club* and the *Encinal Yacht Club* are both located at Alameda, which is reached from the Ferry building, foot of Market street.

The *South Bay Yacht Club* is at Alviso.

The *Vallejo Yacht Club* is situated at the town of that name, just above San Pablo Bay.

The *Pacific Motor Boat Club* is one of the big factors in motor boating on the coast. Its club house is at Belvedere, Marin county.

In Oakland are the *California Yacht Club*, and the *Oakland Yacht and Motor Boat Club.*

ROWING.

Eight-oar shell races occur between crews of Stanford University, the University of California and Washington University in the Oakland estuary annually, some time during the month of June. To reach the estuary take the Southern Pacific ferry to Alameda Pier, whence there is good walking along the mole to the finish. This is the main rowing event of the year in the vicinity of San Francisco.

The *Alameda Rowing Club* of Alameda, and the *South End Rowing and Boating*, the *Ariel Rowing and Boating*, and the *Dolphin Swimming and Boating Clubs* of San Francisco form the Pacific Association of Amateur Oarsmen, which holds a rowing regatta, with four-oared barge races and skiff races, every Fourth of July, at Black Point Cove, near Fort Mason. The three clubs last named have club houses there, and San Francisco's swimming, boating and other aquatic events occur along this bit of water.

Hyde street cars will take you to Black Point Cove.

Persons fond of rowing will find good boats at the boat house on Stow Lake, in Golden Gate Park.

GOLF.

Cool, rainless summers, and winters without snow, with reliable stretches of dry weather and clear skies, make San Francisco and its environs ideal for this sport. There are fine links

in the vicinity, laid out by experts, and where they belong to clubs the visitor needs only some member to put him up, in order to enjoy the game. The following are some of the best courses, either in the city or at such distance that one can go and return in a day or two:

Municipal Course in Lincoln Park, San Francisco. Situated on bluffs overlooking the Golden Gate. The course is six holes, northerly, with a possibility of nine by playing westward from the northerly green toward Land's End. Open to all and no fees required.

Presidio Golf Course. Just within the Presidio of San Francisco, to the left of the First avenue entrance. An eighteen-hole course, and one of the finest in the State. Maintained by the United States Army. Used by the United Service Golf Club, and by the Presidio Golf Club. The headquarters of the latter are at 8 Presidio Terrace.

Ingleside Golf and Country Club. This is an 18-hole course, on sandy soil, and in winter is like the eastern courses at their best.

Burlingame Country Club. Near Burlingame, 16 miles down the San Francisco Peninsula; about 31 minutes on the Southern Pacific railroad from Third and Townsend depot. An 18-hole course, delightfully situated.

Beresford Country Club. Near San Mateo, 18 miles down the peninsula, just beyond Burlingame, and reached in the same way. The links are but a year old, but when complete will be one of the best 18-hole courses in the country, and the longest near San Francisco.

Menlo Country Club. At Menlo Park, 29 miles down the peninsula, on Southern Pacific. The course now consists of nine holes, but will shortly be doubled.

Santa Cruz. Situated on Monterey Bay, 76 miles south of San Francisco, on Southern Pacific. Links are full championship length, 6200 yards, 18 holes. Open to all guests of the Casa del Rey hotel at Santa Cruz, and to others on payment of a green-fee.

Del Monte. Near historic Monterey, and about 121 miles from San Francisco, on Southern Pacific. No cards or introduction necessary. The links, within a five-minute walk of the hotel, are the scene of the annual Pacific Coast Championship contests. The course is 18 holes, full championship, 6300 yards, with fine putting greens.

San Jose Country Club and Golf Links. Linda Vista district, six miles east of San Jose. Eighteen holes, 6200 yards. An excellent course, with a beautiful outlook.

Claremont Country Club. Across the bay, in Oakland. An 18-hole course, on soil of the typical inland California sort. *Take Key system ferry and Fortieth street train; Broadway car north.*

Marin County Country Club. Near San Rafael, 15 miles north of San Francisco, on the Northwestern Pacific. There is a 9-hole course, in beautiful surroundings, with the additional attraction of a salt water plunge.

HANDBALL.

There are six free handball courts in Golden Gate Park, directly south of the Francis Scott Key monument. Handball courts are also found in most of the athletic gymnasiums, like that of the Olympic Club.

TENNIS.

This is an all-year-round sport in San Francisco, where the summers are never too warm nor the winters too cold for brisk work at the nets. As a result this city takes the lead at expert play, and produces champions in numbers.

Maurice E. McLaughlin of San Francisco is (1913) the champion of the United States in the singles class, having won the title at Newport, R. I., in August, 1912. With Thomas C. Bundy of Los Angeles he also won the doubles championship in the same tournament. Carlton R. Gardner of San Francisco is champion of the Orient, having won that title at Manila. Two other San Franciscans, William John-

ston and Elia Fottrell, are champions of the Northwest in the doubles class. In all, four San Francisco men are among the ten best players in the United States. Miss Hazel Hotchkiss of Berkeley was the women's champion of the United States at both singles and doubles in 1910, 1911 and 1912.

Dr. Sumner Hardy of San Francisco is president of the Pacific States Lawn Tennis Association, a confederation of clubs in California, Oregon and Washington.

The principal tennis clubs in this city are the California Lawn Tennis Club, and the Golden Gate Lawn Tennis Club; but one does not have to belong to a club to enjoy the sport to the full, for there are courts in Golden Gate Park and many of the city squares that are open to any well-behaved person.

The California Tennis Club's five asphaltum courts are at the southwest corner of Scott and Bush streets, where visiting players with proper credentials are always made welcome.

The Golden Gate Club holds its matches on the courts in Golden Gate Park.

There are about a dozen courts in the park, toward the east end and just south of Favorite point, where the Middle Drive meets the Main Drive. They are free to all.

In addition there are other courts in Alta Plaza, between Scott and Steiner, and Jackson and Clay streets; Mission Park, between Eighteenth and Twentieth, and Dolores and Church streets; in Lafayette Square, between Laguna and Gough, and Washington and Sacramento streets; and in Holly Park, which would be at the crossing of Highland and Bocana avenues, in the southern part of the city. These are all public squares, under the administrative control of the Park Commissioners, and the use of the tennis courts in them is free.

Some fine matches are played on the public courts, especially in Golden Gate Park, but coast championship games are usually played at the Hotel Del Monte, on the Bay of Monterey, just east of the town of that name.

POLO.

This is a winter game in California, the season running from November to May. Some of the best contests occur when Eastern fields are covered with snow. In fact, the same climatic conditions that foster all kinds of outdoor sport near San Francisco, make the vicinity ideal for polo—so much so that at San Mateo, less than twenty miles down the peninsula, there are three fine polo fields within a two-mile radius. All these can be reached easily from San Mateo, which is accessible either by the Southern Pacific from Third and Townsend depot, or by the electric car starting from Fifth and Market streets.

Two of these fields are on the private estates of Francis J. Carolan and Charles W. Clark. The Carolan, or "Crossway," field is about three blocks easterly from Burlingame depot, the last stop on the Southern Pacific before San Mateo. The Clark field is just across El Camino Real, about a block west of the Hotel Peninsula. The San Mateo Polo Club has its field and club house at El Cerrito Park, Hillsboro, about ten minutes' walk westward of the depot at San Mateo, and about fifteen minutes' walk from the hotel.

The three fields are on soils of different character, and their proximity to one another makes it possible to find good conditions in any weather. They are generally used in rotation.

The game is now well organized under the auspices of the San Mateo Polo Club, formed in 1906, and play is continuous through the season, which begins Nov. 1 and lasts until May 1. There are three teams of this organization in the field. The members practice during the week; and on Saturdays and Sundays, at 3 p. m., there are regular members' games. The club house premises are reserved for members and their guests. The public grand stands seat about three thousand, and parking space is provided for autos.

At intervals, especially on holidays, there are hard match games, well worth a trip to this beautiful locality to witness.

The annual tournament is held in February and as the incidental expenses are heavy, an admittance fee of twenty-five and fifty cents is charged for these events. During the spring of 1912 teams participated that had come from Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, Canada and England. In 1913 the Honolulu team played here.

Polo players from a distance wishing to participate should communicate with the San Mateo Polo Club, San Mateo, California. Accommodations can be had at the Peninsula Hotel, which is open throughout the season.

A member of the club pays an entrance fee of twenty-five dollars on joining, and five dollars a month thereafter. Dues for non-resident members are five dollars per quarter, which entitles them to all the privileges of the club when residing in San Mateo. Player's fee for the season is fifty dollars.

GENTLEMEN'S DRIVING CLUBS.

That typical American sporting event, the *trotting race* in harness, can be seen almost any fair Saturday or Sunday afternoon, beginning about 12:30 p. m., during the season from May to November, at the Stadium in Golden Gate Park, under the best amateur conditions. There is no admittance fee.

The San Francisco Driving Club, an organization of about 125 members, holds its race meets at the Stadium on alternate Sundays. Half a dozen races are likely to occur. This is one of the principal driving clubs of the State. Its meets alternate with those of the California Driving Club, so that the race track is in use every Sunday.

The Park Amateur Driving Club holds race meets, with from twelve to twenty horses entered, at the Stadium on alternate Saturday afternoons during the summer.

BOWLING ON THE GREEN.

This pleasant sport is pursued on the Bowling Green in Golden Gate Park all the year round by members of the San Francisco Scottish Bowling Club, on Wednesdays, Saturdays

and holidays. Many tournaments, for prizes, are held during the summer.

RIFLE AND REVOLVER SHOOTING.

The San Francisco Scheutzen Verein, organized in 1858, shoots at Shellmound Park, Emeryville, on the Southern Pacific ferry and suburban line, every Sunday the year around. Several clubs shoot at this park, and almost any of them is glad of the participation of visitors interested in the sport. On Tuesday evening there is indoor revolver shooting at the same place, and on Thursday evening indoor rifle shooting. To reach Shellmound Park,

Take California loop train, connecting at Oakland pier with Southern Pacific ferry from the foot of Market street.

The California Scheutzen Club owns a park near San Rafael, in Marin county, on the Northwestern Pacific, and meets there on the first and third Sundays of the month.

There has recently been organized the Panama-Pacific International Shooting Association, which will hold a great international shooting festival during the exposition in 1915.

TRAP SHOOTING.

Over 200,000 blue rocks are smashed every year by the trap shooters of San Francisco—more, it is said, than in any other city in the country. Trap shooting occurs at the grounds of the Golden Gate Gun Club, Webster street and Atlantic avenue, Alameda, on Saturdays from 1 to 5 p. m., and all day on Sunday.

Take Southern Pacific ferry to Alameda mole, and "Lincoln Loop" train to Webster street station, and walk north about six blocks.

Any one living within fifty miles is eligible to join. Visitors from a greater distance pay a small charge for trapping targets. All standard loads can be bought at the grounds. If a visitor has no gun one will be found for him.

Visiting railroad men will find the Traffic Gun Club shooting here on the first Saturday in the month.

MOUNTAINEERING FROM SAN FRANCISCO.

Within easy reach of this city is one of the great mountain ranges of the world, the *Sierra Nevadas*, with higher peaks than the American Rockies, and stretches of scenery not surpassed by that of the Alps. There are many peaks over 12,000 feet in height, and two, Shasta and Whitney, over 14,000. There are beautiful lakes and meadows, wonderfully prolific trout streams, and great forests of the Sequoia Gigantea, the Big Trees of California, the largest living organisms and to be found nowhere else.

Added to these attractions is the superlative one of fine climate. No other mountain region has such reliable weather. It is so free from storms, and offers such a succession of opportunities for travel throughout the long summers that the Sierra Club, the leader in organized mountaineering in California, conducts its summer outings without tents—a great advantage in respect to the twin problems of transportation and economy.

San Francisco is the best place from which to seek the thrilling experiences of the California mountains. The Sierra are readily acessible from here, by railroad, to places well into the middle altitudes. In this city can be obtained the most authentic and complete information on the subject from the officers of the *Sierra Club*, and from its library, which can be found by consulting the index.

ROUND ABOUT SAN FRANCISCO.

In the following pages we have endeavored to give some idea of what may be done by a visitor that has but a few days at his disposal, to see some of the best and most characteristic parts of California, lying close to this city.

Everywhere it is a land of beauty and of charm. Many of the most attractive localities are within a day's journey of San Francisco, and others can be visited on a trip of two or three days.

A traveler that has the time should not neglect the romantic Mt. Shasta region, through the upper Sacramento Valley by the Shasta route of the Southern Pacific Company, nor the wonderful Feather River Canyon, newly opened to travel by the Western Pacific railroad. Some trips closer to the city will be found farther along in this volume.

EXCURSION ON THE BAY.

A delightful voyage of three and a half or four hours on San Francisco Bay, within sight of its cities, islands and neighboring hills, can be made by special excursion steamers leaving from points near the Ferry building. Three companies conduct these excursions at present, and probably there will be many more of them before the exposition opens, for no city in the world commands such a fine sheet of water for this sort of cruising. The customary price is $1.

The usual course includes the northern waterfront, Exposition site, Fort Scott, the Golden Gate, Sausalito, Raccoon Straits, across the Bay to Winehaven and Richmond, and back to the San Francisco side, passing near Yerba Buena island with its naval training station, light house and buoy depot.

You are apt to pass a torpedo boat flotilla at anchor at Sausalito, and battleships anchored off the southern water front at San Francisco, and in returning will run past the Union Iron Works, where the "Oregon" and the "Olympia" were built. Lecturers explain all points of interest on these trips.

FERRY LINES, BAY AND RIVER STEAMBOATS.

The suburban transportation services connecting San Francisco with the east shore communities are probably the finest that exist, and tempt the traveler to the calm half-hour voyage across the Bay. The ferry boats are large and commodious;

and at night, weaving back and forth with their hundreds of electric lights full on, they make a fairy-like spectacle, only exceeded in brilliance by the sparkling lamps flung broadcast over the hills of San Francisco, which one sees from the water on the return trip in the evening.

Boats leave the Ferry building at the foot of Market street, some running north to Sausalito, others northeast to Richmond, and others east to Oakland and Alameda piers, where they connect by electric trains with Oakland, Alameda, Melrose, Fruitvale, Piedmont and Berkeley. The lines operating these ferries are the Southern Pacific, the Key System, the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe and the Western Pacific.

The following directions will assist visitors to make use of the ferries and river boats, which afford some of the enjoyable experiences of a visit to San Francisco:

Southern Pacific Ferry System. Boats leave from the right of the main entrance of the Ferry building at twenty and thirty minute intervals throughout the day for Oakland and Alameda piers, where they connect with trains for Oakland, Melrose, Alameda, Berkeley and way stops, including Fruitvale, Stonehurst, Elmhurst, Fitchburg, Emeryville, Shellmound Park, Northbrae, Thousand Oaks, and Albany. This is the most extensive ferry and electric train system in the country, the boats connecting with 826 electric trains a day. The mechanical equipment, including steel cars throughout, is the finest to be found in such service.

Automobiles are taken only on the Oakland Harbor Ferry of the Southern Pacific, which runs half hourly from the foot of Mission street, south of the Ferry building, to the foot of Broadway, Oakland, from 6 a. m. to 9 p. m., week days, and up to 11 p. m., Sundays. After these hours, autos are admitted to the regular Oakland ferry.

Key System. Boats leave the Ferry building, foot of Market street, (left of main entrance) at fifteen or twenty minute intervals during the day, beginning on the even hour, and connect at the Key System pier with electric trains for

Berkeley, Oakland, Piedmont, Claremont, Northbrae, Albany and Richmond.

Northwestern Pacific Ferry (Sausalito): Boats leave the Ferry building, foot of Market street (toward north end of building) at 30-minute intervals during the morning and afternoon, and hourly during the middle of the day, and connect at Sausalito with trains for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, Ukiah, Willits, Longvale and Sherwood; and, by branch lines, for Guerneville, Sebastopol and Sonoma Valley points.

San Rafael, San Anselmo, Larkspur, Ross, Mill Valley and Fairfax are reached by this route. Look for the name of your destination on the train boards at Sausalito.

From Sausalito there is an hourly ferry to Tiburon and Belvedere. From Tiburon trains leave for Hilarita, Reed, San Clemente, Green Brae, Schuetzen Park and San Rafael. For Sausalito there are eight boats every week day and ten on Sundays.

Mt. Tamalpais and the Muir Woods are reached from Mill Valley via the Sausalito ferry, by three trains a day.

Stage conection for the State prison at San Quentin is made twice daily at Greenbrae.

Santa Fe Ferry (Local service). Boats leave the Ferry building, foot of Market street, for Ferry Point, and there connect with trains for Richmond. There are eight boats a day.

Western Pacific. Four ferry boats a day leave the northernmost slip, Ferry building, and connect with the overland trains of this company.

California Navigation and Improvement Company. For Stockton, Antioch, Pittsburg, Crockett, Benicia, Martinez, Bay Point and way landings. Boat leaves Washington street wharf, north of the Ferry building, daily except Sundays at 6 p. m. Office, foot of Washington street, north of Ferry building.

California Transportation Company. For Sacramento, and river landings, and connecting with Northern Electric railroad for Marysville, Yuba City, Oroville and Chico. Boats leave Jackson street wharf at 5 p. m. daily except Sundays.

Sacramento River Steamers; Netherlands Route. (Southern Pacific). Boats leave Pacific street wharf daily except Sundays at 1 p. m. and 9 p. m., and daily except Sundays and Wednesdays at 8:30 a. m.

Monticello Steamship Company. Vallejo (en route to Mare Island) and connecting with San Francisco, Napa and Calistoga railway (electric) to Napa, St. Helena and Calistoga. Boats leave foot of Merchant street, north of Ferry building. (Ferry runs every hour from Vallejo to Mare Island Navy Yard.)

Napa Transportation Company. For Napa, Vallejo and Mare Island. Boats leave Mission street wharf, south of the Ferry building, at 5 p. m., daily except Sundays; touch at Mare Island Navy Yard and run up Napa creek to Napa.

Petaluma and Santa Rosa Railway. For Petaluma, and connecting with P. & S. R. electric line to Sebastopol and Santa Rosa, Graton and Forestville. Boats leave Washington street bulkhead daily, except Sundays, at 11 a. m. and 4 p. m.

CITIES OF THE EAST SHORE.

Oakland, Alameda, Berkeley, Richmond, Piedmont, Hayward and their outlying suburbs

Can be reached by the Southern Pacific or the Key System ferry, leaving the Ferry building at the foot of Market street, and connecting with electric suburban trains. The Southern Pacific ferry depot is in the Ferry building to the south, or right of the center as you approach down Market street; the Key System depot is to the north of the center. Boats of each system run every twenty minutes. Fare, ten cents. The auto-

mobile ferry is operated from a slip at the foot of Mission street, south of the Ferry building.

The cities of the east side of the bay are an important and interesting part of the community that is growing up in the San Francisco bay basin.

Their recent growth has been rapid. Oakland has, in fact, outgrown its suburban relationship, and become a city of importance, with a population estimated in 1913 at 200,000. Berkeley has about 40,000 inhabitants and Alameda over 23,000.

Up the Bay shore, north of Berkeley, is Richmond, with its factories and shops. Southward out of Oakland are the towns of Hayward, San Leandro, San Lorenzo, Niles and Mission San Jose.

From almost any elevation in San Francisco one can see across the Bay, in clear weather, the Oakland City Hall, one of the tallest buildings west of New York. It stands in a park in the heart of the city, at the corner of Washington and Fourteenth streets. It is 335 feet to the top of the lantern and cupola, and 376 feet to the cluster of lights that shine abroad every night from the top of the steel mast surmounting the whole. From the cupola one can see into nine counties surrounding the bay—Alameda, Marin, Sonoma, Napa, Solano, Contra Costa, Santa Clara, San Mateo and San Francisco.

Oakland has a very extensive street car system that enables you to go almost anywhere on the east side of the Bay, from Berkeley to Hayward. For five cents you can ride from the northerly limits of Berkeley, through Oakland to the upper end of Fruitvale, a distance of twenty miles.

Generally speaking, the whole street railway system is brought to a focus at Thirteenth and Broadway, or at corners within a block of that one, and this is the key to transportation for the traveler in Oakland. You reach this point either on the *Key System to Twelfth and Broadway*, a block south of Thirteenth, or by the *Southern Pacific to Seventh and*

Broadway and *trolley from there to Twelfth street.* The *Hayward* car, the *Dimond Canyon*, the *Mills College*, the *Piedmont*, the *Alameda*, the *University*, the *College avenue* and several more lines afford delightful rides from Oakland in every direction.

The *Grand avenue* car will take you to *Lakeside Park*, on *Adams Point*, at the north end of *Lake Merritt*, one of the beauty spots of Califorina.

Oakland's *Free Library*, at Fourteenth and Grove streets, is worth a visit for the fine mural paintings it contains.

The *Municipal Museum* is on Oak street north of Thirteenth. It has a great collection of Indian basketry, besides colonial, Indian and South Sea work. Open on week days from 10 to 5, and on Sundays from 2 to 6 in the afternoon. Admittance is free.

Idora Park is the largest amusement park in the West, has a good theater where opera bouffe is occasionally given, and is a paradise for children. During the summer light opera is given in the open air without other charge than the park admittance fee.

Young Men's Christian Association, Telegraph avenue and Hobart street. Can be reached by the *Telegraph* and *Shattuck avenue* cars. At Fourteenth and Castro streets is the home of the *Young Women's Christian Association.*

The *Hotel Oakland*, recently completed at a cost of about a million and a half, occupies the block between Thirteenth and Fourteenth, and Alice and Harrison streets. Its large banquet halls are the scene of the civic festivities and social life of the east shore city. Other good hotels are the St. Mark, at Twelfth and Franklin streets; the Metropole, at Thirteenth and Jefferson; the Athens, at Broadway and Fifteenth; the Crellin, at Eighth and Washington; the Adams, on Twelfth, between Jefferson and Clay; the Arcade, at San Pablo and Twentieth, and the Key Route Inn, at Broadway and Twenty-second.

Opposite the Hotel Oakland is the Oakland *Chamber of Commerce*, at 245 Thirteenth street. Nobody should visit Oakland without seeing this place, and its collection of "processed" flowers and small fruits.

Twelfth street is the eastward outlet of Oakland through East Oakland with its fine old residences and down the shore

ACROSS THE BAY, FROM NOB HILL.

of the Bay. The *Hayward* car, from Twelfth and Broadway, will take you on a beautiful ride through the cherry orchards of San Leandro to the thriving town of *Hayward*, thirteen miles south of the city. At Broadmoor, on the way, is one of Luther Burbank's experimental farms.

Hayward is also on the *Foothill Boulevard*, one of the enjoyable things of Oakland for those that have automobiles or care to hire them. Near Hayward is the State Game Farm.

South of Hayward the automobile highway continues to *Niles*, where is located the California Nursery, the largest single block of land devoted to nursery purposes in the country.

It makes a bewildering display of citrus and deciduous fruit stock, amid flourishing palms and semi-tropical plants of many interesting varieties.

In this favored strip of country is situated the old *Mission San Jose* (not near, nor connected with, the city of San Jose), where there are many interesting souvenirs of early Spanish times. In the cemetery are the graves of the Bernals, the Alvisos and other old Spanish families.

Mission San Jose is near Irvington station on the Southern Pacific, whence one can reach "*Palmdale*," a private estate on which there is such a luxuriant growth of tropical plants that travelers have gone long distances to see it. With its palm and olive groves, some of the trees of which are 100 years old, this is one of the most interesting sights of the eastern shore of the Bay. A stage runs from Irvington.

These places of distinctively Californian beauty and charm beyond Hayward are best reached by automobile, down the Foothill Boulevard, which connects with fine automobile roads clear to San Jose and beyond.

Riding out East Fourteenth street, one catches glimpses to southward, of many masts of vessels rising from the water at the foot of every street. These lie in Oakland's inner harbor, connected with the Bay by the "Estuary," a channel thirty feet deep and eight hundred feet wide. This is the locality of many of the scenes in Jack London's novel, "John Barleycorn."

The Oakland *Baseball Park* is at San Pablo and Park avenues. The grand stand is an exceptionally fine structure. The park can be reached by the *San Pablo avenue cars* from any point on Broadway south of Fourteenth street, or by the *Key System ferry* from San Francisco.

The residence section about *Piedmont* and *Piedmont Park* is one of the most attractive in the country, with handsome homes set in green gardens where palm trees and roses flourish. This district can also be reached from the center of the city, by the *Piedmont avenue* cars.

Claremont, a sheltered cove of the hills north of Oakland, is another beautiful suburb. Here is rising a great tourist hotel in a superb location, amid the most attractive surroundings. Claremont can be reached by the *Key System ferry* direct from San Francisco, or by the *Telegraph avenue* line from the center of Oakland, *transferring at Ashby* to a car bound east. North of Claremont is the State institution for the deaf, dumb and blind.

The *Walnut Creek* and *Mount Diablo country* can be seen to good advantage from the cars of the *Oakland & Antioch* electric railroad, leaving from the Key System pier.

Across Oakland's estuary harbor, to the southward, is *Alameda.* This fine residence city can be reached by trolley car from Oakland, running south on Washington street, the first street west of Broadway, or by Southern Pacific ferry from San Francisco, taking the boat to Alameda pier.

One of the "sights" of Alameda is the arctic fleet of the Alaska Packers Association in her harbor; and the ship-building plants along her water front are another. Yachting, canoeing and swimming are popular sports in the warm waters of the Bay, along the south shore, and give the place a distinctly aquatic character.

The *Alameda Baths*, a fine outdoor place for a swim, can be reached from San Francisco by taking the *Southern Pacific ferry to Alameda pier and the Encinal Loop train* to the second stop, at Fifth street

The *Horseshoe* route of the Southern Pacific ferry system offers a good way to see part of Alameda and the growing industrial district about Oakland Harbor.

Take the ferry to Alameda Pier and there take the train marked "Horseshoe."

KEY TROLLEY TRIP.

One of the most enjoyable and profitable ways to see the cities of the eastern shore is by means of the Key Trolley

Trip, personally conducted, under the management of the San Francisco-Oakland Terminal Railways.

The trip takes a day and costs a dollar. The excursion leaves by the Key System ferry, at the foot of Market street, at 10 o'clock a. m., and returns to San Francisco at 4:50. A stop is made at the Key Route Inn, Oakland, for luncheon. All other expenses are included in the original charge.

Sixty-eight miles are covered in the day's journey, including the transit of the bay on one of the Key System's ferry steamers. Berkeley, Northbrae, Thousand Oaks, Claremont, Oakland, Piedmont, Melrose, San Leandro and Hayward are visited; all interesting and beautiful cities and suburbs. If one misses the 10 o'clock trip, another starts at 1 p. m. and joins the first, omitting the Berkeley part of the journey.

At Piedmont is a beautiful park, and one of the principal art collections in the West. Melrose has an ostrich farm, which is one of the places visited.

PIEDMONT PARK AND THE HAVENS ART COLLECTION.

Situated in the hills northeast of Oakland, east side of the Bay; open from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m. (Park closes at 6:30 p. m.) Admittance to park, 10 cents for adults, 5 cents for children between 5 and 14; under 5 years, free. Admittance to art gallery, 10 cents.

Cross the Bay, either by Southern Pacific or Key System ferry. Take Piedmont avenue trolley line, either at Seventh and Broadway station of the Southern Pacific, or at the end of the Piedmont branch of the Key System.

There is a club house and a popular-price cafe, an open air amphitheater, where "al fresco" performances sometimes take place, a children's playground, with donkeys to ride and pony carts.

Directly across from the gate house, one passes the sulphur springs, and the band stand, where open air concerts are given every Sunday from 1 to 4 p. m.; and beyond that is the *Art Gallery*. Beyond the art gallery there is a basketball field, and a tennis court.

PIEDMONT ART GALLERY.

This collection, brought together by Mr. Frank C. Havens, of Oakland, is housed in a building 400 feet long, of ten chambers, in which there now hang some 450 paintings. Among other good things it contains a Julien Dupre, a Corregio, a Paulus Potter from the Hoe collection of New York, and a portrait by Jansen Van Ceulen from the same collection. Possibly more interesting than these from some standpoints are a number of Russian canvases that were part of the St. Louis Exposition.

Another delight of artist visitors is Hans Hansen's "Interior of a *Copenhagen Restaurant.*"

One of the popular pieces is a large painting of the cats once belonging to Mrs. Kate Johnson of San Francisco, entitled, "My Wife's Lovers."

Old San Franciscans will remember the "Sampson and Delilah," by Jacobs, which hung in Hackett's Palace of Art on Post street near Montgomery before the fire. In the upper right hand corner are a couple of small rents in the canvas, said to be bullet holes. This painting made its debut in the Bank Exchange, at the corner of Montgomery and Washington streets, San Francisco. It was purchased by Milton S. Latham, one of the early Governors of the State, and resold by him to Hackett.

California artists are well represented, and a painting that never fails to awaken the delight of the lovers of the scenery of the bay region, as well as the admiration of all artists that see it, is Thad Welch's "Tamalpais."

There is a William Keith of forty years ago: "The Californian Alps." It is of the beginning of the Keiths, and

shows his early mastery of the structure of the mountains and the rocks.

Space will not permit a full enumeration, but a picture lover will find enough here to delight him for several hours.

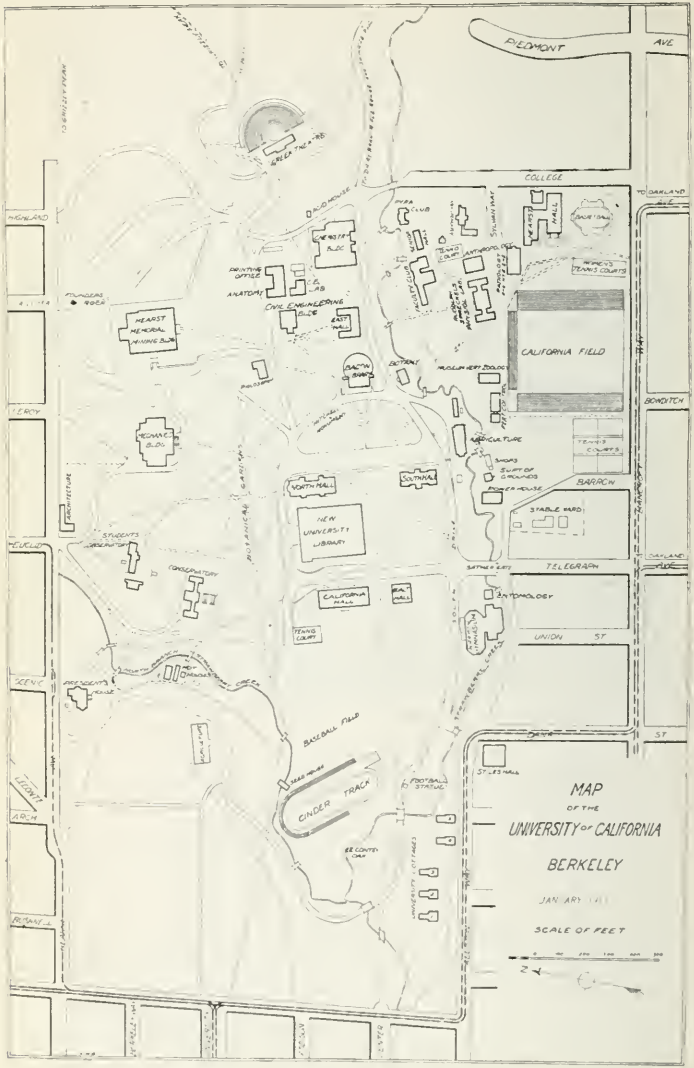
THE HEARST GREEK THEATER, BERKELEY.

BERKELEY AND THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA—THE HEARST GREEK THEATER.

This will make a most enjoyable day's outing from San Francisco, and is an experience no visitor to this locality should miss.

To reach Berkeley, take either the Southern Pacific ferry or the Key System ferry from the foot of Market street, and the Berkeley train, on the Oakland mole of either line.

Before visiting the University it is well to get an idea of the city and of bay geography, and to see at the same time one of the best views of San Francisco Bay by taking a trolley



MAP OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

ride on the Cragmont car, of the Euclid avenue line, which you can board on University avenue at Shattuck.

The *University of California* occupies 520 acres on the slopes of the Berkeley hills, commanding a view of the Bay of San Francisco and some times far out to sea; one of the grandest and most inspiring locations for an institution of this kind.

There are groves of pine, eucalyptus and ancient oaks. The architecture of the new buildings is imposing and beautiful.

The world-famous *Greek Theater*, gift of William Randolph Hearst, lies eastward of the main buildings, in a hollow of Charter Hill, once known as Ben Weed's Amphitheater. It seats 8,000 people, and here have appeared such artists as Schumann-Heink, Gadski, Nordica, Tetrazzini, Bispham, Wullner, Petchinikoff, Beel, Adele Verne, Josef Hoffman, Myrtle Elvyn, the Ben Greet players, Constance Crawley, Nance O'Neill, Maude Adams, Margaret Anglin and Sarah Bernhardt—some of the greatest players of the world, in their greatest roles.

California Field, scene of football contests, is south of the old campus. It seats 24,000 spectators. North of the field is the California *Museum of Vertebrate Zoology*, with more than 24,000 birds and 19,000 mammals of the Pacific Coast. Not far away, in a galvanized iron building, is a most interesting *Museum of Casts*, showing the beauties of Greek and Roman sculpture—the gift of Mrs. Phoebe Hearst.

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCH OF BERKELEY.

No one should leave Berkeley, (or for that matter, San Francisco), without a visit to the Christian Science church at Bowditch street and Dwight Way; a shrine of beauty that would be famous if it were in Europe. It is easily reached by either the *College avenue* or the *Telegraph avenue line*, being about half way between them, and may be viewed on application to the janitor any afternoon except Sundays and Wednesdays.

It is one of the works of B. R. Maybeck, architect of the Palace of Fine Arts at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. The exterior reveals surprising originality in timbering and trellising, and in the concrete window traceries. Inside there is a startling boldness of composition and color. Masses of gilding flung aloft on beams and trusses and concrete screens, splashes of emerald and vermilion, delicate blues, and gouts of madder, and mingled elements of Gothic and rich Byzantine done in a spirit of prodigal exuberance, convey a resistless, uplifting sense of joyousness and vitality.

All the backgrounds are a soft and gentle gray. The walls and floors are gray, the principal columns and pilasters are gray, the pews are gray, the open timbering is gray, and gray light filters through the wide windows; until the whole colorful glory of it seems to swim in a cool and pearly mist. Free from precedent or convention, this edifice is the embodiment of the new artistic spirit of the West; large, vigorous, spontaneous, reaching heights of beauty possibly unattainable through more orthodox methods.

SAN LEANDRO AND LAKE CHABOT.

A pleasant day's outing, involving a visit to the pretty town of San Leandro, across the bay, and a walk of about a mile into the Alameda county hills, can be made with Lake Chabot as its objective.

Take Southern Pacific ferry to Oakland Mole, and San Leandro train from there, by way of Havenscourt and Broadmoor. Get off at Estudillo avenue, San Leandro, and walk north.

Crossing the Foothill Boulevard, which runs out from Oakland, take the hill road, a continuation of Estudillo avenue, and turn to the right at the first fork. If going by automobile, leave the Foothill Boulevard at old Hunters' Inn, just beyond the concrete bridge, and climb the hill road, turning to the right at the first opportunity.

Lake Chabot is the reservoir from which the cities of Oakland, Alameda and Berkeley are supplied with water. It stands 328 feet above sea level, and has a capacity, up to the spillway, of eight billion gallons. It is four and one-half miles long and twelve miles around.

The lake is set in rolling hills, timbered in places, but with much open country and rounded, brushy knolls. Two long blue wings reach far up into romantic canyons, The tributary water-shed has an extent of 48 square miles.

A day could easily be spent on a jaunt to this pretty spot, and through the level lands about San Leandro, which are set thick with cherry and apricot orchards and in Spring are a wilderness of perfumed blossoms. The Estudillo House at San Leandro, preserving the name of the old Spanish family of this locality, is a good place for luncheon.

RICHMOND, A NEW INDUSTRIAL GROWTH.

Richmond, Contra Costa county, has grown from a wheat field to an industrial city of 15,000 people in about twelve years. No better example exists of the robust expansion of industry about San Francisco Bay during the last decade, and any one interested in the development of modern industrial plants will be able to find some of their highest types here.

A round trip to Richmond can be made very comfortably by the *Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe ferry* from the foot of Market street, for forty-five cents. There are two boats in the morning to Ferry Point, in Contra Costa county, whence a train will convey you to the town, and two returning in the afternoon, so that you can have several hours to inspect the neighborhood. The town is also on the *Southern Pacific Railroad*, and in addition, can be reached by way of the *Key System.*

The *Santa Fe* has great repair shops here. The Richmond *refinery* of the *Standard Oil Company* is the largest west of

New Jersey and is destined to become the greatest in the world. It covers, already, 300 acres of ground, laid out in streets and blocks, and receives crude oil from the Kern County fields by a pipe line 260 miles long.

In the outskirts, at *Pullman*, are the western shops of the Pullman Palace Car company, the principal establishment of this concern west of the Mississippi. The industrial development that has its larger nucleus at Richmond extends clear up the bay shore to Bay Point, Antioch, Pittsburg and similar points. It is San Francisco extended.

At Winehaven, a suburb with which Richmond is connected by a belt railroad, are the great cellars of the California Wine Association; the largest wine vaults in the world, and the central plant of the world's largest wine making organization. Both grapes and wine are brought here from the Association's vineyards and wineries all over California. Among the huge redwood tuns in these cellars are twelve miles of passages, and the storage capacity is about ten million gallons. The shipping capacity is over 500,000 gallons a month, and between six and eight million gallons go out every year to all parts of the world. Sixty-seven kinds of wine are shipped from this plant, and from its pier forty or more ships annually sail for New York alone.

Winehaven is rather difficult for the traveler to reach from Richmond, but is usually one of the features of a bay excursion.

SAUSALITO, THE "SORRENTO OF AMERICA."

Sausalito, six miles north of San Francisco, is the watergate to Marin, Sonoma, Mendocino, Lake and Humboldt counties; in fact to all that infinitely varied and attractive country made accessible by the Northwestern Pacific railroad. In addition it is an entrancing villa suburb only 30 minutes from San Francisco, set amid oak groves by the water-side,

on hills that rise directly from the bay and that command views as fine as any to be found on that famous Route de la Corniche which Napoleon built along the Riviera from Nice to Mentone.

After seeing San Francisco a visitor could hardly do better with a day's time than to make a ferry trip to Sausalito and take the trails from there to heights overlooking the Bay and the Golden Gate, and on toward the Ocean. Or, if one wishes to see *Belvedere*, with its villas, and its orange, lemon and grapefruit trees, it can be reached by an hourly boat from Sausalito. To reach the latter place,

Take Sausalito ferry (Northwestern Pacific) from the Ferry building, north of the main entrance.

Boats run every half hour through the morning and evening; hourly during the middle of the day. The round trip fare is 25 cents.

On this trip, one of the most interesting by ferry, you pass along the northern piers and the old grain sheds, obtaining a close view of some big shipping, and of the industrial and commercial part of the city that lies at the base of Telegraph Hill. You pass eastward of Alcatraz Island, close to the military prison; and westward of Angel Island.

Approaching the landing slip, you pass gay white yachts at anchor, and perhaps lean, gray torpedo boats and hungry-looking four-funneled destroyers. The San Francisco Yacht club has its club house here.

All over the hill slopes, peeping from groves of low-growing oaks, are villas and bungalows, between which the steeps are scaled by long flights of stairs.

At Sausalito you can get automobiles or horses; or, if you are even but an average walker, you will find here the beginning of two paths that will show you grand scenery.

Suppose you go afoot, as far as you choose, on the short cut to Fort Barry, which is situated near Point Bonita, the northern outer headland corresponding to Point Lobos. The road goes over the hills. To reach it, take Excelsior

Lane, beginning at a flight of wooden steps directly west of the little rock-walled palm garden near the ferry landing. You mount by one flight after another, crossing Buckley avenue and Harrison avenue, between the bungalows and the thicketed hillside gardens, until you come to San Carlos avenue. Here turn to the left, on San Carlos, and then take Spencer avenue, the first turn to the right, and follow it around the bend and up the hill. At the plank-covered reservoir keep to the right-hand road. A trail marked Bonita Point takes off to the left, but while it is more direct, the road makes an easier ascent.

Looking back from these hillsides the view is one of magnificence. Through northward hill-gaps, Tamalpais appears in one of its loveliest aspects, ridged and wooded, seamed with great canyons, and with placid, verdant Mill Valley flowing sinuously toward the bay. Richardson's bay itself is like a mountain lake, from here. You will look up Raccoon straits, between Belvedere and Angel Island, to San Pablo bay—"up river direct" the shipping men call it, for into San Pablo bay the waters of the Sacramento and the San Joaquin rivers find their way to the larger bay below. Point Pedro runs out from the left, and opposite one can see the oil tanks at Richmond, directly across the water.

South of Angel Island you look across to Berkeley and Oakland and the long range of hills crouching behind them. This is a beautiful view at night, when the foothills are strewn with lights like swarms of fireflies. Far to the south appears the Oakland city hall. Over the hills behind Oakland can be seen the crest of Mt. Diablo.

Alcatraz is in the foreground, and back of it is Yerba Buena island, which the ferry boats pass on their way to Oakland and Berkeley. Lastly, as you turn southward, you see what appears to be the tip of a long peninsula, crowned with houses. It is San Francisco's Telegraph Hill, standing like a sentry where the great ships pass to reach the city's eastern and southern docks.

Other water scenes there are that show us vastness and illimitable distance, but they lack the limitations that make this view a matchless composition. Water-scapes need boundary, and this one has it—a frame of the eternal hills and at least one mighty mountain, making the noblest setting it is possible to conceive. Straits, islands, ships, cities, and hills and valleys spread themselves before you in such a panorama as one can find nowhere else. Not even the view from Virgil's tomb across the Bay of Naples can compare with this.

Over upland pastures you may go, through tempting stiles and by land covered with wild flowers in Spring, catching glimpses of the city or the sand dunes beyond the Park, and seeing cupped in notches of the hills, bits of sapphire which are the waters of the Golden Gate. Soon the ocean bursts upon you; and the dazzling brightness of it may lure you on to Rodeo lagoon or Tennessee Cove if you are fond of roving.

We can give you no permission to pass over these private lands, but it has heretofore been the careless and comfortable California practice to take such permission for granted.

Past Rodeo lagoon (the long sheet of water that seems cut in from the ocean) the road leads down to Fort Barry and Point Bonita, and from here one can take the lower road back by way of Fort Baker. It is worth while, however, to return as you came, for the sake of the shifting scenes as you descend.

If you are an American citizen, with proper identification, you can visit the defenses at any of the forts around the bay by application to the authorities at the post you desire to visit. Cameras must be left at home.

On application to the authorities at Forts Baker and Barry a limited number of automobiles may be permitted to pass over the public road; which, however, will be found to be narrow—too narrow at many points west of the Fort Baker garrison proper, to allow two vehicles to pass.

To reach *Fort Baker*, directly from Sausalito, follow Water street southward from the town and turn to the left at South

street. The reservation line is marked by distinctive signs and an iron gate. There are about two thousand acres in the *Forts Baker and Barry reservation*, extending from Sausalito to the Pacific Ocean. The portion east of Point Diablo is known as Fort Baker, and west of it as Fort Barry.

Here you breast the hills and mount until you top a ridge, and see in a pretty hollow beneath you the barracks and guard house and the officers' quarters of the post.

A few hundred yards beyond a little wharf you see the *Needles*, and Lime Point Light House. Here, and just westward, is the narrowest and deepest part of the Golden Gate, where the tides, and the volume of water brought down by the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, keep the channel scoured to a depth of 63 fathoms.

Near the *Needles* the road winds up and around the hill at about a ten per cent grade, and after a mile of it you find yourself just above the Light House, whence you look down on the Golden Gate and the little antiquated brick structure opposite on Fort Point, known as Fort Winfield Scott, built before the Civil War.

Keeping to the right after passing this bluff, and following the fence, one reaches *Fort Barry* garrison, after a journey of some seven miles from Sausalito.

Two miles farther is *Point Bonita*, with its Light House. This point is farther westward than the seal rocks; and here is an interesting relic of former days: an old cannon used in 1850 as the first fog signal anywhere near the Golden Gate.

If the pedestrian on the jaunt to Fort Barry will leave the main road at the divide a little over two miles west of Fort Baker garrison, and take the path around Diablo, he will be rewarded by a view surpassingly beautiful.

Across the Golden Gate, in the foreground, and to the left, stretch the wooded hillsides of the Presidio. Farther on is spread the fairy-land of the Panama-Pacific Exposition. Then comes the city, and to eastward of it, the Bay with its islands and the cities of the eastern shore.

The crowning feature of the scene is San Francisco itself, or at least the part of it that appears along its northern edge. From Harbor View to Telegraph Hill the houses stretch, block after block of them, climbing the hills to the crenelated skyline in great, square platoons. Shipping from the seven seas is scattered along the city's base. Smoke from hundreds of factories and mills goes up into its shifting atmosphere. As you look you realize that this is the one grand imperial position for the western metropolis of America—at the gate to the Pacific, which is at the same time the gate from the Pacific to the western world: the meeting place of continent and ocean, a position of power and command almost identical in every commercially strategic sense with the position of New York.

You will be fortunate if, on your return, the day is about done and you get the ferry back to San Francisco in the early evening. It is a wondrous thing to see the city veiled, like a sorceress, in twilight mists, the sky above the Golden Gate red with the glow of a dying California day, and Alcatraz throbbing its five-second pulses of light to homing mariners twenty miles at sea.

MT. TAMALPAIS AND THE MUIR WOODS.

To Mt. Tamalpais it is six miles by ferry, five miles on the electric train, and eight on the Mt. Tamalpais and Muir Woods steam railroad; a total of 19 miles.

From every good view point in San Francisco one can see, across the Golden Gate, this lofty height, reared a clean half-mile above the waters of the Bay. To be exact, it is 2592 feet high, only 48 feet less than half a mile, and has every effect of being higher because it rises almost directly from sea level. And if the vicinity has many and varied beauties worth hunting out and enjoying one by one, Tamalpais shows them all in one splendid picture, and throws on the screen for good measure a panorama of the Ocean, the Faral-

COASTING DOWN TAMALPAIS.

lone islands, the Golden Gate, the Exposition site, the Bay with its islands and ships, the cities across, the estuary of the great rivers, Mts. Hamilton, Diablo and St. Helena, and, on clear days, a view straight across the interior valley of California to the snow-capped Sierra, one hundred and fifty miles away. A circular walk around the peak shows the varied features of the surrounding country in rotation.

Here one sees what might be called the ground plan of the greatest landlocked harbor on the Pacific Ocean, and of the region surrounding it, destined to play so large a part in the affairs of men.

So much, in passing, for the view. But the view is by no means all of Tamalpais. The mountain itself is a domain of delight. Open-air plays are given in glades near its summit. Forests clothe its shaggy sides with laurel, buckeye, redwood, manzanita and that shining green-and-vermilion "gallant of the glade," the madrone. Deer and other wild animals run wild on the slopes of Tamalpais, within a few minutes' ride of San Francisco—and probably they often gaze from the cover of these beautiful forests across a narrow sheet of water, upon the great white city that bristles on the opposite hills. All this within an hour of Market street. Where else in the world will you find primeval forests and forest life rubbing elbows, as it were, with a great modern city and its hustling activities?

Tamalpais is a grand hike. With hob-nailed boots, a good stick and a haversack for your lunch, take the *Sausalito ferry from the foot of Market street and the Northwestern Pacific train from Sausalito to Mill Valley*, whence the trail leads up the mountain. You can get a boat as early as 6:45 and a connecting train that will land you at the beginning of the climb in fifty minutes.

If it is a Sunday the trail will be thronged. If it is Saturday, or for that matter, any other day in the week, you will be at no loss for trail companions, for the mountain is the playground for thousands of San Franciscans eager as you

are for the crystalline air and the inspiring landscapes that open fresh vistas as you mount.

One can return to the city the same day, or stop over night at the Tavern of Tamalpais at the top.

The same trail part of the way will make another day's fine hiking, for a branch takes off from West Point, well

Tibbitts, photo.

IN THE MUIR WOODS.

up on the flank of the mountain, and thence descends to Willow Camp, on Bolinas Bay, where there are accommodations for the night. If you go there in summer to remain over, it is necessary to make reservations in advance. A stage line is also operated to Willow Camp and Bolinas from West Point, daily from June to September, and the rest of the year connecting with the 1:45 trip from San Francisco on Saturday and 2:45 on Sunday.

For those that do not care to tramp it, a most convenient and pleasant way to reach the summit is provided by the Mount Tamalpais and Muir Woods Railway, which runs from Mill Valley to Muir Woods and the Tavern. This is called the "crookedest railway in the world," and is interesting in itself as an example of difficult railroad construction.

The trip takes about two hours, trains connecting with the 9:45 week day boat and train for Sausalito and Mill Valley, and the 8:45 on Sunday. A return can be made the same day, but it is a pity to miss the glories of the sunset from the top.

On foggy days it is well worth the journey to look down on the sunlit tops of the billows of grey vapor rolling in through the Gate and mantling the city and the bay.

A delightful experience is the coasting ride down the mountain by the "gravity car" in the early morning after a night at the tavern.

Muir Woods can be reached by a branch line which leaves the main railroad at the "double bow knot." This is a stately grove of *Sequoia Sempervirens*, or California redwood, which should, by all means, be seen and enjoyed as one of the main attractions of the Bay region. The trees are undoubtedly thousands of years old, and represent the grandest forest growths of California, with the exception of the Big Trees in the Sierra. The woods are a government reservation and thus are preserved for the enjoyment of the public for all time. There is a cozy inn on a sunny knoll overlooking the forest. All about are shaded walks leading to still and somber depths among the redwoods, oaks and madrones. There are about 295 acres in the grove, which is one of the most beautiful of all California's show places. It is a gift to the nation, from William E. Kent, of Kentfield, Marin county.

MARIN AND SONOMA COUNTIES. THE TRIANGLE TRIP.

Wild mountain scenery, forests where deer and quail abound, vales of exquisite loveliness in which San Franciscans have built rural homes for their families while they themselves "commute" it to and from their business, are to be found within an hour of the city, in the counties extending up the coast from the northern peninsula partly enclosing the bay. No other city has such playgrounds and such sylvan retreats so near it.

One of the most interesting trips that can be made in this region has already been planned for the convenience of travelers. This is the so-called

"*Triangle Trip*," of the Northwestern Pacific railroad, which takes you from the Ferry building at the foot of Market street to Sausalito, thence through San Rafael, Petaluma and Santa Rosa to Fulton; westward from Fulton to Guerneville and Monte Rio on the Russian river, and thence southward by Camp Meeker, Tomales, Point Reyes station and San Anselmo to Sausalito again, getting you back to San Francisco at 7 p. m., after a circuit of 150 miles.

The trip costs $2.80, except Fridays and Saturdays, when the price is $2.50, and Sundays when it is $2.20.

This journey skirts the foot of Mt. Tamalpais, takes you northward into beautiful hill country and rolling lands set with orchards and vineyards, or given over to poultry raising on a colossal scale, and through part of the beautiful Russian river valley, where the bottom lands are covered with the light emerald green of hop fields, and the mountain sides rising above them are clothed with shaggy forests of California redwood.

San Rafael was once the site of an old Spanish mission, few traces of which remain. It is now the county seat of Marin county. It is a thriving town, of many fine homes and a good business section, and is much frequented by summer visitors from the city. The trip to San Rafael alone takes

about an hour, and a visit will make a most enjoyable day's outing, possibly with luncheon at "Coppa's," down the main street, and a side trip to Pastori's, near San Anselmo.

Petaluma, Sonoma county, is the world's greatest poultry center. The hens in this vicinity have laid as many as a hundred million eggs in a year, and one incubator establishment has a capacity of 165,000 at a hatch. It is a rich little place, with five banks and four newspapers. Petaluma, direct, is less than two hours from San Francisco, and its bridge is the head of navigation on Petaluma creek. The Petaluma and Santa Rosa Railway, an electric line, runs from here to Sebastopol, and from there to Forestville by one branch and to Santa Rosa by another. Either terminus of this road makes a good excursion from San Francisco.

Gertrude Atherton selected Petaluma as possessing the necessary beauty and local interest for the scenes of some of the most interesting chapters of her novel, "Ancestors."

Santa Rosa, county seat of Sonoma county, is a handsome and well kept town of about 12,000 inhabitants. It is renowned as the home of the great plant breeder, Luther Burbank, and the scene of many of the labors whereby he created the pitless prune, the Shasta daisy, the Burbank and Wickson plums, the spineless cactus and other invaluable horticultural forms. Travelers stopping at Santa Rosa may easily find his experimental gardens, but are warned that his time belongs to humanity.

Santa Rosa holds a great Rose Carnival in May, when it makes displays of roses that can hardly be matched in the world. From Fulton, stages leave for Mark West Springs.

Guerneville and Monte Rio, on the Russian river, are famous resorts and pleasure places for the people of San Francisco, Oakland and the neighborhood. At Guerneville one sees a remarkable sight—the tall stumps of the mighty redwood forest that once occupied the vicinity.

Guerneville is 72 miles from San Francisco, and can be reached in 3½ hours. A round trip can be made between

8:45 in the morning and 7:05 at night, with 3 hours in the town and vicinity.

Near *Monte Rio* the Russian river is at its loveliest, its banks clad with the verdure of wild grapes and rock maples, against a deep green background of redwood forest. Dozens of boats are on the river in summer, and many in winter as well, when the water is not too high, for it never freezes as eastern streams do, and, all year round, dwellers in the hillside cottages are enjoying life in the open. The time to Monte Rio from San Francisco direct is about four hours.

Up river from Monte Rio a short distance is the famous grove of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco, where the world famous "Grove Play" is held yearly.

Camp Meeker is a popular resort for families from the city. Summer cottages perch on steep hill-sides among dense growths of redwood, fir and madrone, and occasionally great teams of oxen can be seen hauling giant saw logs to mill. One can reach Camp Meeker from the city in about four hours and make a round trip to this point alone between 8:15 a. m. and 7:35 p. m.

San Anselmo is a beautiful, hill-sheltered village, with one of the finest climates in California. The Presbyterian Orphanage is located here, and the handsome, ivy-clad stone structures seen from the train are the buildings of the San Francisco *Presbyterian Theological Seminary.*

San Anselmo is almost in the center of Marin county, and also of Ross valley.

It is about 16 miles and a little over an hour from the city. The return to Sausalito completes the "Triangle Trip," but only begins on the beauties and interests of Marin and Sonoma counties.

Inverness and Tomales Bay. A favorite resort for many a San Francisco fisherman and duck hunter. In the woods on its western shore is the little town of Inverness, where good boarding houses can be found, and where one M. Peridot keeps a French restaurant of excellence.

Mill Valley and *Ross Valley* are enchanting suburban settlements, snuggled among the long sloping buttresses of Mt. Tamalpais. Here many San Franciscans find most satisfying rural conditions.

These places are on different branches of the Northwestern Pacific. Ross can be reached in about an hour, and Mill Valley in less than that time.

Sonoma, on the Sonoma branch of the Northwestern Pacific, has the only Spanish mission building owned by the State—that of St. Francis de Solano, established by the padres in 1823 as a health resort for the Indians. It is partly restored, and its thick adobe walls and tiled roof are very interesting as examples of this type of construction.

The town is charmingly environed, set in a level valley, amid vine-clad hills, and is historically interesting, for it was here that a party of American settlers, determined to achieve independence from Mexico, and abetted by John C. Fremont, raised the "Bear Flag" in 1846. On a huge rock in the Plaza is a tablet commemorating the event.

The trip to Sonoma, Boyes Hot Springs or Glen Ellen can easily be made in a day, leaving San Francisco at 9:15 a. m. and getting back at 6:05 p. m., with time to spare. This is the region known to Jack London's readers as the "Valley of the Moon." The sheer Californian loveliness of the district where the prolific vineyards produce some of the choicest wines, and the Grecian beauties of nature prompt to all sorts of outdoor seasonal festivals, makes the visitor rejoice that he came, and long to return.

Healdsburg, Cloverdale and the Italian-Swiss Colony at Asti. Beyond Fulton, the farthest point north on the "Triangle Trip" described above, the main line of the Northwestern Pacific continues northward through the length of the Santa Rosa valley, renowned as one of the finest parts of California.

Healdsburg, 66 miles north of San Francisco, is a prosperous place with locust lined streets and pretty homes. An auto stage runs from Healdsburg to the Geysers.

Above Healdsburg, at Geyserville, one can take a stage to Skaggs Springs.

At Asti, half a dozen miles farther, are the great vineyards and wineries of the Italian-Swiss Colony, where a creditable brand of champagne is being produced after years of study and the importation of experts from Europe, and where the gigantic glass lined wine vat is renowned as the largest thing of the kind in the world.

Along this stretch of road between Healdsburg and Cloverdale ten miles of grape vines are trellised on the right-of-way fences.

Cloverdale, at the head of the valley and about 80 miles north of San Francisco, is noted for its citrus fair, which occurs every February.

Here the orange produces blossom and fruit in every dooryard, and the annual fair consists of a fine exhibition of oranges, grape fruit, lemons, olives, olive oil and wines. No better picture of plenty can be found, no more effective demonstration of the mildness of the California climate.

A mile out of Cloverdale, in Oat Valley, is a popular summer resort, the "Old Homestead," much favored by people from San Francisco and Oakland.

Leaving San Francisco in the morning at 7:45, the trip to Cloverdale can be made before noon, and a train returning can be taken at a little after 4 p. m., which will land the traveler in San Francisco before 8 o'clock in the evening; or the journey can be limited to any intermediate point. From Cloverdale one can make the trip to the Geysers of California, go from the Geysers to Calistoga, and return to San Francisco by running down the Napa valley.

The Geysers. Ten miles east of Cloverdale is one of the wonder places of the State: the Geysers of California. Stages leave Cloverdale every day except Sundays, at 1:30 p. m.,

connecting with the 7:45 Sausalito boat and train from San Francisco. One should arrange to stay at least a day or two to see this strange region, which has been famous among Californians for generations. There are boiling springs and a jet of steam that rises mountain-high. The place has a good hotel, and bath houses where you can get natural steam, Hammam and mineral baths. There is a swimming lake of mineral waters and good fishing in the Pluton river.

For those wishing to visit some of the many beautiful resorts in the region north of San Francisco, the Northwestern Pacific railroad issues a descriptive booklet called "Vacation," which can be obtained at 874 Market street.

MARE ISLAND NAVY YARD.

Mare Island is 30 miles from San Francisco, and the journey there takes about two hours.

This is a one-day excursion from San Francisco, consisting of a sixty-mile round trip on the sheltered waters of the bay. No visitor should omit to take it and thus broaden his knowledge of the way in which the United States Government carries on the biggest kind of construction work and keeps its fighting ships in trim. It is a wonderfully beautiful and interesting ride.

A good way to make this excursion is to

Take the Monticello Steamship Company's steamer "Napa City," leaving from the foot of Merchant street, just north of the Ferry building at 9:45 a. m., for Vallejo, and return from Vallejo at 3:20 p. m., reaching San Francisco at 5:20 p. m.

Fare for the round trip by this route is $1 to Vallejo and return, with an extra 20 cents for the Vallejo-Mare Island ferry.

These excursions are personally conducted, by a guide who points out the different points of interest on the bay, attends

to getting yard passes at the ferry landing on the island, and shows visitors about.

Luncheon can be had on the boat going up, or in Vallejo. No luncheon can be obtained on the Government ground.

Vallejo is a pleasant town of about 15,000 people, with three newspapers, two banks, and a yacht club. It can also be reached by the Southern Pacific railroad, leaving from the Ferry building at the foot of Market street, running up the east shore of the bay and crossing by another ferry at Vallejo Junction.

Mare Island Navy Yard occupies a strip of shore on a large island opposite Vallejo, from which it is separated by the opening into Napa bay. The crossing is made by a ferry from a landing near that of the Monticello Company. This ferry runs every hour.

Visitors are allowed in the yard between 7 a. m. and sunset. The Navy Yard was founded in 1854, and the government plant represents an investment of about $18,000,000.

UP THE NAPA VALLEY.

This trip, through one of the loveliest of California's fruit and wine districts, can be made in a day from San Francisco, but it is worth giving more time for some of the side excursions that can be made from points on the line. It leads through Napa and St. Helena to Calistoga, 73 miles from San Francisco, the main point of departure for the celebrated *Petrified Forest*, Clear Lake and the resorts of Lake county.

Take Monticello Steamship Company's boat to Vallejo, as per Mare Island trip, and there connect with San Francisco, Napa and Calistoga Electric Railway.

The trip to Calistoga and back can be made in a day, including the Petrified Forest, a place where great trees have been turned to stone. Private conveyance from Calistoga.

This trip can also be made by the Southern Pacific railroad, along the Alameda county shore to Vallejo Junction,

thence to Napa Junction and on up the Napa Valley. It takes about 3½ hours. To go this way,

Take Oakland ferry from foot of Market street.

The Napa Valley is a five-mile-wide strip of the most fertile soil to be found, poured from the foot of Mt. St. Helena down between long ridges of beautiful timbered hills about 35 miles to the northern shore of San Pablo bay, 30 miles north of San Francisco. Here grow in profusion and in perfection the grape, the apricot, the prune, every variety of plum, the olive and the fig, cherries, pears, peaches, almonds and walnuts. Citrus fruits are a garden delight, though it is not hot enough to produce them on a commercial scale.

Good roads mark the prosperity of the region. Picturesque stone bridges span the streams. The hill forests are full of game, and the lower slopes are clad with orchards and vineyards. Here and there a fine stone winery, built at the entrance to thousands of feet of tunneled wine vaults, suggests the valley of the Rhine.

The principal towns on the route are Napa, the county seat, a thriving little manufacturing city where boots and shoes and gloves are made, and where the State has a great hospital for the insane; St. Helena, with its sanitarium and its White Sulphur Springs close at hand; and Calistoga, at the head of the valley. On the way up one passes St. Joseph's Agricultural College, and the Veterans' Home at Yountville, where many pensioners of the Civil War reside.

From Napa there is an auto stage to Napa Soda Springs, a favorite resort for San Franciscans.

From St. Helena one reaches Aetna Springs, another famous resort. Nearby is the well known St. Gothard Inn.

From Vallejo, the Vallejo White Sulphur Springs can also be reached by automobile stage.

The Napa Valley makes a beautiful automobile trip. From Calistoga one can reach the Geysers (see index), continue to Cloverdale and return down the Santa Rosa Valley to Sausalito.

THE NETHERLANDS ROUTE—UP THE RIVER TO SACRAMENTO.

If California is an Italy it also contains another Holland, and almost another Egypt. In the interior valley, typical delta deposits have been laid down by its great rivers before they reach the Bay, and in this lavish soil grows a profusion of the finest garden produce to be found. The broad "islands" formed by the network of this huge drainage system are prodigally fertile. In this region are the world's greatest asparagus beds.

The *Netherlands Route, Southern Pacific*, offers a fine trip by a commodious river boat through this region of orchards, truck gardens and melon and asparagus plantations, stretching 125 miles up the river to Sacramento, the Capital of the State. Boats leave the wharf at the foot of Pacific street north of the Ferry building every morning except Sundays, taking a day to make the journey one way; and at 1:30 p. m. daily, except Sundays, reaching Sacramento at 4 a. m. (Passengers can remain on the boat until morning). The afternoon trip makes a delightful night excursion, especially when there is a moon. The steamers have comfortable staterooms and good meals are served in the dining hall. The fare to Sacramento is $1.50; berths and meals extra.

With the Bay, in various aspects, you are probably familiar, from other trips about it, but to see these silvery reaches of the river in the evening glow, or by moonlight after the sun has dropped behind the hills of Napa county, is something to be remembered all your life. Except for the lack of Arab villages and storied temples, the stream has all the mystic loveliness of the Nile, framed in the living verdure of California.

As the steamer enters *Carquinez Straits*, which connect San Pablo Bay and Suisun Bay, it comes into view of one of the most interesting engineering works in the country: four cobweb strands of wire cable, suspended across the narrowest part

MOONLIGHT ON THE SACRAMENTO.

of the channel, between huge steel towers, which look, to the stranger, like oil-well derricks. This is the longest suspension span of wire in the world, a monument to California enterprise in the long-distance transmission of hydro-electric energy, and to the skill of Western engineers and constructors. It belongs to the Pacific Gas & Electric Company.

The tower on the north side, at Dillon's Point, in Solano county, is 224 feet in height. The one across the straits at Eckley, in Contra Costa county, is shorter, but stands on higher ground. Between them the tenuous steel threads span a distance of 4427 feet, and at the extreme low point the lowest one hangs 206 feet above the water, or high enough to permit the passage of the tallest ship in the American merchant marine.

Over these wires runs the unseen energy that lights the lamps in Oakland and Berkeley, and drives the trolley cars in the cities along the eastern shore of the Bay.

This line was built in 1900 by the Bay Counties Power Company, then newly formed by a combination of power plants on the Yuba river; and in April of the following year the company began delivering electric current from Colgate, 36 miles above Marysville, to Oakland, 142 miles away, and to San Jose, a distance of 184 miles; the longest transmission of electricity that had ever been accomplished at that time.

This whole northern and northwestern shore of Contra Costa county, from Richmond to Antioch, is undergoing a most remarkable industrial development, and here, from Port Costa eastward along the south shore of Suisun Bay, it is growing up with small towns like Bay Point and Pittsburg, which will one day produce a large volume of the manufactures of the West.

Opposite Port Costa is Benicia, and between these two points the trains of the Southern Pacific Company are ferried across the straits by the largest car ferry in the world, the "Solano."

Your boat will stop at *Benicia*, where the Government has an arsenal and ordnance depot.

The Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers empty into the eastern end of Suisun Bay. In these waters a considerable salmon, bass and shad fishery is carried on by Italians and Greeks, who may be observed sailing gracefully and swiftly about in their lateen-sailed boats, the peculiar rig of the Mediterranean and San Francisco Bay, attending their long nets that stretch half across the channel. Jack London has portrayed some of the romance of their occupation in his "Tales of the Fish Patrol."

Stops are made at Rio Vista, Isleton, and Walnut Grove, where there is a picturesque Chinese settlement with galleried buildings and quaint little second-story alleys stretching back from the levee.

Sacramento occupies the old Sutter grant, the site of the first considerable white settlement in the interior of the State. It was the objective of many of the trains of "prairie schoon-

ers" bearing the early Argonauts and their families "across the plains," for here, long before the discovery of gold, *General John H. Sutter* had established a colony of Swiss settlers which he called New Helvetia, and which he made secure against the Indians by means of an old adobe *fort*, built in 1839. The fort still stands, and, with its museum of pioneer relics, is one of the worth-while show places of the city. Sutter himself was the employer of Marshall, whom he sent into the mountains to build a saw mill at Coloma, in El Dorado county, and who picked up in the mill race the nugget which made so much of the subsequent history of the State.

The first railroad in the State was built from Sacramento to Folsom, and here was born the project for a transcontinental rail line.

There is much to be seen here. The *State Capitol* is an imposing structure and from its dome one can get grand views of the surrounding valley, the delta lands and islands and the far off snow-capped mountains. The State Library in this building contains 155,780 volumes, and there is a very extensive law library. The park about the Capitol embraces 33 acres and contains 116 varieties of trees and shrubs from all parts of the world, besides the memorial grove of trees collected from the battlefields of the Civil War.

In the Capitol grounds is the *State Insectary*, which yearly collects, breeds and distributes millions of fruit-protecting insects. This work has probably been farther advanced in California than anywhere else in the world, and has attracted the attention of Government scientists from France, Spain, Japan, Formosa and South Africa.

There is an ostrich farm in Sacramento, with from fifty to a hundred birds.

Another attraction is the *Crocker Art Gallery*, gift of Mrs. Margaret E. Crocker, and open to the public free of charge.

RIVER, RAIL AND RIVER: TO SACRAMENTO AND STOCKTON.

A somewhat longer expedition than the Netherlands trip, one that combines in one panorama the great river system of the State, the Capital of California, and the fertile farming country lying between Sacramento and Stockton, is what is

THE STATE CAPITOL, AT SACRAMENTO.

called the "Triple S Trip." It affords a delightful travel experience of two or three days and is one of the most interesting excursions that can be made out of San Francisco.

One can leave the city on Friday night, or Saturday night, and return by Monday morning or Monday night, having covered 250 miles on two great rivers and a fine, modern electric car propelled by the energy of falling streams in the Sierra Nevada mountains. The fare is $2.50 for the round trip, with extras for berth and meals.

The first leg of the journey is to Sacramento, the State Capital, on one of the steamers of the California Transportation Company, which leaves Jackson street wharf, north of the Ferry building and just beyond the Chief Wharfinger's office, at 5 p. m. on week days, arriving at Sacramento at 6 the following morning.

Information about Sacramento itself will be found in the previous chapter. At Eighth and K streets at 10:15, 12:15 or 2:15, you take the Central California Traction Company's car for a ride of fifty miles or more, southward through the "land of the flaming Tokay" to Stockton. At Coffing, on this route, you pass the largest vineyard of Tokay grapes in the world, 1,200 acres, all under irrigation. The line passes the Cosumnes river, and a short distance beyond is a wine vineyard of 2,100 acres extending southward for three miles. Then you get into the real Tokay grape country and see miles and miles of vineyards and orchards stretching away on every side.

Stockton is a city of about 35,000 inhabitants, the "capital" of the northern San Joaquin valley, and, of old, the main supply depot for the "southern mines" on the mother lode. The Sacramento and the San Joaquin are really one valley, and San Francisco Bay receives the waters of both. Stockton has long been the head of a great grain growing section, some of which is now changing to horticulture, but not before making this thriving little city a great flour-milling center. Here also was invented and developed the Gargantuan harvesting machinery that has astonished the world outside of California; and the application of the traction engine to the work of plowing and reaping has been carried farther here than anywhere else.

It is said that more barley is grown within 25 miles of Stockton than in any similar area in the United States.

Steamers of the California Navigation and Improvement Company leave Stockton daily except Saturdays at 6 p. m., from the wharf directly opposite the Hotel Stockton. The

trip down the San Joaquin to the Bay is fully as interesting as that up the Sacramento, threading, as it does, what is aptly called the Holland of America. The great islands, reclaimed and protected by the levees, produce incredible yields of asparagus, beans, corn, onions and potatoes, which form the cargoes of numberless small craft that keep every water lane busy.

SAN JOSE AND THE SANTA CLARA VALLEY.

(Pronounce it San Hosay.)

Beginning twenty-five or six miles south of San Francisco and stretching southeastwardly for possibly fifty more, the Santa Clara Valley embraces the most fertile and salubrious part of California yet developed.

Imagine a climate so bland and genial that standard roses grow into trees, while oranges and lemons flourish along the foothills. Imagine a county that supports more than half a million tender apricot trees, that produces more than half the prunes grown in the United States, that sends yearly to the markets of the world, including such distant cities as New York, Paris, Berlin, London, 140,000,000 pounds of dried fruits, 30,000,000 pounds of canned goods, 200,000,000 of fresh fruit; and where, every spring, the whole region looks as though it had been drowned in a tidal wave of dazzling, scented apple, apricot, cherry, peach, plum and almond blossoms; one hundred and twenty-five square miles of bloom, on seven million trees, in mid-March when all over the eastern states the plumbers are thawing out the water pipes with gasoline torches.

"Personally," says E. Alexander Powell, "I shall always think of the Santa Clara as a sleeping maiden, fragrant with perfume and intoxicatingly beautiful, lying in a carven bed formed by the mountains of Santa Cruz, curtained by fleecy clouds, her coverlet of eider down, tinted with rose, quilted

with green, edged with yellow; her pillow the sun-kissed waters of San Francisco Bay. When you come closer, however, you find that the coverlet which conceals her gracious form is in reality an expanse of fragrant blossoms; that the green tufts are the live oaks which rise at intervals above the orchards of cherry, peach and prune; and that the yellow edging is the California poppies which clothe the encircling hills."

Beginning at the northern end, where Senator Stanford on his Palo Alto farm bred his great trotting horses, and where the magnificent buildings of Leland Stanford Junior University now stand, to Gilroy at the southern end, with its famous hot springs and its seed farms in the neighborhood, the county is set thick with pretty towns. Electric car lines radiate from San Jose into all this favored region, and entertaining rides can be taken to Santa Clara and its college and mission site, to Los Gatos and to Saratoga.

San Jose itself, 49 miles south of San Francisco, is easily reached by several Southern Pacific trains a day from Third and Townsend depot. Before 1915 the State highway will connect it with the city by a fine automobile road. There is a population of about 33,000, with beautiful homes and gardens, a fine normal school and an unexcelled public school system.

Every year in blossom time a festival is held at *Saratoga* that rivals the feast of cherry blossoms at old Tokio. The town is easily reached from San Jose and well repays a visit. The festival demonstrations extend southward as far as Los Gatos, and the Sunday afternoon automobile processions along the roads during this period are a remarkable sight.

All through the summer in this favored land one sees along the hillsides and in the pastures great beds of glowing orange color which are the wild California poppy, or Eschscholtzia, one of the most beautiful of all the wild flowers, and the official flower of the State.

Santa Clara is the oldest town in the Santa Clara Valley. It is a place of beautiful homes, an old mission church, the

site of the University of Santa Clara; and near it are some of the finest seed farms in the world, producing sweet pea seed, lettuce, radish, onion, canary bird seed and many more, by the carload. The town is connected with San Jose, which is three miles distant, by trolley, and between the two runs the Alameda, the shaded walk of the mission fathers who founded Santa Clara Mission in 1777.

MT. HAMILTON AND THE LICK OBSERVATORY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

The Lick Observatory is situated on the summit of *Mt. Hamilton*, Santa Clara county, at an altitude of 4,209 feet. It is thirteen miles due east of San Jose, with which it is connected by a fine mountain road whose easy grades take 27 miles to make the ascent. Leaving Third and Townsend depot, the trip to San Jose takes from an hour and fifteen to an hour and thirty minutes.

The Mt. Hamilton Auto Stage (R. W. Eaton, proprietor, 323 South First street, San Jose), leaves that city about 8:45 in the morning every day except Sunday, reaching Mt. Hamilton before noon. Returning, the stage leaves the top at 1:30 p. m., and reaches San Jose at 4 p. m. The round trip fare is $5. Luncheon can be obtained at Smith's Creek hotel, part way up. The stage will call for passengers at any of the leading San Jose hotels, and bookings can be made by phone or through the hotel office.

The observatory is open to day visitors until sundown, but not thereafter, except Saturday evenings. On Saturday it is open to visitors that *arrive* before 9 p. m. Arrangements can be made with the Mt. Hamilton Auto Stage for the Saturday evening trip, or for day trips. For the Saturday evening trip, stages leave San Jose at 4 p. m. and return about midnight.

The mountain grade discloses an inspiring view over the Santa Clara valley and the Santa Cruz mountains.

Since the advent of the automobile the number of day visitors at the observatory greatly exceeds the number of Saturday evening visitors. Those arriving by day have opportunities to see several of the principal instruments as well as the numerous intensely interesting photographs of celestial objects displayed in the corridors.

Saturday evening visitors are privileged, weather permitting, to look through the 12-inch and 36-inch telescopes.

There are no charges for admission.

The gauge of the importance of this observatory was laid down as far as it was possible to do so by its founder, James Lick, the San Francisco philanthropist, in the deed of trust by which he provided for it; in which he directs the trustees to expend $700,000 for the most powerful telescope yet made, together with the observatory.

Lick was one of the earliest of the pioneers, having come to San Francisco in 1847. He made millions out of San Francisco real estate, died in 1876, leaving millions to public institutions, and is appropriately buried under the pedestal of the great refracting telescope on the mountain's top. There is a fine bronze relief of him in the vestibule of the Mechanics Institute building, on Post street, between Montgomery and Kearny.

It is well known that this telescope, of which the objective lense is 36 inches in diameter, was the largest refractor ever built when the Clarks of Cambridgeport, Mass., turned out the flawless glass. Through it, Bernard discovered the Fifth Satellite of Jupiter. What is not so well known is that the great *Crossley reflector* has been sent from England to Mt. Hamilton, where the large percentage of clear nights has vastly increased its efficiency, and is housed but a short distance from the Lick telescope. The finest pictures of Halley's comet were made here, and by means of the Crossley glass the sixth and seventh satellites of Jupiter were discovered.

The director of the observatory is Prof. W. W. Campbell, who has associated with him at Mt. Hamilton, R. H. Tucker, R. G. Aitken, the great authority on double stars, W. H. Wright and H. D. Curtis, and a number of assistants and fellows of the University.

DOWN THE OCEAN SHORE RAILROAD.

From San Francisco to the end of the line, at Tunitas Glen, is 38 miles, and the trip to that point takes two hours and 20 minutes—one way.

From the depot at Twelfth and Mission streets, in San Francisco, the Ocean Shore railroad cuts across the city southwesterly and then runs thirty-eight miles down a rock-bound coast, over bold headlands, past sandy beaches, and across entrancing little valleys. Another section runs northward from the city of Santa Cruz. At present there is a considerable gap between them, but the line here will soon be completed, and it will then give direct rail transportation to San Gregorio, Pescadero, and the famous Pebble Beach.

Several trains a day are operated on the northern or San Francisco-Tunitas section.

Every mile of this road exhibits scenery of an imposing grandeur and an entrancing loveliness, diversified at every turn the train makes. One of the pleasant sights is Pedro Valley, a veritable thicket of artichokes. There is good surf fishing all along, and trout in such streams as San Pedro, Purisima, Lobitos and Tunitas creeks, and San Gregorio creek and lagoon.

On *Half Moon Bay* is an old Spanish settlement, charming with its atmosphere of the past surviving in these busy times.

There are bath houses at Salada, Moss Beach, Princeton and Granada. The beaches at nearly every station are sheltered and warm, and there is an absence of the undertow that often makes bathing in the surf dangerous elsewhere.

At many of the stations there are comfortable inns, operated on reasonable tariffs, where one can get good sea-food dinners, and accommodations for the night.

SANTA CRUZ CASINO AND BATHING BEACH.

SANTA CRUZ, AND ITS BIG TREES.

Seventy-six miles from San Francisco.

Three hours and a half by rail from the Southern Pacific depot at Third and Townsend streets will bring you to the seaside town of Santa Cruz, on Monterey bay. Here is a fine casino, a broad bathing beach, a large swimming tank, all sorts of summer resort attractions, good fishing in the bay, several good hotels, (one with fine golf links) and a general atmosphere of holiday-making, during the season. It is said that the Casino and bathing pavilion surpass anything of the sort in America. The town is made up of pretty homes, and in its suburbs are many fine villas belonging to wealthy San Franciscans. A day can be spent most enjoyably in an

excursion from San Francisco to Santa Cruz and return.

Six miles out of this seaside city, and seventy miles south of San Francisco, is the Fremont grove of coast range redwood trees, Sequoia Sempervirens, that compare not unfavorably for size with the Big Trees in the Sierra, some of them being twenty feet through the base, and 300 feet high. Southern Pacific trains stop at this grove, and there is a pleasant club house where meals are served.

A trip can be arranged so that one can have an hour at the grove, arrive in Santa Cruz a little after 12, have an hour in Santa Cruz and return to San Francisco in time for dinner; or spend five hours in Santa Cruz and return to San Francisco in the evening, arriving a little after 9 o'clock.

From Santa Cruz one can also reach the Big Basin, or California Redwood Park, a most beautiful primeval California forest of 3,800 acres.

DEL MONTE, MONTEREY, PACIFIC GROVE.

Del Monte is 121 miles from San Francisco by rail, and the trip takes three hours and forty-five minutes, one way.

These resorts, each famous in a different manner, are located on Monterey Bay, and are so situated that each is an added attraction of the others. They are connected with one another by trolley, and can all be reached from San Francisco by the *Southern Pacific railroad from Third and Townsend depot.* Any one of them will form a most enjoyable objective for a day's outing, with a stop of three or four hours at the other end and a return to San Francisco by nightfall.

The Hotel Del Monte is one of the finest tourist resorts on the coast, offering year-round golf on a full professional course of eighteen holes and 6,000 yards, all grass greens; bathing in its great indoor tank, filled with warm salt water; polo grounds, croquet and archery fields, fine bitumen tennis courts on which coast championship tournaments are held; a bowling

green, and other outdoor attractions. There is an art gallery where California painters exhibit characteristic bits of work, and there is also a great pipe organ. The hotel has 500 rooms and seats 750 in its dining hall.

The benign climate of this region has made possible the most beautiful effects in the 125 acres of the Del Monte lawns and gardens, which contain over 1,360 varieties of plant life, including examples of all the principal trees of the Pacific Coast, with a large collection of Arizona cactus, aloe and yucca. The statement has often been made and never, to our knowledge, contradicted, that these are the most beautiful gardens in the world.

The Del Monte Express leaves the Third and Townsend depot at 2 p. m., and arrives at the hotel in time for dinner.

Monterey, "wrapped in the mantle of old traditions," was the first capital of California and is now a town of about 5,000 people. It is a mile beyond Del Monte, and easily reached by trolley from there. There are many relics of the Spanish regime, and of the period of transition to American domination; such as the old Spanish custom house over which, in 1846, Commodore Sloat raised the first American flag in California; Colton Hall, in which was drafted the first constitution of the present State; an adobe building which was the first theater in California, and in which Jenny Lind once sang; the old Washington hotel; and near it the house of old Jules Simoneau, in which Robert Louis Stevenson lived. All about, except in certain quarters that have felt the push of modern improvement, is the air of age and settled things with their foundations in California's romantic past. Old roses grown almost to trees, clamber over the lichened fences and garden walls—one of them said to have been planted by General William T. Sherman, while paying gallant attentions to a certain senorita who tended it always from that day; or so, at least, the story goes. Here is also the mission church San Carlos de Borromeo.

There is a Presidio, or military post, at Monterey, where infantry is stationed, so that the streets are apt to be gay with uniforms. Within the reservation is a monument erected by Mrs. Leland Stanford to the memory of Padre Junipero Serra, the pioneer of missions and missionaries, who landed here in 1770, and who is buried at the Mission San Carlos Borromeo, or Carmelo, not far away. Monterey was at one time the site of an active whale fishery. A California grayback whale can occasionally be seen "blowing" off shore, and great whale bones ornament some of the gardens about the town. Nearby are two large sardine canneries.

Three miles beyond Monterey by rail, (although the two towns are rapidly building together) and well out on the peninsula forming the southern boundary of the bay, is

Pacific Grove, scene of the annual meeting of the Pacific Coast Chautauqua, the Women's Christian Temperance Union, the California Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the Students' Conference of the Young Men's Christian Association.

This is a sort of cottage city by the sea, a place of 3,000 permanent inhabitants that began as a camp meeting ground. So attractive is it that its summer population is estimated at 15,000. The summer school of Leland Stanford Junior University is held here, and because of the wealth of sea life, here is located that university's marine laboratory, while the University of California is preparing to establish one on an eight-acre site recently acquired.

At Pacific Grove there is a very interesting *marine museum*. Monterey Bay is like one great aquarium, so prolific are its waters, its beaches and its rocky coves. Here one can ride in the *glass-bottomed boat* and from within a darkened chamber gaze into wonderful submarine grottoes where the anemone and star-fish grow, where sea urchins empurple the rocks and strange plants with a fruitage like myriads of gold nuggets move to and fro in the weaving currents.

There are two good hotels at Pacific Grove, and board can be obtained at a number of private houses. There are plenty of boats, and there is good fishing. Over 150 species of food fish are found in the bay, including the fighting king salmon.

Sea and shore exhibit strange moods that attract the artist and have furnished subjects for some of the best of our California canvases—vistas opening toward the blue bay, sugar-white sand dunes, and jagged bluffs topped by the characteristic Monterey cypresses which throw their wind-tossed arms aloft like distracted ghosts.

The Seventeen-Mile Drive is a famous excursion, by tally-ho or automobile, which shows the unusual beauties of the peninsula to advantage, and is especially weird and fascinating at night.

The Mission San Carlos de Rio Carmelo is near the town of Carmel-by-the-Sea, which has become a colony of artists and literary lights. At the mission one can see many interesting relics, including the robes of Junipero Serra, father of all the missions of California, who is buried there.

Pebble Beach, with a good grill serving sea food, Moss Beach, where one gets delicious orange-colored mussels, and other places along shore, afford good opportunities for the study of conchology. The abalone, a large univalve with a highly-colored iridescent shell, abounds in these waters. It is fine eating, and the shells make beautiful souvenirs.

SAN JUAN BAUTISTA, MOST INTERESTING OF THE MISSIONS.

Less than a morning's journey from San Francisco, in the San Juan Valley of San Benito county (pronounced San Whan, and San Baneto), is the mission that best recalls the scenes of Spanish and Indian life in California.

The old Padres and the Indians are gone, but the setting remains, unspoiled by "improvements" which have mercifully

taken place a block away and out of sight. The old mission buildings overlook the same plaza as of yore. An ancient Spanish mansion fronts them, in which Fremont, the "Pathfinder," once lived; and along one side of the plaza still stand a couple of galleried adobe houses, one of which has become a most comfortable inn.

Mission and plaza and hospitable old tavern stand upon a low bench of the hills, overlooking a level valley of such fertility that a large seed concern now uses it to grow seeds, so that in June it is a wilderness of color and perfume. The sweet pea display here in May and June is something wonderful.

The mission church is most interesting, and in the rooms that open off the cloistered portico are relics of early California; an ancient spinet; old music scores with huge black notes to be read from one copy by the whole choir; cunning convex mirrors from Paris that hung before the altar and revealed to the priest any communicant that misbehaved in church; a curious old viol; and an antique hand-organ, actuated by a crank and bellows and making music through true organ pipes, to call the Indian laborers from the valley when the day was done.

The mission was founded in 1797, and is said to have ministered to the spiritual needs of some 4,000 Indians in its time. Helen Hunt Jackson, author of "Ramona," says of it in her book on "The Missions of California:"

> At San Juan Bautista there lingers more of the atmosphere of the olden time than is to be found in any other place in California.
>
> The mission church is well preserved; its grounds are enclosed and cared for; in its gardens are still blooming roses and vines, in the shelter of palms, and with the old stone sun dial to tell time.
>
> In the sacristy are oak chests, full of gorgeous vestments of brocades, with silver and gold laces. The church fronts south, on a little, green, locust-walled plaza—the sleepiest, sunniest, dreamiest place in the world.

In the plaza, bull fights occurred in the Spanish days; and the cowboys of the neighboring great cattle ranges still gather there of a Saturday night as generations of cowboys have been

doing for scores of years past. Just below the plaza are some tall pear trees, planted by the padres more than a hundred years ago.

Here, in short, are the most distinct and unspoiled vestiges you will find of the *dolce far niente* times of Spanish California; the sunlit, pastoral peace of the "days before the Gringo came."

San Juan is about eight miles west of Hollister, and possibly sixteen miles inland from the Bay of Monterey. It can be reached by taking the *Southern Pacific train from Third and Townsend depot* to *Sargent* station and staging between six and seven miles from there; or by train to *Salinas* and automobile from that point.

The other *missions of California*, the dates of their establishment, and the nearest railroad stations, are:

Mission	Founded	Station
San Francisco Solano	July 4, 1823	Sonoma
San Rafael Archangel	Dec. 14, 1817	San Rafael
S. F. D'Assisi (Dolores)	Oct. 9, 1776	San Francisco
Santa Clara	Jan. 12, 1777	Santa Clara
San Jose	June 11, 1797	Irvington (1 mi.)
Santa Cruz	Sept. 25, 1791	Santa Cruz
San Juan Bautista	June 24, 1797	Sargent (6 mi.)
San Carlos de Borromeo	June 3, 1770	Monterey
San Carlos de Rio Carmelo	July 10, 1771	Monterey (5 mi.)
Nuestra Senora de la Soledad	Oct. 9, 1791	Soledad (4 mi.)
San Antonio de Padua	July 14, 1771	King City (26 mi.)
San Miguel	July 25, 1797	San Miguel
San Luis Obispo de Tolosa	Sept. 1, 1772	San Luis Obispo
Santa Ynez	Sept. 17, 1804	Los Olivos (12 mi.)
La Purisima Conception	Dec. 8, 1787	Lompoc (3 mi.)
Santa Barbara	Dec. 4, 1786	Santa Barbara
San Buenaventura	Mar. 31, 1782	Ventura
San Fernando Rey de Espana	Sept. 8, 1797	Fernando (2 mi.)
San Gabriel Archangel	Sept. 8, 1771	Los Angeles (10 mi.)
San Juan Capistrano	Nov. 1, 1776	Capistrano
San Antonio de Pala	June 14, 1771	Fallbrook (12 mi.)
San Luis Rey de Frania	June 13, 1798	Oceanside
San Diego de Alcala	July 16, 1769	San Diego (5 mi.)
Santa Ysabel	1822	Foster (28 mi.)

YOSEMITE VALLEY.

Pronounce it Yo SEMity.

Located 150 miles due east of San Francisco, in an air line. By the Southern Pacific it is 151 miles and by the Santa Fe 143 miles to Merced, whence the Yosemite Valley railroad takes you to El Portal, near the entrance, a distance by rail of 79 miles.

San Francisco is the main point of departure. You can leave the city from the Ferry building in the morning, arrive at Merced early in the afternoon, and reach the hotel at El Portal in time for dinner. Next morning a stage ride of twelve miles takes you to the hotel or the boarding camps in the Valley. Or during the summer season, beginning April 30th or May 1st, one can take a Pullman in the evening and arrive at El Portal for breakfast, without change of cars.

The round trip transportation fare, including stage ride from El Portal, is $22.35 from San Francisco. Excess baggage on the stage from El Portal is $1.00 a hundred pounds. Fifty pounds are carried free. There is a small charge for seats in the observation car from Merced. On this line one sees many remains of old gold "diggings"—chimneys of miners' cabins burned long ago, and one old stone structure that was used as a bank.

Rates at the Sentinel Hotel are $3 to $4 a day, or $20 to $25 a week; at Camp Lost Arrow, at the foot of Yosemite Falls, $2 a day; at Camp Curry, at the foot of Glacier Point, and on the way to the Happy Isles, Vernal Falls and Nevada Falls, $2 a day; at Camp Ahwahnee, the first camp you come to in the Valley, $3 a day.

At Glacier Point, 3,234 feet above the floor of the Valley, are a good hotel and camp, where the rates are respectively $4 and $2 a day. All the camps, as well as the hotel, are comfortable, with floored tents and ample bathing facilities.

The Sentinel hotel, on the floor of the Valley, is open all year. The camps and the Glacier Point hotel are open only in summer.

In regard to equipment, your requirements in Yosemite will be comparatively simple, unless you wish to make a dress affair of it; so you can afford to leave most of your luggage at your hotel in the city. Take tramping clothes and hob-nailed boots, for it is a place of goodly distances, and although plenty of trail animals are to be had you will frequently wish to walk. Supply yourself at Butler's, Payot, Upham & Company's, or the Lietz Company's, with one of the topographical maps isued by the United States Geological Survey; they show the roads and trails, the elevations, the courses of the streams and the locations of the falls. Get a pocket compass; it will help you find yourself on the map. A haversack for your lunch is a great convenience, and a collapsible cup is almost indispensable. And, finally, for good reading on the Yosemite, get John Muir's book of that title.

The Valley is open the year around and is matchless at any season.

In Spring there is most water going over the falls. In Summer the foliage and flowers are more brilliant and abundant, and this is the season for campers. In Autumn the Indian Summer haze tints the far-away cliffs with wondrous color and makes this the favorite time with real Yosemite lovers; the sort that make yearly and sometimes semi-yearly pilgrimages to the Valley.

Winter adds grand effects to the streams and crags and mighty domes of this enchanted region. You may witness the fall and crash of blocks of ice as big as a box car, dropping 1,600 feet over the Yosemite Fall. At this season many Californians enjoy here touches of the cold they do not get elsewhere than in their mountain heights; with bits of Winter sport, such as ski running, sleighing and skating on Mirror Lake.

From the Himalayas to the Alps, there is not another place like Yosemite in the world. It is the only place where one can travel on a practically level road eight miles into the granite core of a mountain range; a range that rises on either hand as you proceed from an elevation of about 3,900 feet where you enter the Valley, to the 7,042 of El Capitan, the 7,214 of Glacier Point, the 7,072 of Liberty Cap and the 8,852 of the Half Dome whose riven face rises almost a mile high from the Valley floor. All about are stupendous cliffs, with swimming, tangled perspectives that daze the senses.

Thousands of feet above, rivers wandering in pleasant mountain valleys come to the tops of these awful walls, and drop. Their waters are sifted by the air into floating spray and weaving vapors, in which rainbows appear; they slide like molten silver down long inclines of granite; they break into cascades of liquid diamonds that splinter the mountain sunlight into flashing jets of ruby and orange and emerald.

There is a point at which the mind wearies of its awe, and complacently gives itself over to a bewildered sort of enchantment. You reach it by the second day. You begin to see that the archetypes of all the natural beauty in the world have been crammed and compacted into this wondrous chasm, eight miles long and half a mile wide, with its lateral gorges—evergreen firs that "tremble on the mountain wall," dogwood blossoms, mountain lilies, azaleas, the Mariposa tulip if you are lucky, wild strawberries, gleaming trout in the river, a lake like plate glass silvered; the Happy Isles where the divided river warbles its endless music over tree root and boulder; the fairy loveliness of the Illilouette. You climb to Glacier Point, and at 5 o'clock next morning turn out of your warm bed in the Glacier Point hotel and become one of the blanket Indians on the east porch to see the sun rise behind the Half Dome and pierce the heavens with long darts of flame like the corona of an eclipse—an utterly thrilling, unforgettable vision.

You have come for three days. You see that it was a mistake, that you should have made it a month. But you will return.

THE BIG TREES OF CALIFORNIA.

These are earth's largest living things, and oldest.

You will find them nowhere but in the Sierra Nevadas. Their only known relatives are the Sequoia Sempervirens, the California redwoods of the Coast Range mountains. Unless transplanted the Sequoia Gigantea, or Washingtonia, as the Forestry Service now calls it, does not grow on the coast.

THE FALLEN MONARCH.

Along the Sierra slopes the Big Trees grow in groves, of which the best known are the Calaveras, South Park, Tuolumne, Mariposa and Fresno. These may contain anywhere from 30 trees in the Tuolumne grove, to 1,300 in the Calaveras. Forests of them are found in the canyons of the Kings and Kaweah rivers. In the Giant Forest there are said to be over 6,000 trees with diameters of not less than 15 feet. But 15 feet is not a large diameter for a Big Tree; some are

a hundred feet around. In some cases the stage road has been cut through a standing trunk and you can drive through in a double-decker "thoroughbrace." On one of them, fallen, a squadron of cavalry has lined up. They reach a height of 340 feet, and even then it invariably happens that the tip has been broken off nobody knows how far down, by nobody knows how many strokes of the jealous lightning.

So perfect are their proportions, so slender and graceful the taper of their boles, so harmonious their salmon tinted bark, and their sparse and lace-like foliage, that the traveler is likely to be struck at first by their beauty instead of their size. As he gazes upward, however, he notices that some minor limb, branching from the main trunk, is of a thickness that would, if it grew alone, make it a large tree. The Grizzly Giant, in the Mariposa grove, has such a limb eighty feet from the ground that is seven feet through. Gradually it dawns upon the beholder that these organisms are stupendous, overwhelming, awe-inspiring, one of the greatest of the world's wonders.

The Mariposa grove is probably the best known, and is easily reached from Yosemite by way of Wawona, where there is a comfortable hotel. Stages run from Glacier Point, which one reaches from the floor of the Valley either afoot or horseback, passing by Vernal and Nevada Falls; and also from the floor of the Valley over the old Wawona road by Inspiration Point. If one desires to go direct, Wawona can also be reached from San Francisco by way of Madera, on the Southern Pacific railroad, and automobile stage from there.

The grove is about six miles from the hotel at Wawona, which will furnish conveyances for the trip. No automobiles are permitted at present.

The Calaveras Big Trees, in the county of that name, are another fine grove, containing more trees than the Mariposa. The route is by the Southern Pacific to Angels Camp, one of the historic places of California in the Bret Harte and Mark Twain mining country. A stage runs from Angels.

Another magnificent grove is the General Grant, near Sanger.

Few authors have written as entertainingly of this region and these giant trees as the California mountaineer, John Muir. His books, "The Mountains of California," "Our National Parks" and 'My First Summer in the Sierra," treat the whole subject sympathetically, understandingly and delightfully.

LAKE TAHOE, GLEN ALPINE SPRINGS AND DESOLATION VALLEY.

Only second in interest to Yosemite Valley is the region of Lake Tahoe and Glen Alpine Springs, lying on the eastern slope of the Sierra, 150 miles, in an air line, northeast of San Francisco, and about 100 miles north of Yosemite.

This region can be reached by taking the *Southern Pacific* to Truckee, 209 miles, and 11 hours, away; and thence the Lake Tahoe Railway and Transportation Company's train past Deer Park, a popular mountain resort, to Tahoe City and Tahoe Tavern, leaving San Francisco at night and reaching the tavern about the middle of the following morning. The Tavern accommodates 500 guests and the rates are $4 a day and up, American plan. It is a good place, with every modern convenience, and is located on the western side and toward the northern end of the lake.

Tallac is at the southern end of the lake. Here, also, is a fine hotel, where the accommodations are at the rate of $3 a day and upward. It is reached by steamer from Tahoe City or the Tavern, and the steamer trip is a beautiful one. An equally interesting way, perhaps even more beautiful, is to take the Southern Pacific train from Sacramento to Placerville, in El Dorado county, and the automobile stage from that point up the canyon of the south fork of the American river to Tallac, passing through wild mountain scenery, and

park-like woods of pine and fir and mountain hemlock.

In addition to the Tavern and Tallac, there are many excellent resorts at different points on the lake, where accommodations can be had at varying prices—such as Emerald Bay Camp, Al Tahoe, the Brockway Hotel, Tahoe Vista, The Grove, Glenbrook, McKinney's (whence a seven mile ride will take you to Rubicon Springs), Moana Villa, and others. The steamer stops at all of them in its rounds.

Tahoe is a wonderful sheet of crystal-clear water, 23 miles long, 13 wide, over half a mile deep, poised in a mountain basin at an altitude of more than a mile above the sea. It has been compared to Como and Maggiore, but its proportions are more ample and satisfying and it is framed in grander mountains. Its waters are full of fish, and every resort keeps boats for its guests. Trout are sometimes taken weighing twelve pounds. The depths are trolled with copper wire for the big ones, and the sport is finer than Eastern fishing for bass, pike or muskalunge. Tahoe is the lake of lakes, the most delightful inland sheet of water where large numbers of people can find accommodations suited to purse and taste. There are no pests of flies or mosquitoes. In this serene mountain air, free from dust and pollen, hay fever is unknown and the victims of it that come here from the Eastern States experience instant relief.

At present, travel about the lake is almost entirely by steamer, as the distances are generous and the roads are few, but a road is being built by the State from Tahoe City and the Tavern, around by Emerald Bay to Tallac, which will enable automobiles to make this much of the circuit, and open land communication between these two main points.

Glen Alpine Springs and Desolation Valley. A stage leaves Tallac daily after lunch for Glen Alpine, passing for about three miles along the east shore of *Fallen Leaf Lake*, where there is a good lodge or inn. Accommodations here are at the rate of $14 a week and upward. Rates in camp at Glen Alpine are $14 to $16 a week.

Although but seven miles by the road from Tahoe, the scenery and surroundings at Glen Alpine Springs are of an altogether different order, and the traveler that has spent any time at the lake feels that he has been transported into another world. The Springs themselves are in a narrow glen, but good trails lead to the heights above, and to more than a score of gem-like mountain lakes, in which big trout abound, and on nine of which the camp proprietors keep boats for the accommodation of their guests.

You should have a topographical map of this region, as for Yosemite, hob-nailed boots, a haversack, a compass and a collapsible cup. Lunches are provided by the camp on a night's notice.

One of the best hikes of this neighborhood is to the top of Mt. Tallac, 9,785 feet above the sea. Trail animals (horses or mules) can be obtained by those that do not care for tramping. The scenery on the way is of a nature that is nothing less than startling.

At the summit, one of the wonder visions of the continent lies before you. You see a vast stretch of the tops of the Sierra, the grandest chain of mountains in the United States, from a scenic standpoint. The gem of the picture is Tahoe itself, spread at your feet, where it looks as though you could throw a stone into it, but so far below that the steamer has the dimensions of a canoe, and seems only to creep from one landing to another. The colors, also, are wonderful. The water is of the light and crystalline blue that eastern Moguls looked for in the "female" sapphire. The plains about Tallac are brown and umber, shading into topaz tints and finally going into unmistakable yellows. The timber is a combination of greens and saffron; and all is softened and exquisitely blended by the downward distance.

There are many good hikes in the neighborhood, but the best one is by way of Heather Lake to

Desolation Valley. Unless accustomed to the mountains and to keeping track of your location you would better have

a guide. With or without a guide, this is one of the grandest day's marches you will ever make. Here, amid the granite crestings of the Sierra, surrounded by peaks that rise to 10,000 feet, is a vast stone floor covered with a labyrinthine spread of lakes, between which are growing dwarfed, snow-bent and despairing trees; a "suicidal throng" such as Childe Roland saw on his way to the Dark Tower. Rafts of snow are floating in the lakes. Hummocks of bare granite rise here and there with streams brawling between.

Above, the knife-edge ridges hold snow fields and bits of old glaciers, remnants of the ice age. Pyramid Peak rises to a height of 10,020 feet from the farther side, built of gigantic, overlapping grey slabs, as though some primordial Chufru had taken the cosmos for his tomb.

No life appears. Not a bird flies over. There is no sound except the dismal croaking of thousands of frogs.

The scene at first appals; but as you gaze in bewilderment, fascination seizes you, and then the beauty and charm of a great natural garden—the Garden of Granite. The contorted pines and junipers have a Japanese effect. The waters of all these lakes and connecting streams sparkle and glitter in the mountain light. Clumps of taller timber take an added dignity from their isolation. Dwell upon it, and it becomes a scene of wondrous beauty, unearthly and weird, transporting in its charm, and making the strange appeal that later translates itself into homesickness for the sight of it again. Few people that have once fallen under the spell of Desolation Valley can be content until they have wandered through its stony mazes for a second time.

The ascent of Pyramid Peak becomes an ambition here, and can be made, with the return to camp, in a day if you are a pretty good climber. The panorama from the top is reward enough, and so are those from the summits of Dick's, Jack's, Ralston and Angora.

AUTOMOBILING.

San Francisco is the hub of a region affording opportunity for most fascinating and delightful automobile trips. The vicinity contains all the variety of mountains, plains, valleys and great river courses. The basin of the Bay itself, with the connecting bays and straits, presents scenes of ever changing interest. Every hill discloses a new and wonderful cyclorama. Old Ocean lies to westward, and forms the distant blue perspective of every approach to the coast.

Nowhere can one find such limitless variety, such a succession of abrupt changes of grand and beautiful scenery. North, east and south the roads stretch away, to Marin county, to Sonoma county, to Mendocino county, to Lake and Napa counties, up to Shasta, to the Klamath region and beyond to Oregon; to Lake Tahoe, to the Yosemite, to the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys, to Santa Cruz, Del Monte, Monterey, Pacific Grove, the Salinas valley and Paso Robles and down the coast to Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, San Diego and Mexico.

World travelers declare there are no scenes along the Riviera, nor yet on the famous Amalfi drive from Naples, to compare with the scenery of the *Alpine Drive* from *Pescadero* to La Honda, accessible from this city in less than two hours; or some of the country to the northward of San Francisco, including trips over to the coast from points in the interior of Marin county; while such views as one gets from the hill road from Martinez to Port Costa, overlooking Carquinez Straits, and from the top of Mt. Diablo, are no less than sublime.

California is becoming famous for good roads. The State has bonded itself to the extent of $18,000,000 for the construction of a north-and-south highway system, and the different counties are voting sums that will probably reach a like amount for lateral connections. For California touring one should have Ross' "Land and Auto Map of California's Twenty-five Central Counties," or Candrian's "Auto Roads

Handybook of California and Nevada," which will give a general view of the field, and for specific distances the "Tour Book" of the California State Automobile Association. We can do no more here than indicate a few of the most delightful rides in and around San Francisco, as an introduction to the country, which the automobilist is practically certain to follow with enthusiasm to a closer acquaintance.

LICK MONUMENT TO THE PIONEERS.

I. A DAY'S AUTOMOBILE TRIP IN SAN FRANCISCO.

The visitor that intends seeing the region of San Francisco by automobile should give his first day or half day if he has no longer time, to the city itself, for he will not find one more entrancing. A comprehensive idea of it can be gained in half a day without fatigue, but one could easily extend the route to occupy the better part of a day.

Visit first the *Embarcadero*, and see the piers and the shipping.

Turn up Market street to California, follow California through the *financial district* and up the lower slope of *Nob Hill* as far as Grant avenue, which at this point enters *Chinatown*. Grant avenue is its main street and you can turn north for a few blocks and get a fleeting glimpse of this most interesting place.

South on Grant avenue to Post street, turn west on Post to Stockton, then south on Stockton to Market street. This will take you through the principal shopping section of the city, past *Union Square*, surrounded by hotels and large stores. Then run out Market street to Van Ness avenue. The stores and automobile agencies along "Gasoline Row" are new and handsome structures and the other improvements of the avenue are rapidly making it one of the most attractive parts of downtown San Francisco. For much of its length Van Ness was the western limit of the conflagration of 1906.

Continue on Van Ness to *Fort Mason*, with its fine views over Black Point Cove and the Bay. Enter the *Panama-Pacific Exposition grounds*, and then return through Fort Mason to Van Ness avenue. Go south to Jackson street and take Jackson west to Arguello boulevard, called also First avenue. This takes you through a section of the city with fine water views, where many wealthy San Franciscans have built their town houses.

Enter the *Presidio* by the First avenue entrance and make a square turn to the right. Then follow McDowell avenue to the left, swinging around the hills, whence there is a magnificent view across the garrison buildings, and the islands of the Bay.

At the foot of the grade, turn to the left and run out to old *Fort Winfield Scott*, (within the Presidio reservation but organized as a separate artillery post).

Doubling back from Fort Scott, keep along the foot of the slope, run past the *National Cemetery*, and through the Pre-

sidio parade with its flag staff, to the terminus of the Union street car line. The view is a grand panorama, unrolling as you go; one of the great marine prospects of the western coast.

From this point take the road to the right, running southeasterly. Keep to the right and run westerly along the fence back to the First avenue gate. Thence take First avenue southward.

A block south of the Presidio is the entrance to *Presidio Terrace*, a restricted residence district of fine homes set amid palms, in park-like grounds. The Presidio Golf Club has its club house here, and plays on the Presidio links. Emerging, follow Arguello boulevard south to Fulton street, passing the Odd Fellows' Cemetery, where you can see the dome of its beautiful columbarium. At Fulton street run eastward, to the left, around the corner of *Golden Gate Park* to the Stanyan street entrance.

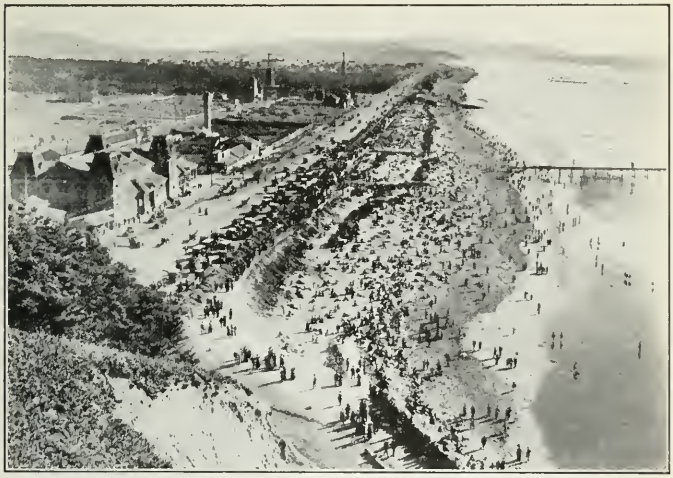
This is the finest artificial park in the United States, and you could spend the day enjoying its statuary, its Music Temple, its Japanese Tea Garden, its manifold beauties of hill and dale, with its roads winding among lovely lakes where the wild ducks nest, its herds of elk and buffalo, and its huge Dutch windmills.

At the west end of the Park is the sloop "Gjoa," in which Amundsen, discoverer of the South Pole, sailed through the Northwest Passage.

To the right as you emerge from the west end of the Park is San Francisco's far-famed *Cliff House*. Beyond, up the hill, are the great *Sutro Baths*, and the *Sutro Gardens*, which the public is privileged to enter and enjoy—afoot.

Run down the *Great Highway* southward, within sight of the booming surf of the Pacific for about three miles to Sloat Boulevard, and then turn east, passing, on your right the Lake Merced lands of the Spring Valley Water Company.

A short distance beyond, you come to the neighborhood of three of San Francisco's newly developed residence districts:



THREE MILES OF BEACH; FROM THE CLIFF HOUSE.

Ingleside Terraces, *Forest Hill* and *St. Francis Wood*, beautified with contoured streets, parked walks, ornamental vases and columns, and parks with pretty fountains, in the highest art of the modern landscape engineer.

Take Corbett avenue, winding up the heights to the east face of *Twin Peaks*, over 900 feet high. The view from this point is marvelous. The whole amphitheater of the Bay appears, with the city sloping downward before you, Market street running direct to the water front, islands, shipping, the encircling hills, and Tamalpais rising like Vesuvius to complete a scene far surpassing in beauty the famed bay of Naples.

If the traveler has a few days he should by all means make the trip to the top of Twin Peaks in the evening and look upon the myriad lights of the city spreading down the slopes before him.

From the top of Twin Peaks, descend to Corbett avenue, take Ashbury street northward, following the car line, to Frederick street; turn west on Frederick street to Clayton, south on Clayton to Carl, west on Carl to Stanyan, south on Stanyan

to Parnassus avenue, and out Parnassus avenue westward to the *Affiliated Colleges*, whence there is another grand view across Golden Gate Park, the Presidio, and the Golden Gate, and westward far out to sea.

Returning, follow the car track along Stanyan, Carl and Clayton streets to Frederick, and Frederick east to *Buena Vista Park*. You can run to the top of this 500-foot height and get another grand view across the city to the eastward, and over the Bay.

The whole trip here laid out can be made in four hours, without stops; but it would be a pity not to give a day to the enjoyment of its beauties and the grandeur of the scenery it discloses.

If you have but three hours, omit either the Presidio or Twin Peaks.

An hour or more can be spent profitably in the down town part of the city, including Chinatown. Or the whole can be combined with a trip through the Potrero industrial district, passing near the Union Iron Works, the rope walk of the Tubbs Cordage Company, the Western sugar refinery and other large industrial plants.

II. DOWN THE PENINSULA TO HALF MOON BAY, PESCADERO AND LA HONDA.

This route will take you among some of the finest country estates in the world, where Italian gardeners and landscape artists have exercised their highest talents; to lakes as lovely as Como or Killarney; and over a mountain drive which, were it in Europe, would be favored beyond the most famous to be found there. Within one day's journey of 98 miles you will see the fertility of smiling California valleys, the sublimity of the ocean, the grandeur of the mountains and the solemn depths of mighty forests.

Start at 9 o'clock, or earlier if you choose, and run through Golden Gate Park and southward over Nineteenth avenue to Sloat boulevard, whence you can turn southward again to

School street, and passing Caleb Coakley's take the Mission road to San Mateo county.

At Colma, just below the county line, are violet farms of 400 acres extent, where the world's finest violets are grown. Violets from these beds are shipped from San Francisco up and down the Pacific coast and as far east as Chicago.

GARDEN IN SAN MATEO COUNTY.

At Burlingame, Hillsboro and San Mateo are many of the country places of wealthy San Franciscans, beautified with artificial lakes, or open air Greek theaters, or conservatories with unrivalled collections of orchids.

From San Mateo take the *Half Moon Bay* road to *Crystal Lakes*. These are part of the water supply system of San Francisco, and lie extended in a softly beautiful valley for a distance of over twelve miles. Crossing by the great dam, run down the long grade to Half Moon Bay and the old *Spanish Town*.

From Half Moon Bay continue down the coast through San Gregorio to Pescadero, and thence run down to the famous *Pebble Beach.* In a little strip of beach about 100 feet wide by less than 200 in length, all sorts of curious stones have been found, including a few pearls.

Returning to Pescadero take the road to *La Honda,* over the famous Alpine Drive. It will lead you into the Coast Range mountains, through an immense virgin forest of California redwoods, and to altitudes of hundreds of feet, whence you can look for miles to the southward, across the Big Basin, and over great mountain ranges.

From the little hamlet of La Honda the road proceeds northward along San Gregorio creek, taking you into the refreshing depths of the forest, and again into the open, until as you top the mountain you reach a point from which you can look down 1,600 feet and see spread before you the whole floor of the Santa Clara valley.

From this point the trip down the mountains is by a very easy grade to Woodside, and thence to Redwood City, 30 miles south of San Francisco, on the State Highway, which affords fine traveling all the way back to the city.

On this trip, called the *Pescadero and Alpine Mountain Drive,* there are many beautiful branch roads which would keep a traveler busy and delighted for weeks. An introduction is all that is necessary to make an enthusiastic San Francisco motorist of any visitor that has the time to spend in the State.

III. WISHBONE ROUTE, TO SAN JOSE AND OAKLAND.

For your third day's tour out of San Francisco, take the "Wishbone Route," around the south arm of the Bay, into the Santa Clara valley, to San Jose, and up the east shore through Mission San Jose, Hayward, San Leandro and Oakland. It will give you one hundred miles of smooth going, through charming country, with a great variety of scene, but on the whole, quieter and more restful than the mountains.

Take the same route to San Mateo outlined in the previous trip, and continue southward through Redwood City, Menlo Park, and Palo Alto, the former location of Senator Stanford's famous stock farm, and now the site of Leland Stanford Junior University.

There are several good hotels in San Jose, and a most interesting and beautiful country can be seen from here. To return to San Francisco in a day, however, and see the east side of the Bay, go northward by the Gish road and the Milpitas road to Irvington, and here take the right-hand road for *Mission San Jose*, 16 miles from the city of San Jose. This is a typical old California town. Relics of the mission and part of the old adobe buildings are still in the keeping of the church, and visitors are welcome. Near Irvington is the celebrated Lachman home, known as *Palmdale*, one of the most beautiful estates in California.

From the southerly point of Lake Chabot the road turns where is located the largest single block nursery in the world. Here you take the boulevard for *Hayward*, passing the *Masonic Home at Decoto*. There is a delightful straight run to San Leandro and in to Oakland, by way of Elmhurst, Fitchburg, Melrose, with its ostrich farm, Fruitvale and across Lake Merritt dam to Broadway, at the foot of which you take the Oakland Harbor Ferry, (Southern Pacific), for San Francisco.

IV. MARIN COUNTY AND THE MT. TAMALPAIS COUNTRY.

Marin is one of the most attractive touring counties in the State, with a varied scenery of ever changing charm. Here it is not a question which is the most beautiful route, but which of many beautiful ones to recommend for a day's tour. Probably the most serviceable to suggest is to San Anselmo, Lagunitas Creek, San Geronimo and Petaluma.

Take the Northwestern Pacific Ferry to Sausalito. Proceed northwesterly to *Corte Madera*, *Larkspur*, *Kentfield* and *San Anselmo*, all nestled in the picturesque valleys that radiate from the base of Tamalpais.

From San Anselmo go north to *Fairfax*. Near Fairfax is a well-known French-Italian restaurant, *Pastori's*, where one dines in a rustic portico over a stream. Beyond Fairfax you ascend the famous "*White's Hill.*"

Past White's Hill, you begin to get into the mountains and among grand Coast Range scenery, with forests on one side and cultivated hills and opens on the other. The road runs along Lagunitas creek to San Geronimo, Lagunitas and Camp Taylor, and shortly beyond Tocaloma you take a northeasterly course through open country to *Petaluma*.

From Petaluma take the road back to *San Rafael*, a distance of 20 miles. From this point you can take the road over the hill to Greenbrae, whence if you are curious about such things you can visit the State Penitentiary at San Quentin, or come directly back to Sausalito and San Francisco.

Another fine trip in this region is to turn off from Fairfax to the southwest and go to *Bolinas Bay*. The ocean views are superb.

Another beautiful drive from Sausalito is to Greenbrae, thence southward to Tiburon and around the peninsula, overlooking Raccoon Straits to *California City*, and return; a distance, one way, of approximately sixteen miles. San Rafael is easily reached from Greenbrae, and so is San Quentin.

V. SONOMA VALLEY, THE GEYSERS, CLOVERDALE AND LAKE COUNTY.

This journey is at your discretion. You can go as far and stay as long as you like, in a country that is always beautiful, and that changes with every mile you make.

North of Petaluma is a fairly level farming country, lying between bold hills, and affording smooth going, up to *Santa Rosa*. At Santa Rosa is what might be called the "home farm" of Luther Burbank, whose horticultural achievements have made his name famous all over the civilized world.

Healdsburg is northward, and here you begin to get into the enchanting valley of the *Russian river*, lined with fine vineyards and broad orchard lands, all the way to Cloverdale.

Just beyond Healdsburg a good road takes off for the *Geysers*, a natural wonderland where one sees an enormous jet of steam rising mountain high, and other interesting phenomena. The Geysers are 18 miles from Healdsburg, and offer the traveler the refreshment of a steam bath, followed by a plunge into fresh or sulphur water. There is a good hotel.

If you return to the main road from Healdsburg to Cloverdale you will soon arrive at *Asti*, where are located the vineyards and huge wineries of the Italian-Swiss Colony, one of the largest wine making concerns in California. Here is the largest wine vat in the world, a concrete cistern lined with glass, with a capacity of half a million gallons. Here also is California's largest champagne producing plant, and if you are there in May, June or July, you can see the highly interesting processes of bottling and "disgorging" champagne.

Cloverdale, beyond Asti, and eighty miles north of San Francisco, is one of the beauty spots of California. Oranges, lemons and citrons grow in almost every garden. A mile beyond Cloverdale is McCray's, or "The Old Homestead," a popular place for automobile parties. One can spend the night here and then go on up the Russian river valley to Pieta, in Mendocino county, whence a fine highway leads over the mountains to Highland Springs and Lake county.

Lake County is the "Switzerland of California." Here, within a radius of twenty miles, are some of the most famous medicinal springs in the country, with mineral waters equal to those of some of the great European spas. Here also is *Clear Lake*, a fine sheet of water about ten miles in extreme width by twenty in length, on which there are launches and other small craft. Lakeport, on the western shore of the lake, is about eleven miles from Highland Springs, and thence there is a good road over the mountains to Bartlett Springs, one of the most popular resorts of the State. On this road one

encounters grades of 8 to 10 per cent, but the views are well worth it. Other well-known resorts in this celebrated county are Ziegler Springs, Harbin Springs, Howard, Adams, Saratoga, Witter, Anderson and Gordon Springs, and the Blue Lakes.

A traveler by automobile can leave San Francisco on a Saturday, tour the whole of Lake county and be back by the following Wednesday or Thursday. Or he can follow the Russian river to Ukiah, county seat of Mendocino county, by green hop fields and through thick woods of maple, madrone and redwood, overgrown with wild grapes and other climbing vines, make a trip to the famous Vichy Springs with its "champagne bath," go farther north to Willits, Sherwood and Eureka, and from there tour to the Oregon line and Crater lake.

Closer to San Francisco one can turn off to the eastward, three or four miles north of Santa Rosa, to the *Petrified Forest*, where giant trees have been turned to stone, and then run over to Calistoga, at the foot of Mt. St. Helena and the head of the beautiful Napa Valley (see index), one of the garden spots of California. This valley is about 35 miles in length, and can be followed down by smooth roads, over fine stone bridges, past ivy-clad wineries and through the beautiful town of St. Helena and the thriving manufacturing community of Napa, to Vallejo, whence a return to San Francisco can be made by boat.

VI. OAKLAND, LAKE CHABOT, PLEASANTON, MISSION SAN JOSE, HAYWARD.

This is an irregular circuit of about 75 miles, leading through a fascinating country to one of the loveliest of lakes, to the Sunol Water Temple, to the old Spanish town of Mission San Jose, and back by the *Foothill Boulevard* to Oakland and the ferry for San Francisco. It can be made in a day, leaving San Francisco by 9 a. m., and returning in time for dinner, with time for a picnic luncheon at Sunol if you wish.

THE WATER TEMPLE AT SUNOL.

Take Oakland Harbor Ferry, at the slip south of the Ferry building, which runs half-hourly beginning at 6 a. m. This will land you at the foot of Broadway, Oakland. Run up Broadway to Twelfth street, turn to the right on Twelfth, cross the Lake Merritt dam, and just beyond the dam turn to the left into the Lake Shore Boulevard. Where this drive makes a bend to the left, following the margin of the lake, turn to the right instead, making a hairpin turn straight south one block to East Sixteenth street. Follow East Sixteenth eastwardly to Fourteenth avenue, where it turns to the left a short block; and proceed again eastwardly on East Sixteenth and cut the *Foothill Boulevard.*

This is good going along the foothills, very beautiful here, with views across Oakland's inner harbor, crowded with the masts of sailing vessels.

After crossing San Leandro creek on the concrete bridge, turn up hill to the left just before reaching old Hunters' Inn, now headquarters for an automobile club, and after a distance of about two blocks take the turn to the right, which will put you on the road to *Lake Chabot.*

From the southerly point of Lake Chabot the road turns southward (to the right), and after about five miles, with a left turn and a right turn, it will lead you into the *Dublin*

Canyon road a short distance east of Hayward.

On reaching Dublin, continue eastward to the first or second right turnout, and thence drop southward to Pleasanton. You are now in the lovely Livermore valley, between the north end of the Mt. Hamilton range and the south slopes of the Mt. Diablo range, a farming country as rich as it is beautiful.

On a rise of ground near Pleasanton is the Hacienda of Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, where the grounds and gardens exhibit the full possibilities of a rich soil and the benign California climate.

Southward from Pleasanton is the old town of *Sunol*, and near it the classic, circular *Water Temple* of the Spring Valley Water Company, the corporation which supplies San Francisco with water.

A most enjoyable hour or two can be spent here. On leaving, go south over the hill to Mission San Jose, and back to San Francisco over the Foothill Boulevard by way of Hayward.

VII. STOCKTON AND THE SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY—SACRAMENTO.

The great interior valley of California can be reached by automobile from San Francisco with ease and comfort, and few trips will give a better idea of the agricultural character and resources of the State. It is level going, and full of variety and the most intense interest.

Go to San Leandro by the Foothill Boulevard from Oakland, as on the previously described trip, and from San Leandro continue to Hayward. From Hayward take the Dublin canyon road, and follow it eastward to Livermore and Tracy. Between these points, beyond Altamont, a road takes off for Byron Hot Springs. From Tracy there is no danger of getting off the Stockton road, which is a macadamized boulevard. From San Francisco to Stockton is about 80 miles, and the run can be made easily in four hours.

The return to this city from Stockton can be best made over the same route, except that one can vary it by coming through Mission San Jose.

If it is desired to make a longer trip out of San Francisco and see more of the San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys, go north from Stockton about 47 miles to *Sacramento*. The road is a model smooth asphalt-macadam boulevard, running near Lodi, center of a great Tokay grape district, a region that supplies fancy table grapes to Chicago and New York; through Galt, the center of a rich farming region, and on across the Cosumnes river to the Capital of the State. Some of the attractions of Sacramento have been noted in another part of this book, and can be found by consulting the index.

LAKE TAHOE.

From Sacramento there is a fine road to Folsom, site of one of the State penitentiaries, a good road from Folsom to Placerville, and from Placerville another fine stretch of road up into the mountains to Tallac, on Lake Tahoe. As this is being written, the State Engineer's forces are constructing a road around the western rim of the lake, by Emerald Bay, to Tahoe Tavern. Thus a wonderland of mountain scenery as grand and beautiful as any to be found in Europe is brought within easy automobile travel from San Francisco.

VIII. CLAREMONT, WALNUT CREEK, MARTINEZ, THE GRAND STRAITS VIEW.

This trip will show you wonderful scenery—the road from Martinez to Port Costa, narrow and crooked, but affording a panorama and water view nothing less than sublime. It is better not to attempt it in the rainy season.

Take the Oakland Harbor Ferry to the foot of Broadway, Oakland. Run out Broadway as far as Telegraph avenue, out Telegraph avenue to Claremont avenue, out Claremont avenue to Claremont, with its fine hotel, and here take the "Tunnel Road" to Contra Costa county, Lafayette and Wal-

nut Creek. From Walnut Creek, go northward through Pacheco to Martinez. *Mt. Diablo* will be on your right. Its forested slopes and long green canyons winding down to the plain on which you are riding make a grand landscape.

From Martinez take the Port Costa road. It mounts the hills above the railroad track, skirts the heights from two to three hundred feet above the water, and in places more, winds up to the heads of long gullies and runs out in startling hairpin bends around the contours of ridges where a timid traveler may have some breathless moments—and, to repeat, it should not be undertaken except when the roads are dry, and then only by experienced drivers. But here is one of the great views of the continent.

You look down on the *Straits of Carquinez*, one of the significant water passes of the western world, for it carries the drainage and a large part of the commerce of the interior valleys of California down to the Bay and the city by the Golden Gate. It gleams and shines directly below you from a dozen different turns of this crooked road. It bears Italian salmon boats, barges, river craft with garden produce and with more substantial commodities from up the Sacramento or the San Joaquin—square-nosed "hookers" with baled hay or huge deck-loads of raw wool, or sacked wheat and barley. On the opposite shore is Benicia, and, down stream, Vallejo, with Mare Island, where the United States Navy Yard is located. There is a long jetty running out to confine the current and keep sufficient depth in the channel. Beyond are rolling, tumbling hills, framing broad and fertile valleys.

From Port Costa one can run in to Oakland by way of Crockett, Pinole and San Pablo, within sight of the bay almost all the distance, and down San Pablo avenue through West Berkeley to Broadway, Oakland, at the foot of which thoroughfare is the Oakland Harbor Ferry for San Francisco. On another day, you can make a trip by the Tunnel Road to

IX. MOUNT DIABLO.

This mountain rises over 4,000 feet and because of its central location gives one of the most magnificent views in the State. A good automobile road now runs to the summit, where, in days of old, travelers used to ascend by a horse-drawn stage coach from Oakland and feel that they were more than repaid by the grand landscape.

From the top you look out westward over the Bay of San Francisco, and the city, if it is clear; out the Golden Gate, and up the velvet flanks of Tamalpais. *San Pablo Bay*, *Carquinez Straits* and *Suisun Bay* are part of the wondrous picture. You can see the great rivers of California and their delta lands, the northern end of the San Joaquin and southern end of the Sacramento valleys; the range of the Sierra Nevada mountains, sharply serrated, spread with great snow fields, from the region of Mt. Shasta to the region of Mt. Whitney. You can see, also, Mt. Hamilton as a near neighbor, and the Santa Clara valley at its feet.

X. MISSION SAN JUAN BAUTISTA, DEL MONTE, MONTEREY, PACIFIC GROVE.

It is 127 miles from San Francisco to the famous California travel resort of Del Monte, by way of San Jose and Gilroy; and three miles and a half farther to Pacific Grove, through Monterey, the old Spanish capital of California. It is an easy and beautiful day's ride, one way. As you can get good accommodations at any of the points mentioned on Monterey Bay, it would be better to take two days at least for this tour, and add to it the 17-mile ocean shore drive out of Del Monte or Pacific Grove, with its recent extensions.

Run straight down to San Jose from this city, a distance of 52.1 miles by the road. From San Jose follow First street southeast, down the center of the Santa Clara valley to Gilroy.

This is old, Spanish California, a chosen land of priest and hidalgo, of mission and cattle barony, and of an idyllic life in a land of sunshine and plenty.

IN THE DEL MONTE GROUNDS.

From Gilroy go south by way of Sargent to old *San Juan.* Here a modern town has grown up, but it is behind the plaza and hidden from it. Once in the three-sided square of Spanish times, and the scene is the same as it was a hundred years ago. For information on the Mission San Juan Bautista, see index.

A delightful side trip of eight miles up the little San Juan valley will bring you to Hollister, one of the prettiest towns in California, and the county seat of San Benito county. Or you can take the road direct from San Juan southerly, and then southwesterly over the hills to Salinas, being careful to take the left turn, due south, at Santa Rita. Three miles south of Salinas you come to the *Spreckels beet sugar refinery*, at Spreckels. The main building here is 103 feet wide, 500 feet long, and six stories high, and can dispose of 3,000 tons of beets in 24 hours. When in operation it employs from 800 to 1,000 men and can turn out half a million 100-pound bags of sugar in a season's run of 70 days. It is a jungle

Tibbitts, photo

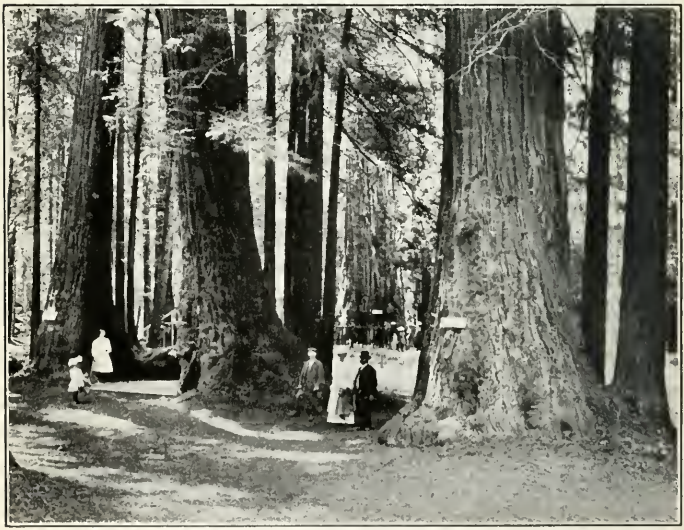
MIDWAY POINT, 17-MILE DRIVE, MONTEREY COUNTY.

of pumps, presses, vacuum pans, and mazes of electrically operated tram ways, well worth stopping a few minutes to see, if you can gain admittance.

On Monterey Bay one reaches the 125-acre park in which is situated the Hotel Del Monte. These grounds contain every form of plant life that can be made to grow in this genial climate, and in addition there are golf links and tennis courts where the finest of outdoor sport can be enjoyed right through the winter.

Some of the charms of old Monterey, and Pacific Grove, we have attempted to note elsewhere in this book, and at least some mention of them can be found by consulting the index. Readily accessible from these points is the famous Seventeen-Mile Drive, with possibilities of extending it, and taking in Carmel Bay, Carmel Mission and the literary colony at Carmel-by-the-Sea. No traveler that has the time should omit this excursion. The views of the ocean with its broken shore

line, its bits of beach and rocky coast, of the sand dunes lying inland sometimes under pine woods, and the strange forms of the Monterey cypresses, like gnarled and twisted cedars of Lebanon, make a changing panorama such as you will find nowhere else except on the canvases of some of our enthusiastic California painters. At *Carmel Mission* Padre Junipero Serra is buried, and the church contains many interesting relics.



BIG REDWOODS AT SANTA CRUZ.

XI. SANTA CRUZ, BY WAY OF SAN JOSE AND LOS GATOS.

Santa Cruz is the popular seaside resort at the north end of Monterey Bay. Near it is a grove of gigantic Sequoia Sempervirens, individual specimens of which rank, for size, with some of the Big Trees in the Sierra. Two days at least should be given this expedition.

Go south to San Jose as directed for trips II and III, leave San Jose by way of Market street and San Carlos street, and continue southward to Los Gatos. Or, if you have seen San

Jose, you can save some 14 miles by taking off to the right at Mayfield and running along the foot of the hills to Los Gatos.

From Los Gatos take the canyon road through the Santa Cruz mountains to Soquel, overlooking the Bay of Monterey. The run through the mountains will take you through 13 miles of wonderful scenery, the climax of which will be the grand views, from the down grade, into the amphitheater of Monterey Bay.

From Soquel to Santa Cruz you will run along the rim of the bay for four miles, the mountains marching on your right and the blue waters of the bay breaking into snow-white surf on the yellow sands below.

When you have reached Santa Cruz you will have made 90 miles from San Francisco. Here are fine bathing beaches, a swimming tank, a great casino, two or three good hotels, one of the finest golf courses in California, and in the vicinity many summer homes of San Franciscans.

If you stop over at Santa Cruz, you will find it an easy and delightful ride up the San Lorenzo river into the Santa Cruz mountains to the Big Trees, Felton and Boulder Creek. From Boulder Creek it is about ten miles into the Big Basin, a State park consisting of 3,800 acres of magnificent virgin California forest, with a grove of monster Sequoia Sempervirens.

Returning to San Francisco, you have a choice between the route you took going down and the Bear Creek route, which will take you through 40 miles of the most romantic scenery imaginable.

It would take a larger volume than this even to enumerate the interesting automobile trips one can make from San Francisco. The above, however, will furnish a suggestion of the varied topography of the neighborhood, and the beauties and sublimities of California scenes.

Automobile, Taxicab and Carriage Fares

Automobiles can be hired at rates varying from $2.50 to $4.50 per hour, according to the capacity and quality of the vehicle.

At the time this book went to press, October, 1913, the following were the legal maximum rates.

AUTOMOBILES

FOUR-PASSENGER CAPACITY, EXCLUSIVE OF DRIVER

First half hour or fraction thereof	$2.00
Each subsequent hour	3.50

SIX-PASSENGER CAPACITY, EXCLUSIVE OF DRIVER

First half hour or fraction thereof	$2.50
Each subseqent hour	4.50

TAXICABS (Meter Rates)

TARIFF No. 1 (1 OR 2 PASSENGERS)

First 3-5 mile or fraction thereof	$ .60
Each 1-5 of a mile thereafter	.10
Each three minutes of waiting	.10

TARIFF No. 2 (3 OR 4 PASSENGERS)

First ½ mile or fraction thereof	.60
Each 1-6 of a mile thereafter	.10
Each three minutes of waiting	.10
For each additional passenger over four persons for the entire journey	.50

TAXICABS (Hour Rates)

For a taxicab by the hour	$3.50
First half hour or fraction thereof	2.00

The passenger, when engaging a taxicab, must state whether he will employ it by meter or hour rates.

CARRIAGES AND HACKS

TWO-HORSE CARRIAGE, FOUR PASSENGERS OR LESS

First half hour or fraction thereof	$1.00
Each subsequent half hour	1.00

Waiting time to be at above rates.

TWO-HORSE COUPE OR HACK, TWO PASSENGERS OR LESS

First half hour or fraction thereof	$ .75
Each subsequent half hour	.75

FLAT RATES TO DOWNTOWN HOTELS

Taxicabs, automobiles and carriages are required by the city ordinances to carry passengers from the Ferry Depot, the Third and Townsend Street railroad depot or the steamboat landings and steamship docks to any of the downtown hotels located in the "Downtown Hotel District" for a **flat rate.** This rate had not been finally established at the time this book went to press. Drivers will furnish the flat rate upon demand. The above flat rate does not apply to limousines or seven-passenger touring cars furnished upon special call and not occupying public space for hire.

STREET CAR ROUTES

Numbered Lines of the United Railroads Electric Cars

Car 1, Sutter and California. Out Market from Ferry Depot to Sutter to Presidio Avenue to California to 33rd via Scenic Boulevard to Sutro Heights.

Car 2, Sutter and Clement. Out Market from Ferry Depot to Sutter to Presidio Avenue to California to Parker Avenue to Euclid Avenue to Arguello Boulevard to Clement to 33rd to Geary to Sutro Baths.

Car 3, Sutter and Jackson. Out Market from Ferry Depot to Sutter to Fillmore to Jackson to Presidio Avenue to California.

Car 4, Turk and Eddy. Out Market from Ferry Depot to Eddy to Divisadero to Sacramento to Lake to Sixth to Clement to Eighth to Fulton to Sixth to Lake to Sacramento to Divisadero to Turk to Mason to Eddy to Market, starting point. Cars start at Powell, Market and Eddy Streets, from 4:35 p. m. to 6:39 p. m.

Car 5, McAllister. Out Market from Ferry Depot to McAllister to Fulton to Beach.

Car 6, Hayes. Out Market from Ferry Depot to Hayes to Fillmore to Page to Masonic to Frederick to Clayton to Carl to Stanyan to Parnassus to Judah to Ninth Avenue to Forest Hill.

Car 7, Haight. Out Market from Ferry Depot to Haight to Golden Gate Park.

Car 8, Market. Out Market from Ferry Depot to Castro to 18th.

Car 9, Valencia. Out Market from Ferry Depot to Valencia to Mission to 29th to Noe.

Car 10, Sunnyside (Glen Park). Out Mission from Ferry Depot to 14th to Guerrero to San Jose Avenue to 30th to Chenery to Diamond to San Jose Avenue to Sunnyside Avenue to Genessee.

Car 11, Mission and Twenty-fourth. Out Mission from Ferry Depot to 22nd to Dolores to 24th to Hoffman Avenue; returning via same route except between 22nd and 22th, on Chattanooga instead of Dolores.

Car 12, Ingleside. Out mission from Ferry Depot to Onondaga to Ocean Avenue to Sloat Boulevard to the Beach.

Car 14, Cemeteries. Out Mission from Ferry Depot to Daly City and Colma to Cemeteries, via San Jose Road. Line runs only to Daly City after 7:07 p. m.

Car 15, Third, Kearny and North Beach. From Third and Townsend via Third to Kearny to Broadway to Powell to Jefferson; returning from Jefferson to Powell, via Powell, to Columbus Avenue to Union to Stockton to Broadway to Kearny to Third to Townsend St. Depot.

Car 16, Third and Kentucky—Ferry. From Ferry Depot via Embarcadero to Broadway to Kearny to Third to Berry to Fourth to Kentucky to Railroad Avenue to 32nd.

Railroad Avenue Extension. From 32nd and Railroad Avenue via Railroad Avenue to San Bruno Avenue to Milliken Avenue to Sunnydale Avenue to Six Mile House.

Car 17, Ellis and Ingleside. From Third and Townsend via Townsend to Fourth to Ellis to Divisadeto to Page to Stanyan to Frederiek to Lincoln Way to Twentieth to W. Street to 19th Avenue to Sloat Boulevard to Ocean Avenue to Ingleside Terrace.

Car 18, Mission. From Fifth and Market via Fifth to Mission to Onondaga Avenue.

Note:—Sundays the line is extended to Holy Cross via Mission and San Jose Road.

Car 19, Ninth and Polk. From Polk and Lombard via Polk to Post to Larkin crossing Market to Ninth to Brannan.

Car 20, Ellis and Ocean. From Third and Townsend via Townsend to Fourth to Ellis to Divisadero to Page to Stanyan to Frederiek to Lincoln Way to 49th Avenue to B Street: returning via 49th Avenue to Lincoln Way to Frederiek to Stanyan to Oak to Divisadero to O'Farrell to Hyde to Ellis to Fourth to Townsend to starting point.

Car 21, Hayes and Ellis. From Fourth and Market via Ellis to Divisadero to Hayes to Stanyan to Fulton: returning via Stanyan to Hayes to Divisadero to O'Farrell to Hyde to Ellis to starting point.

Car 22, Fillmore and Sixteenth. From Broadway and Fillmore via Fillmore to Duboce to Church to 16th to Bryant.

Note:—From 6:37½ a. m. to 8:25 a. m., and from 4:29 p. m. to 5:49 p. m., in addition to the above mentioned route, the line runs over the following extension; from 16th and Bryant to Kansas to 17th to Connecticut to 18th to Kentucky to 23rd.

Fillmore Hill. This extension of Line No. 22 runs from Broadway and Fillmore via Fillmore to the Bay (the entrance to the Exposition Grounds).

Car 23, Fillmore and Valencia. From Divisadero and Sacramento via Sacramento to Fillmore to McAllister to Gough to Market to Valencia to Mission to Richland Avenue.

Note:—On Sundays **only** this line is extended from Divisadero and Sacramento via Sacramento to First Avenue to Lake to Sixth to Fulton to Eighth to Clement to Sixth to Lake to First Avenue to Sacramento.

Car 24, Mission and Richmond. From Bank Street and Cortland Avenue via Cortland Avenue to Mission to 16th to Church to Duboce to Fillmore to Oak to Divisadero to Sacramento to Lake to Sixth to Fulton to Eighth to Clement to Sixth to Lake to Sacramento to Divisadero to Page to Fillmore to Duboce to Church to 16th to Mission to Cortland Avenue and Bank Street.

Car 25, San Bruno. From Fifth and Market via Fifth to Bryant to Army to San Bruno Road to Dwight.

Note:—Line terminates at 22nd and Mission after 8 p. m.

Car 26, Guerrero (Ocean View). From Ferry Depot via Mission to 14th to Guerrero to San Jose Avenue to 30th to Chenery to Diamond to San Jose Avenue to Daly City.

Car 27, Bryant. From 2nd and Market via 2nd to Bryant, to 26th to Mission: returning via 26th to Bryant, to 10th to Brannan, to 2nd to Market.

Note:—Line terminates at Fifth and Market after 7:50 p. m.

Unnumbered Lines

(ELECTRIC CARS)

Divisadero Street Extension. The line runs on Divisadero from Sacramento to Jackson connecting with lines numbered 3, 4 and 24.

Eighteenth and Park. From Stanyan and Waller to Clayton to Frederick to Ashbury to Casselli Avenue to Falcon Avenue to 18th to Guerrero to 14th to Harrison to Third.

Note: Line runs only to 8th and Harrison after 7:04 p. m.

Parkside. From 35th and Sloat Boulevard via 35th to V Street to 33rd Avenue to T Street to 20th Avenue.

San Mateo. From 5th and Market to 5th to Mission to San Jose road to Cemeteries to Burlingame to San Mateo.

Visitacion. From Mission and Geneva Avenue via Geneva Avenue to Walbridge Avenue to Schwerin to McDonald to County Line to Milliken Avenue to Sunnydale Avenue to Six Mile House.

South San Francisco, Railroad and Peninsula Co. (South City Line.) From Paint Factory via P. R. W. to South City (South San Francisco) to Holy Cross cemetery.

Twenty-second and Howard. From Army and Precita via Army, Folsom, 26th, Howard, 22nd, Chattanooga, 24th to Hoffman Avenue: returning via 24th Dolores, 22nd, Howard, 26th, Folsom, Precita to Army.

Bosworth Street. From Glen Park and Berkshire via Berkshire to Bosworth to Mission.

Folsom. From Precita Avenue and Folsom via Folsom to Embarcadero to the Ferry Depot.

Howard Line. From Rhode Island and 24th, via 24th, to Howard to Embarcadero to Ferry Depot. Line runs to 22nd and Mission after 12:20 a. m.

Montgomery and Tenth. From 10th and Bryant, via 10th, Polk, Grove, City Hall Avenue, to Leavenworth to Post to Montgomery to Washington to Kearny.

Sixth and Sansome. From Sixth and Brannan, via 6th Street to Taylor to Post to Kearny to Bush to Sansome to Chestnut.

Mission and Ocean. (Sundays and Holidays only). From the Beach via Sloat Boulevard to Ocean Avenue to Onondaga to Mission to 8th to Market.

Eighth and Eighteenth Streets Line. From 23rd and Kentucky, via Kentucky, to 18th to Connecticut to 17th to Kansas to 16th to Bryant to 8th to Market. From 5:45 a. m. to 8:42 a. m. and from 4:18 p. m. to 6:36 p. m. this line runs to 18th and Railroad Avenue.

Harrison Street. From Third and Townsend, via 3rd, to Brannan to 2nd to Bryant to Stanley Place to Harrison to Steuart to Howard to Embarcadero to the Ferry Depot.

First and Fifth Streets. From Fifth and Market, via 5th, to Brannan to 2nd to Folsom to 1st to Bush: alternating trip to Battery and California: returning via 1st to Folsom to 2nd to Brannan to 3rd to Townsend to 4th to Brannan to 5th to Market. After 6 p. m. this line runs from 2nd and Market to Bryant and Alameda Streets, from 2nd and Market via 2nd Street to Bryant to Alameda: returning via Bryant to 10th to Brannan to 2nd to Market.

Union Street Line. From Ferry Depot via Embarcadero to Washinaton to Montgomery to Columbus Avenue to Union to Larkin to Vallejo to Franklin to Union to Lyon into the Presidio Reservation: returning over same route to the Embarcadero via Jackson instead of Washington. (To be operated as a municipal line in 1914.)

CABLE LINES

Castro Cable. From 26th and Castro via Castro to 18th and Castro.

Jackson Cable. From Jackson and Steiner, via Steiner, to Washington to Powell to Market: returning via same route except from Powell to Steiner via Jackson instead of Washington.

Powell Cable. From Bay and Taylor, via Taylor, to Columbus Avenue to Mason to Washington to Powell to Market: returning via same route, except over Jackson between Powell and Mason instead of Washington.

Sacramento Cable. From Fillmore and Sacramento, via Sacramento, to Larkin to Clay to Embarcadero to Ferry Depot: returning via Embarcadero to Sacramento to Fillmore.

Pacific Avenue Cable. From Divisadero and Pacific Avenue, via Pacific Avenue, to Polk Street.

The Geary Street Municipal Line

(ELECTRIC)

Line A. From Ferry Depot out Market to Geary to Tenth Avenue to Golden Gate Park.

Line B. From Ferry Depot out Market to Geary to 33rd to Balboa to 15th to Cabrillo to the Great Highway.

Note.—Additional municipal lines will be in operation by 1915.

California Street Cable Railway Company

(CABLE)

California Street Line. From California and Market, via California, to Presidio Avenue.

Hyde and O'Farrell Line. From Market and O'Farrell, via O'Farrell, to Jones to Pine to Hyde to North Point Street.

Jones Street Line. Runs on Jones from O'Farrell to Market.

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